

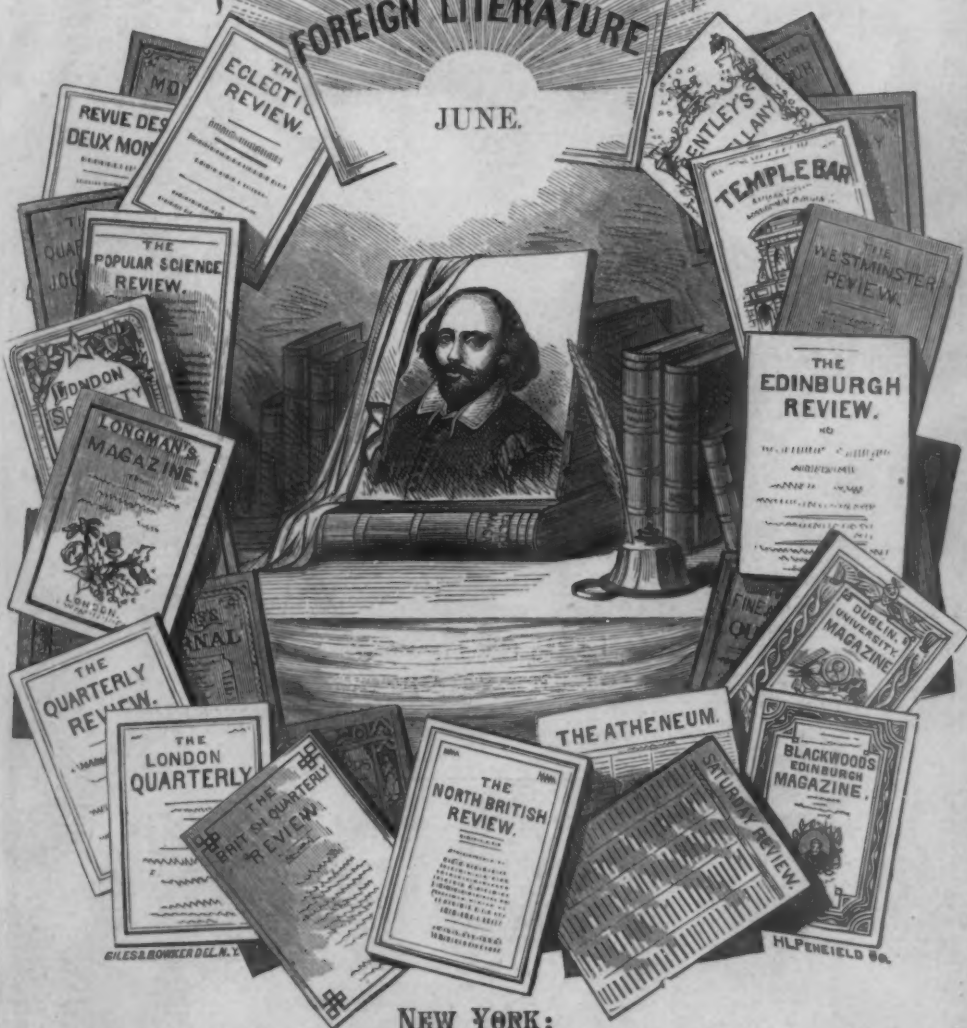


Vol. XXXIX.—No. 6.

ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF FOREIGN LITERATURE

JUNE.



NEW YORK:

E. R. PELTON, PUBLISHER, 25 BOND STREET.

AMERICAN NEWS CO., AND NEW YORK NEWS CO., *General Agents.*

Terms: Single Numbers, 45 Cents. Yearly Subscription, \$5.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second-class matter

SPENCERIAN STEEL PENS.

In 26 Numbers, of superior English make, suited to every style of writing. A sample of each, for trial, by mail, on receipt of 25 Cts. Ask your stationer for the Spencerian Pens.
Iverson, Blakeman, Taylor & Co.
NEW YORK.

CONTENTS OF THE JUNE NUMBER.

	PAGE
I. THE COMING SLAVERY. By HERBERT SPENCER.....	<i>Contemporary Review</i> 721
II. FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE. By the Reverend the Archdeacon FARRAR.....	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> 736
III. THE EARLY MEDICUS. By HUBERT HALL.....	<i>Merry England</i> 742
IV. CHRISTOPHER NORTH. By VISCOUNT CRANBROOK.....	<i>National Review</i> 747
V. ALEXANDRE DUMAS, THE ELDER. By EDMOND ABOUT.....	<i>Tinsley's Magazine</i> 753
VI. THE PRAYER OF SOCRATES. (Poem.) By JOHN STUART BLACKIE.....	<i>Good Words</i> 757
VII. BOURGONEF.....	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> 757
VIII. NUMBERS; OR THE MAJORITY AND THE REMNANT. By MATTHEW ARNOLD.....	<i>Nineteenth Century</i> 786
IX. CURIOSITIES OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.....	<i>Chambers's Journal</i> 797
X. THE ORIGIN OF THE ALPHABET. By HENRY BRADLEY.....	<i>Gentleman's Magazine</i> 801
XI. HISTORIC LONDON. By FREDERICK HARRISON.....	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> 800
XII. A FRENCH SALON.....	<i>Saturday Review</i> 818
XIII. A VISIT TO MUDIE'S.....	<i>Pall Mall Gazette</i> 821
XIV. TWO LITERARY BREAKFASTS. By CHARLES MACKAY.....	<i>Belgravia</i> 824
XV. A NEW THEORY OF SUN-SPOTS. By Prof. RICHARD A. PROCTOR.....	<i>Longman's Magazine</i> 832
XVI. PRODIGALITY AND ALTRUISM.....	<i>Spectator</i> 842
XVII. WORDSWORTH AND BYRON. By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.....	<i>Nineteenth Century</i> 845
XVIII. LITERARY NOTICES.....	858
Our Chancellor: Sketches for a Historical Picture—My Reminiscences—Brain Exhaustion: With some Preliminary Considerations on Cerebral Dynamics—Memoir and Correspondence of Eliza P. Gurney—Ballades and Verses Vain—Stratford by the Sea—A Graveyard Flower—Trafalgar: A Tale.	
XIX. FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.....	862
XX. MISCELLANY.....	863
Art and Utility—The Face of an East Indian Cyclone.	

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

We shall be glad if our subscribers will renew their subscriptions promptly.

BINDING.—Green cloth covers for binding two volumes per year will be furnished at 50 cents each, or \$1 per year, or sent by mail on receipt of price; and the numbers will be exchanged for bound volumes in library style, for \$2.50 per year, or in green cloth for \$1.50 per year.

Mr. J. Wallace Ainger is our general Business Agent.

ESTERBROOK'S Pens are the Most Popular in Use.

No. 048



Falcon Pen.

The Esterbrook Steel Pen Co.,

Works, Camden, N. J.

26 John Street, New York.

A Pretty Woman's Secret.

Fear of discovery, when she resorts to false hair and dyes, is a source of constant anxiety to her. The very persons from whom she most desires to hide the waning of her charms are the ones most likely to make the discovery. But there is no reason why she should not regain and retain all the beauty of hair that was her pride in youth. Let her use **AYER'S HAIR VIGOR**, and not only will her hair cease to fall out, but a new growth will appear where the scalp has been denuded; and locks that are turning gray, or have actually grown white, will return to their pristine freshness and brilliance of color. **AYER'S HAIR VIGOR** cures

Hereditary Baldness.

GEORGE MAYER, Flatonia, Texas, was bald at 23 years of age, as his ancestors had been for several generations. One bottle of **HAIR VIGOR** started a growth of soft, downy hair all over his scalp, which soon became thick, long, and vigorous.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

is not a dye, but, by healthful stimulation of the roots and color glands, speedily restores to its original color hair that is

Turning Gray.

MRS. CATHERINE DEAMER, Point of Rocks, Md., had her hair suddenly blanched by fright, during the late civil war. **AYER'S HAIR VIGOR** restored it to its natural color, and made it softer, glossier, and more abundant than it had been before.

Scalp Diseases

Which cause dryness, brittleness, and falling of the hair, dandruff, itching, and annoying sores, are all quickly cured by **AYER'S HAIR VIGOR**. It cured **HERBERT BOYD, Minneapolis, Minn.**, of intolerable itching of the scalp; **J. N. CARTER, JR., Occoquan, Va.**, of Scald Head; **MRS. D. V. S. LOVELACE, Lovelaceville, Ky.**, of Tetter Sores; **MISS BESSIE H. BEDLOE, Burlington, Vt.**, of Scalp Disease and Dandruff. Torsion of the roots of the hair, which, if neglected, may result in incurable baldness, is readily cured by **AYER'S HAIR VIGOR**. As

A Toilet Luxury

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR has no equal. It is colorless, cleanly, delightfully perfumed, and has the effect of making the hair soft, pliant, and glossy.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

KING'S EVIL

Was the name formerly given to Scrofula because of a superstition that it could be cured by a king's touch. The world is wiser now, and knows that

SCROFULA

can only be cured by a thorough purification of the blood. If this is neglected, the disease perpetuates its taint through generation after generation. Among its earlier symptomatic developments are Eczema, Cutaneous Eruptions, Tumors, Boils, Carbuncles, Erysipelas, Purulent Ulcers, Nervous and Physical Collapse, etc. If allowed to continue, Rheumatism, Scrofulous Catarrh, Kidney and Liver Diseases, Tubercular Consumption, and various other dangerous or fatal maladies, are produced by it.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is the only powerful and always reliable blood-purifying medicine. It is so effectual an alternative that it eradicates from the system Hereditary Scrofula, and the kindred poisons of contagious diseases and mercury. At the same time it enriches and vitalizes the blood, restoring healthful action to the vital organs and rejuvenating the entire system. This great

Regenerative Medicine

Is composed of the genuine *Honduras Sarsaparilla*, with *Yellow Dock*, *Stillingia*, the *Iodides of Potassium and Iron*, and other ingredients of great potency, carefully and scientifically compounded. Its formula is generally known to the medical profession, and the best physicians constantly prescribe **AYER'S SARSAPARILLA** as an

Absolute Cure

For all diseases caused by the vitiation of the blood. It is concentrated to the highest practicable degree, far beyond any other preparation for which like effects are claimed, and is therefore the cheapest, as well as the best blood purifying medicine, in the world.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

[Analytical Chemists.]

Sold by all Druggists: price \$1; six bottles for \$5.



ADAPTED THIS DESIGN AS AN ADDITIONAL PROTECTION.
 TO ENABLE CONSUMERS TO DISTINGUISH AT
 TO ENLIGHTENED IMITATIONS, THE PROPRIETOR HAS

WOLFE'S SCHIEDAM AROMATIC SCHNAPPS,

As a general beverage and necessary corrective of water rendered impure by vegetable decomposition or other causes, as Limestone, Sulphate of Copper, etc., the

Aromatic Schnapps is superior to every other alcoholic preparation. A public trial of over thirty years' duration in every section of our country of UDOLPHO WOLFE'S SCHNAPPS, its unsolicited indorsement by the medical faculty, and a sale unequalled by any other alcoholic distillation, have secured for it the reputation for salubrity claimed for it.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND GROCERS.
 UDOLPHO WOLFE'S SON & CO.,
 79 Broad Street, New York.

FOR SALE CHEAP.

We have for sale at this office the following books:

Encyclopædia Britannica,

complete as far as issued. American edition. 16 volumes, cloth.

Zeimssen's Cyclopædia,

complete in 18 volumes. Elegantly bound in half morocco gilt.

Jeancon's Atlas of Anatomy.

Complete in half morocco.

The above are all in complete order, and will be sold at a large reduction from published prices. Address

E. R. PELTON,
 25 BOND ST., NEW YORK.

NOW READY.

A GENERAL INDEX

TO THE

Eclectic Magazine,

FROM 1844 TO JUNE, 1881.

Net price (no trade discount), paper, \$2.75; cloth, \$3. Purchasers will please remit with order. Address

Q. P. INDEX,
 BANGOR, MAINE.

Kissena Nurseries

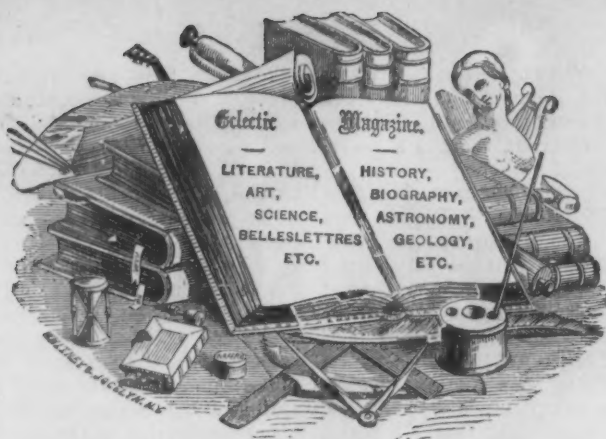
Trees and Plants. Parson & Sons Co.,

LIMITED.

FLUSHING, N. Y.

A PRIZE

Send six cents for postage, and receive, free, a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address Taux & Co., Augusta, Me.



Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series.
Vol. XXXIX., No. 6.

JUNE, 1884.

{ Old Series complete in 63 vols.

THE COMING SLAVERY.

BY HERBERT SPENCER.

THE kinship of pity to love is shown among other ways in this, that it idealizes its object. Sympathy with one in suffering suppresses, for the time being, remembrance of his transgressions. The feeling which vents itself in "poor fellow!" on seeing one in agony, excludes the thought of "bad fellow," which might at another time arise. Naturally, then, if the wretched are unknown or but vaguely known, all the demerits they may have are ignored; and thus it happens that when, as just now, the miseries of the poor are depicted, they are thought of as the miseries of the deserving poor, instead of being thought of, as in large measure they should be, as the miseries of the undeserving poor. Those whose hardships are set forth in pamphlets and proclaimed in sermons and speeches which echo throughout society, are assumed to be all worthy souls, grievously wronged and none of

them are thought of as bearing the penalties of their own misdeeds.

On hailing a cab in a London street, it is surprising how generally the door is officiously opened by one who expects to get something for his trouble. The surprise lessens after counting the many loungers about tavern-doors, or after observing the quickness with which a street performance, or procession, draws from neighboring slums and stable-yards a group of idlers. Seeing how numerous they are in every small area, it becomes manifest that tens of thousands of such swarm through London. "They have no work," you say. Say rather that they either refuse work or quickly turn themselves out of it. They are simply good-for-nothings, who in one way or other live on the good-for-somethings—vagrants and sots, criminals and those on the way to crime, youths who are burdens on hard-worked

parents, men who appropriate the wages of their wives, fellows who share the gains of prostitutes; and then, less visible and less numerous, there is a corresponding class of women.

Is it natural that happiness should be the lot of such? or is it natural that they should bring unhappiness on themselves and those connected with them? Is it not manifest that there must exist in our midst an immense amount of misery which is a normal result of misconduct, and ought not to be dissociated from it? There is a notion, always more or less prevalent, and just now vociferously expressed, that all social suffering is removable, and that it is the duty of somebody or other to remove it. Both these beliefs are false. To separate pain from ill-doing is to fight against the constitution of things, and will be followed by far more pain. Saving men from the natural penalties of dissolute living, eventually necessitates the infliction of artificial penalties in solitary cells, on tread-wheels, and by the lash. I suppose a dictum, on which the current creed and the creed of science are at one, may be considered to have as high an authority as can be found. Well, the command "if any would not work neither should he eat," is simply a Christian enunciation of that universal law of Nature under which life has reached its present height—the law that a creature not energetic enough to maintain itself must die: the sole difference being that the law which in the one case is to be artificially enforced, is, in the other case, a natural necessity. And yet this particular tenet of their religion which science so manifestly justifies, is the one which Christians seem least inclined to accept. The current assumption is that there should be no suffering, and that society is to blame for that which exists.

"But surely we are not without responsibilities, even when the suffering is that of the unworthy?"

If the meaning of the word "we" be so expanded as to include with ourselves our ancestors, and especially our ancestral legislators, I agree. I admit that those who made, and modified, and administered, the Poor Law were responsible for producing an appalling amount of demoralization, which it will

take more than one generation to remove. I admit, too, the partial responsibility of recent and present law-makers for regulations which have brought into being a permanent body of tramps, who ramble from union to union; and also their responsibility for maintaining a constant supply of felons by sending back convicts into society under such conditions that they are almost compelled again to commit crimes. Moreover, I admit that the philanthropic are not without their share of responsibility; since, that they may aid the offspring of the unworthy, they disadvantage the offspring of the worthy through burdening their parents by increased local rates. Nay, I even admit that these swarms of good-for-nothings, fostered and multiplied by public and private agencies, have, by sundry mischievous meddlings, been made to suffer more than they would otherwise have suffered. Are these the responsibilities meant? I suspect not.

But now, leaving the question of responsibilities, however conceived, and considering only the evil itself, what shall we say of its treatment? Let me begin with a fact.

A late uncle of mine, the Rev. Thomas Spencer, for some twenty years incumbent of Hinton Charterhouse, near Bath, no sooner entered on his parish duties than he proved himself anxious for the welfare of the poor, by establishing a school, a library, a clothing club, and land-allotments, besides building some model cottages. Moreover, up to 1833 he was a pauper's friend—always for the pauper against the overseer. There presently came, however, the debates on the Poor Law, which impressed him with the evils of the system then in force. Though an ardent philanthropist he was not a timid sentimentalist. The result was that, immediately the new Poor Law was passed, he proceeded to carry out its provisions in his parish. Almost universal opposition was encountered by him: not the poor only being his opponents, but even the farmers on whom came the burden of heavy poor-rates. For, strange to say, their interests had become apparently identified with the maintenance of this system which taxed them so largely. The explanation is that there had grown

up the practice of paying out of the rates a part of the wages of each farm-servant—"make-wages," as the sum was called. And though the farmers contributed most of the fund from which "make-wages" were paid, yet, since all other ratepayers contributed, the farmers seemed to gain by the arrangement. My uncle, however, not easily deterred, faced all this opposition and enforced the law. The result was that in two years the rates were reduced from £700 a year to £200 a year; while the condition of the parish was greatly improved. "Those who had hitherto loitered at the corners of the streets, or at the doors of the beer-shops, had something else to do, and one after another they obtained employment;" so that out of a population of 800, only 15 had to be sent as incapable paupers to the Bath union (when that was formed), in place of the 100 who received out-door relief a short time before. If it be said that the £200 telescope which, a few years after, his parishioners presented to my uncle, marked only the gratitude of the ratepayers; then my reply is the fact that when, some years later still, having killed himself by overwork in pursuit of popular welfare, he was taken to Hinton to be buried, the procession which followed him to the grave included not the well-to-do only but the poor.

Several motives have prompted this brief narrative. One is the wish to prove that sympathy with the people and self-sacrificing efforts on their behalf, do not necessarily imply approval of gratuitous aids. Another is the desire to show that benefit may result, not from multiplication of artificial appliances to mitigate distress, but, contrariwise, from diminution of them. And a further purpose I have in view is that of preparing the way for an analogy.

Under another form and in a different sphere, we are now yearly extending a system which is identical in nature with the system of "make-wages" under the old Poor-Law. Little as politicians recognize the fact, it is nevertheless demonstrable that these various public appliances for working-class comfort, which they are supplying at the cost of ratepayers, are intrinsically of the same nature as those which, in past times, treated the farmer's man as half-laborer

and half-pauper. In either case the worker receives in return for what he does, money wherewith to buy certain of the things he wants; while, to procure the rest of them for him, money is furnished out of the common fund raised by taxes. What matters it whether the things supplied by ratepayers for nothing, instead of by the employer in payment, are of this kind or that kind? the principle is the same. For sums received let us substitute the commodities and benefits purchased; and then see how the matter stands. In old Poor-Law times, the farmer gave for work done the equivalent say of house-rent, bread, clothes, and fire; while the ratepayers practically supplied the man and his family with their shoes, tea, sugar, candles, a little bacon, etc. The division is, of course, arbitrary; but unquestionably the farmer and the ratepayers furnished these things between them. At the present time the artisan receives from his employer in wages, the equivalent of the consumable commodities he wants; while from the public comes satisfaction for others of his needs and desires. At the cost of ratepayers he has in some cases, and will presently have in more, a house at less than its commercial value; for of course when, as in Liverpool, a municipality spends nearly £200,000 in pulling down and reconstructing low-class dwellings, and is about to spend as much again, the implication is that in some way the ratepayers supply the poor with more accommodation than the rents they pay would otherwise have brought. The artisan further receives from them, in schooling for his children, much more than he pays for; and there is every probability that he will presently receive it from them gratis. The ratepayers also satisfy what desire he may have for books and newspapers, and comfortable places to read them in. In some cases too, as in Manchester, gymnasia for his children of both sexes, as well as recreation grounds, are provided. That is to say, he obtains from a fund raised by local taxes, certain benefits beyond those which the sum received for his labor enables him to purchase. The sole difference, then, between this system and the old system of "make-wages," is between the kinds of satisfaction ob-

tained ; and this difference does not in the least affect the nature of the arrangement.

Moreover, the two are pervaded by substantially the same illusion. In the one case, as in the other, what looks like a gratis benefit is not a gratis benefit. The amount which, under the old Poor-Law, the half-pauperized laborer received from the parish to eke out his weekly income, was not really, as it appeared, a bonus ; for it was accompanied by a substantially equivalent decrease of his wages, as was quickly proved when the system was abolished and the wages rose. Just so it is with these seeming boons received by working people in towns. I do not refer only to the fact that they unawares pay in part through the raised rents of their dwellings (when they are not actual ratepayers) ; but I refer to the fact that the wages received by them are, like the wages of the farm-laborer, diminished by these public burdens falling on employers. Read the accounts coming of late from Lancashire concerning the cotton-strike, containing proofs, given by artisans themselves, that the margin of profit is so narrow that the less skilful manufacturers, as well as those with deficient capital, fail, and that the companies of co-operators who compete with them can rarely hold their own ; and then consider what is the implication respecting wages. Among the costs of production have to be reckoned taxes, general and local. If, as in our large-towns, the local rates now amount to one third of the rental or more—if the employer has to pay this, not on his private dwelling only, but on his business-premises, factories, warehouses, or the like ; it results that the interest on his capital must be diminished by that amount, or the amount must be taken from the wages-fund, or partly one and partly the other. And if competition among capitalists in the same business and in other businesses, has the effect of so keeping down interest that while some gain, others lose, and not a few are ruined—if capital, not getting adequate interest, flows elsewhere and leaves labor unemployed ; then it is manifest that the choice for the artisan under such conditions, lies between diminished amount of work or diminished rate of payment for it.

Moreover, for kindred reasons these local burdens raise the costs of things he consumes. The charges made by distributors, too, are, on the average, determined by the current rates of interest on capital used in distributing businesses ; and the extra cost of carrying on such businesses have to be paid for by extra prices. So that as in the past the rural worker lost in one way what he gained in another, so in the present does the urban worker : there being, too, in both cases, the loss entailed on him by the cost of administration and the waste accompanying it.

"But what has all this to do with 'the coming slavery'?" will perhaps be asked. Nothing directly, but a good deal indirectly, as we shall see after yet another preliminary section.

It is said that when railways were first opened in Spain, peasants standing on the tracks were not unfrequently run over ; and that the blame fell on the engine-drivers for not stopping : rural experiences having yielded no conception of the momentum of a large mass moving at a high velocity.

The incident is recalled to me on contemplating the ideas of the so-called "practical" politician, into whose mind there enters no thought of such a thing as political momentum, still less of a political momentum which, instead of diminishing or remaining constant, increases. The theory on which he daily proceeds is that the change caused by his measure will stop where he intends it to stop. He contemplates intently the things his act will achieve, but thinks little of the remoter issues of the movement his act sets up, and still less its collateral issues. When, in war-time, "food for powder" was to be provided by encouraging population—when Mr. Pitt said, "Let us make relief in cases where there are a number of children a matter of right and honor, instead of a ground for opprobrium and contempt ;"* it was not expected that the poor rates would be quadrupled in fifty years, that women with many bastards would be preferred as wives to modest women, because of their incomes from the parish, and that

* Hansard's "Parliamentary History," 32, p. 710.

hosts of ratepayers would be pulled down into the ranks of pauperism. Legislators who in 1833 voted £20,000 a year to aid in building school-houses, never supposed that the step they then took would lead to forced contributions, local and general, now amounting to £6,000,000; they did not intend to establish the principle that A should be made responsible for educating B's offspring; they did not dream of a compulsion which should deprive poor widows of the help of their elder children; and still less did they dream that their successors, by requiring impoverished parents to apply to Boards of Guardians to pay the fees which School Boards would not remit, would initiate a habit of applying to Boards of Guardians and so cause pauperization.* Neither did those who in 1834 passed an act regulating the labor of women and children in certain factories, imagine that the system they were beginning would end in the restriction and inspection of labor in all kinds of producing establishments where more than fifty people are employed; nor did they conceive that the inspection provided would grow to the extent of requiring that before a "young person" is employed in a factory, authority must be given by a certifying surgeon, who, by personal examination (to which no limit is placed) has satisfied himself that there is no incapacitating disease or bodily infirmity; his verdict determining whether the "young person" shall earn wages or not.† Even less, as I say, does the politician who plumes himself on the practicalness of his aims, conceive the indirect results that will follow the direct results of his measures. Thus, to take a case connected with one named above, it was not intended through the system of "payment by results," to do anything more than give teachers an efficient stimulus: it was not supposed that in numerous cases their health would give way under the stimulus; it was not expected that they would be led to adopt a cramming system and to put undue pressure on dull and weak children, often to their great injury; it was not foreseen that in many

cases a bodily enfeeblement would be caused which no amount of grammar and geography can compensate for. The licensing of public houses was simply for maintaining public order: those who devised it never imagined that there would result an organized interest powerfully influencing elections in an unwholesome way. Nor did it occur to the "practical" politicians who provided a compulsory load-line for merchant vessels, that the pressure of ship-owners' interests would habitually cause the putting of the load-line at the very highest limit, and that from precedent to precedent, tending ever in the same direction, the load-line would gradually rise in the better class of ships; as from good authority I learn that it has already done. Legislators who, some forty years ago, by Act of Parliament compelled railway companies to supply cheap locomotion, would have ridiculed the belief, had it been expressed, that eventually their Act would punish the companies which improved the supply; and yet this was the result to companies which began to carry third class passengers by fast trains, since a penalty to the amount of the passenger-duty was inflicted on them for every third class passenger so carried. To which instance concerning railways add a far more striking one disclosed by comparing the railway policies of England and France. The law-makers who provided for the ultimate lapsing of French railways to the State, never conceived the possibility that inferior travelling facilities would result—did not foresee that reluctance to depreciate the value of property eventually coming to the State, would negative the authorization of competing lines, and that in the absence of competing lines locomotion would be relatively costly, slow, and infrequent; for, as Sir Thomas Farrer has shown, the traveller in England has great advantages over the French traveller in the economy, swiftness, and frequency with which his journeys can be made.

But the "practical" politician who, in spite of such experiences repeated generation after generation, goes on thinking only of proximate results, naturally never thinks of results still more remote, still more general, and still more important than those just exem-

* "Fortnightly Review," January, 1884, p. 17.

† Factories and Workshops Act, 41 and 42 Vic. cap. 16.

plified. To repeat the metaphor used above—he never asks whether the political momentum set up by his measure, in some cases decreasing but in other cases greatly increasing, will or will not have the same general direction with other such momenta; and whether it may not join them in presently producing an aggregate energy working changes never thought of. Dwelling only on the effects of his particular stream of legislation, and not observing how other such streams already existing, and still other streams which will follow his initiative, pursue the same average course, it never occurs to him that they may presently unite into a voluminous flood utterly changing the face of things. Or to leave figures for a more literal statement, he is unconscious of the truth that he is helping to form a certain type of social organization, and that kindred measures, effecting kindred changes of organization, tend with ever-increasing force to make that type general; until, passing a certain point, the proclivity toward it becomes irresistible. Just as each society aims when possible to produce in other societies a structure akin to its own—just as among the Greeks, the Spartans and the Athenians struggled to spread their respective political institutions, or as, at the time of the French Revolution, the European absolute monarchies aimed to re-establish absolute monarchy in France while the Republic encouraged the formation of other republics; so within every society, each species of structure tends to propagate itself. Just as the system of voluntary co-operation by companies, associations, unions, to achieve business ends and other ends, spreads throughout a community; so does the antagonistic system of compulsory co-operation under State-agencies spread; and the larger becomes its extension the more power of spreading it gets. The question of questions for the politician should ever be—“What type of social structure am I tending to produce?” But this is a question he never entertains.

Here we will entertain it for him. Let us now observe the general course of recent changes, with the accompanying current of ideas, and see whither they are carrying us.

The blank form of a question daily asked is—“We have already done this; why should we not do that?” and the regard for precedent suggested by it, is ever pushing on regulative legislation. Having had brought within their sphere of operation more and more numerous businesses, the Acts restricting hours of employment and dictating the treatment of workers are now to be made applicable to shops. From inspecting lodging-houses to limit the numbers of occupants and enforce sanitary conditions, we have passed to inspecting all houses below a certain rent in which there are members of more than one family, and are now passing to a kindred inspection of all small houses.* The buying and working of telegraphs by the State is made a reason for urging that the State should buy and work the railways. Supplying children with food for their minds by public agency is being followed in some cases by supplying food for their bodies; and after the practice has been made gradually more general, we may anticipate that the supply, now proposed to be made gratis in the one case, will eventually be proposed to be made gratis in the other: the argument that good bodies as well as good minds are needful to make good citizens, being logically urged as a reason for the extension.† And then, avowedly proceeding on the precedents furnished by the church, the school, and the reading-room, all publicly provided, it is contented that “pleasure, in the sense it is now generally admitted, needs legislating for and organizing at least as much as work.”‡

Not precedent only prompts this spread, but also the necessity which arises for supplementing ineffective measures, and for dealing with the artificial

* See letter of Local Government Board, *Times*, January 2d, 1884.

† Verification comes more promptly than I expected. This article has been standing in type since January 30th, and in the interval, namely on March 13th, the London School Board resolved to apply for authority to use local charitable funds for supplying gratis meals and clothing to indigent children. Presently the definition of “indigent” will be widened; more children will be included, and more funds asked for.

‡ “Fortnightly Review,” January, 1884, p. 21.

evils continually caused. Failure does not destroy faith in the agencies employed, but merely suggests more stringent use of such agencies or wider ramifications of them. Laws to check intemperance, beginning in early times and coming down to our own times, when further restraints on the sale of intoxicating liquors occupy nights every session, not having done what was expected, there come demands for more thorough-going laws, locally preventing the sale altogether; and here, as in America, these will doubtless be followed by demands that prevention shall be made universal. All the many appliances for "stamping out" epidemic diseases not having succeeded in preventing outbreaks of small-pox, fevers, and the like, a further remedy is applied for in the shape of police power to search houses for diseased persons, and authority for medical officers to examine any one they think fit, to see whether he or she is suffering from an infectious or contagious malady. Habits of improvidence having for generations been cultivated by the Poor-Law, and the improvident enabled to multiply, the evils produced by compulsory charity are now proposed to be met by compulsory insurance.

The extension of this policy, causing extension of corresponding ideas, fosters everywhere the tacit assumption that Government should step in whenever anything is not going right. "Surely you would not have this misery continue!" exclaims some one, if you hint a demurrer to much that is now being said and done. Observe what is implied by this exclamation. It takes for granted, first, that all suffering ought to be prevented, which is not true: much suffering is curative, and prevention of it is prevention of a remedy. In the second place, it takes for granted that every evil can be removed: the truth being that with the existing defects of human nature, many evils can only be thrust out of one place or form in another place or form—often being increased by the change. The exclamation also implies the unhesitating belief there especially concerning us, that evils of all kinds should be dealt with by the State. There does not occur the inquiry whether there are at work other agencies capable

of dealing with evils, and whether the evils in question may not be among those which are best dealt with by these other agencies. And obviously, the more numerous governmental interventions become, the more confirmed does this habit of thought grow, and the more loud and perpetual the demands for intervention.

Every extension of the regulative policy involves an addition to the regulative agents—a further growth of officialism and an increasing power of the organization formed of officials. Take a pair of scales with many shot in one and a few in the other. Lift shot after shot out of the loaded scale and put it into the unloaded scale. Presently you will produce a balance; and if you go on, the position of the scales will be reversed. Suppose the beam to be unequally divided, and let the lightly loaded scale be at the end of a very long arm; then the transfer of each shot, producing a much greater effect, will far sooner bring about a change of position. I use the figure to illustrate what results from transferring one individual after another from the regulated mass of the community to the regulating structures. The transfer weakens the one and strengthens the other in a far greater degree than is implied by the relative change of numbers. A comparatively small body of officials, coherent, having common interests, and acting under central authority, has an immense advantage over an incoherent public which has no settled policy, and can be brought to act unitedly only under strong provocation. Hence an organization of officials, once passing a certain stage of growth, becomes less and less resistible; as we see in the bureaucracies of the Continent.

Not only does the power of resistance of the regulated part decrease in a geometrical ratio as the regulating part increases, but the private interests of many in the regulated part itself, make the change of ratio still more rapid. In every circle conversations show that now, when the passing of competitive examinations renders them eligible for the public service, youths are being educated in such ways that they may pass them and get employment under Government. One consequence is that men, who might otherwise reprobate some fur-

their growth of officialism, are led to look on it with tolerance, if not favorably, as offering possible careers for those dependant on them and those related to them. Any one who remembers the numbers of upper-class and middle class families anxious to place their children, will see that no small encouragement to the spread of legislative control is now coming from those who, but for the personal interests thus arising, would be hostile to it.

This pressing desire for careers is enforced by the preference for careers which are thought respectable. "Even if his salary is small, his occupation will be that of a gentleman," thinks the father, who wants to get a Government clerkship for his son. And this relative dignity of State-servants as compared with those occupied in business increases as the administrative organization becomes a larger and more powerful element in society, and tends more and more to fix the standard of honor. The prevalent ambition with a young Frenchman is to get some small official post in his locality, to rise thence to a place in the local centre of government, and finally to reach some head office in Paris. And in Russia, where that universality of State regulation which characterizes the militant type of society has been carried furthest, we see this ambition pushed to its extreme. Says Mr. Wallace, quoting a passage from a play: "All men, even shop-keepers and cobblers, aim at becoming officers, and the man who has passed his whole life without official rank seems to be not a human being,"*

These various influences working from above downward meet with an increasing response of expectations and solicitations proceeding from below upward. The hard-worked and over-burdened who form the great majority, and still more the incapables perpetually helped who are ever led to look for more help, are ready supporters of schemes which promise them this or the other benefit by State agency, and ready believers of those who tell them that such benefits can be given, and ought to be given. They listen with eager faith to all builders of political air-castles, from Oxford graduates down to Irish irreconcilables ;

and every additional tax-supported appliance for their welfare raises hopes of further ones. Indeed, the more numerous public instrumentalities become, the more is there generated in citizens the notion that everything is to be done for them, and nothing by them. Each generation is made less familiar with the attainment of desired ends by individual actions or private combinations, and more familiar with the attainment of them by governmental agencies ; until, eventually, governmental agencies come to be thought of as the only available agencies. This result was well shown in the recent Trades-Unions Congress at Paris. The English delegates, reporting to their constituents, said that between themselves and their foreign colleagues "the point of difference was the extent to which the State should be asked to protect labor : " reference being thus made to the fact, conspicuous in the reports of the proceedings, that the French delegates always invoked governmental power as the only means of satisfying their wishes.

The diffusion of education has worked, and will work still more, in the same direction. "We must educate our masters," is the well-known saying of a Liberal who opposed the last extension of the franchise. Yes, if the education were worthy to be so called, and were relevant to the political enlightenment needed, much might be hoped from it. But knowing rules of syntax, being able to add up correctly, having geographical information, and a memory stocked with the dates of kings' accessions and generals' victories, no more implies fitness to form political conclusions than acquirement of skill in drawing implies expertness in telegraphing, or than ability to play cricket implies proficiency on the violin. "Surely," rejoins some one, "facility in reading opens the way to political knowledge." Doubtless ; but will the way be followed? Table-talk proves that nine out of ten people read what amuses them or interests them rather than what instructs them ; and that the last thing they read is something which tells them disagreeable truths or dispels groundless hopes. That popular education results in an extensive reading of publications which foster pleasant illusions rather than of those which insist

* "Russia," i. 422.

on hard realities, is beyond question. Says "A Mechanic," writing in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of December 3d, 1883:

"Improved education instils the desire for culture—culture instils the desire for many things as yet quite beyond workingmen's reach In the furious competition to which the present age is given up they are utterly impossible to the poorer classes; hence they are discontented with things as they are, and the more educated the more discontented. Hence, too, Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Morris are regarded as true prophets by many of us."

And that the connection of cause and effect here alleged is a real one, we may see clearly enough in the present state of Germany.

Being possessed of electoral power, as are now the mass of those who are thus led to nurture sanguine anticipations of benefits to be obtained by social reorganization, it results that whoever seeks their votes must at least refrain from exposing their mistaken beliefs, even if he does not yield to the temptation to express agreement with them. Every candidate for Parliament is prompted to propose or support some new piece of *ad captandum* legislation. Nay, even the chiefs of parties, these anxious to retain office and those to wrest it from them, severally aim to get adherents by outbidding one another. Each seeks popularity by promising more than his opponent has promised, as we have lately seen. And then, as divisions in Parliament show us, the traditional loyalty to leaders overrides questions concerning the intrinsic propriety of proposed measures. Representatives are unconscientious enough to vote for Bills which they regard as essentially wrong in principle, because party-needs and regard for the next election demand it. And thus a vicious policy is strengthened even by those who see its viciousness.

Meanwhile there goes on out-of-doors an active propaganda to which all these influences are ancillary. Communistic theories, partially indorsed by one Act of Parliament after another, and tacitly if not avowedly favored by numerous public men seeking supporters, are being advocated more and more vociferously under one or other form by popular leaders, and urged on by organized societies. There is the movement for land-nationalization which, aiming at a system of land-tenure equitable in the abstract,

is, as all the world knows, pressed by Mr. George and his friends with avowed disregard for the just claims of existing owners, and as the basis of a scheme going more than half-way to State communism. And then there is the thorough-going Democratic federation of Mr. Hyndman and his adherents. We are told by them that "the handful of marauders who now hold possession [of the land] have and can have no right save brute force against the tens of millions whom they wrong." They exclaim against "the shareholders who have been allowed to lay hands upon (!) our great railway communications." They condemn "above all, the active capitalist class, the loan-mongers, the farmers, the mine-exploiters, the contractors, the middle-men, the factory-lords—these, the modern slave-drivers" who exact "more and yet more surplus value out of the wage-slaves whom they employ." And they think it "high time" that trade should be "removed from the control of individual greed."*

It remains to point out that the tendencies thus variously displayed, are being strengthened by press advocacy, daily more pronounced. Journalists, always chary of saying that which is distasteful to their readers, are some of them going with the stream and adding to its force. Legislative meddlings which they would once have condemned they now pass in silence, if they do not advocate them; and they speak of *laissez-faire* as an exploded doctrine. "People are no longer frightened at the thought of socialism," is the statement which meets us one day. On another day, a town which does not adopt the Free Libraries Act is sneered at as being alarmed by a measure so moderately communistic. And then, along with editorial assertions that this economic evolution is coming and must be accepted, there is prominence given to the contributions of its advocates. Meanwhile those who regard the recent course of legislation as disastrous, and see that its future course is likely to be still more disastrous, are being reduced to silence by the belief that it is useless to reason with people in a state of political intoxication.

* "Socialism made Plain." Reeves, 185 Fleet Street.

See then the many concurrent causes which threaten continually to accelerate the transformation now going on. There is that spread of regulation caused by following precedents, which become the more authoritative the further the policy is carried. There is that increasing need for administrative compulsions and restraints which results from the unforeseen evils and shortcomings of preceding compulsions and restraints. Moreover, every additional State interference strengthens the tacit assumption that it is the duty of the State to deal with all evil and secure all benefits. Increasing power of a growing administrative organization is accompanied by decreasing power of the rest of the society to resist its further growth and control. The multiplication of careers opened by a developing bureaucracy, tempts members of the classes regulated by it to favor its extension, as adding to the chances of safe and respectable places for their relatives. The people at large, led to look on benefits received through public agencies as gratis benefits, have their hopes continually excited by the prospects of more. A spreading education, furthering the diffusion of pleasing errors rather than of stern truths, renders such hopes both stronger and more general. Worse still, such hopes are ministered to by candidates for public choice to augment their chances of success; and leading statesmen, in pursuit of party ends, bid for popular favor by countenancing them. Getting repeated justifications from new laws harmonizing with their doctrines, political enthusiasts and unwise philanthropists push their agitations with growing confidence and success. Journalism, ever responsive to popular opinion, daily strengthens it by giving it voice; while counter opinion, more and more discouraged, finds little utterance.

Thus influences of various kinds conspire to increase corporate action and decrease individual action, and the change is being on all sides aided by schemers, each of whom thinks only of his pet project and not at all of the general re-organization which his, joined with others such, are working out. It is said that the French Revolution devoured its own children. Here an analogous catastrophe seems not unlikely. The numerous socialistic changes made

by Act of Parliament, joined with the numerous others presently to be made, will by and by be all merged in State-Socialism—swallowed in the vast wave which they have little by little raised.

“But why is this change described as ‘the coming slavery’?” is a question which many will ask. The reply is simple. All socialism involves slavery.

What is essential to the idea of a slave? We primarily think of him as one who is owned by another. To be more than nominal, however, the ownership must be shown by control of the slave's actions—a control which is habitually for the benefit of the controller. That which fundamentally distinguishes the slave is that he labors under coercion to satisfy another's desires. The relation admits of sundry gradations. Remembering that originally the slave is a prisoner whose life is at the mercy of his captor, it suffices here to note that there is a harsh form of slavery in which, treated as an animal, he has to expend his entire effort for his owner's advantage. Under a system less harsh, though occupied chiefly in working for his owner, he is allowed a short time in which to work for himself, and some ground on which to grow extra food. A further amelioration gives him power to sell the produce of his plot and keep the proceeds. Then we come to the still more moderated form which commonly arises where, having been a free man working on his own land, conquest turns him into what we distinguish as a serf; and he has to give to his owner each year a fixed amount of labor or produce, or both: retaining the rest himself. Finally, in some cases, as in Russia until recently, he is allowed to leave his owner's estate and work or trade for himself elsewhere, under the condition that he shall pay an annual sum. What is it which, in these cases, leads us to qualify our conception of the slavery as more or less severe? Evidently the greater or smaller extent to which effort is compulsory expended for the benefit of another instead of for self-benefit. If all the slave's labor is for his owner the slavery is heavy, and if but little it is light. Take now a further step. Suppose an owner dies and his estate with its slaves comes into the

hands of trustees, or suppose the estate and everything on it to be bought by a company; is the condition of the slave any the better if the amount of his compulsory labor remains the same? Suppose that for a company we substitute the community; does it make any difference to the slave if the time he has to work for others is as great, and the time left for himself is as small, as before? The essential question is—How much is he compelled to labor for other benefit than his own, and how much he can labor for his own benefit? The degree of his slavery varies according to the ratio between that which he is forced to yield up and that which he is allowed to retain; and it matters not whether his master is a single person or a society. If, without option, he has to labor for the society and receives from the general stock such portion as the society awards him, he becomes a slave to the society. Socialistic arrangements necessitate an enslavement of this kind; and toward such an enslavement many recent measures, and still more the measures advocated, are carrying us. Let us observe, first, their proximate effects, and then their ultimate effects.

The policy initiated by the Industrial Dwellings Acts admits of development, and will develop. When municipal bodies turn house-builders, they inevitably lower the values of houses otherwise built, and check the supply of more. Every dictation respecting modes of building and conveniences to be provided diminishes the builder's profit, and prompts him to use his capital where the profit is not thus diminished. So, too, the owner, already finding that small houses entail much labor and many losses, already subject to troubles of inspection and interference, and to consequent costs, and having his property daily rendered a more undesirable investment, is prompted to sell; and as buyers are for like reasons deterred, he has to sell at a loss. And now these still-multiplying regulations, ending, it may be, as Lord Grey proposes, in one requiring the owner to maintain the salubrity of his houses by evicting dirty tenants, and thus adding to his other responsibilities that of inspector of nuisances, must further prompt sales and further deter purchasers—so necessitating greater depre-

ciation. What must happen? The multiplication of houses, and especially small houses, being increasingly checked, there must come an increasing demand upon the local authority to make up for the deficient supply. More and more the municipal or kindred body will have to build houses, or to purchase houses rendered unsalable to private persons in the way shown: houses which, greatly lowered in value as they must become, it will, in many cases, pay to buy rather than to build new ones. Nay, this process must work in a double way; since every entailed increase of local taxation still further depreciates property.* And then, when in towns this process has gone so far as to make the local authority the chief owner of houses, there will be a good precedent for publicly providing houses for the rural population, as proposed in the Radical programme,† and as urged by the democratic Federation, which insists on "the compulsory construction of healthy artisans' and agricultural laborers' dwellings in proportion to the population." Manifestly, the tendency of that which has been done, is being done, and is presently to be done, is to approach the socialistic ideal in which the community is sole house-proprietor.

Such, too, must be the effect of the daily growing policy on the tenure and utilization of the land. More numerous public benefits, to be achieved by more numerous public agencies, at the cost of augmented public burdens, must increasingly deduct from the returns on land;

* If any one thinks such fears are groundless let him contemplate the fact that from 1867-8 to 1880-1, our annual local expenditure for the United Kingdom has grown from £36,132,834 to £63,276,283; and that during the same 13 years the municipal expenditure in England and Wales alone, has grown from 13 millions to 30 millions a year! How the increase of public burdens will join with other causes in bringing about public ownership, is shown by a statement made by Mr. W. Rathbone, M.P., to which my attention has been drawn since the above paragraph was in type. He says, "within my own experience, local taxation in New York has risen from 12s. 6d. per cent to £2 12s. 6d. per cent on the capital of its citizens—a charge which would more than absorb the whole income of an average English landlord."—*Nineteenth Century*, February, 1883.

† *Fortnightly Review*, November, 1883, pp. 619-20.

until, as the depreciation in value becomes greater and greater, the resistance to change of tenure becomes less and less. Already, as every one knows, there is in many places difficulty in obtaining tenants, even at greatly reduced rents; and land of inferior fertility in some cases lies idle, or when farmed by the owner is often farmed at a loss. Clearly the margin of profit on capital invested in land is not such that taxes, local and general, can be greatly raised to support extended public administrations, without an absorption of it which will prompt owners to sell, and make the best of what reduced price they can get by emigrating and buying land not subject to heavy burdens; as, indeed, some are now doing. This process, carried far, must have the result of throwing inferior land out of cultivation; after which there will be raised more generally the demand made by Mr. Arch, who, addressing the Radical Association of Brighton lately, and contending that existing landlords do not make their land adequately productive for the public benefit, said "he should like the present Government to pass a Compulsory Cultivation Bill:" an applauded proposal which he justified by instancing compulsory vaccination (thus illustrating the influence of precedent). And this demand will be pressed, not only by the need for making the land productive, but also by the need for employing the rural population. After the Government has extended the practice of hiring the unemployed to work on deserted lands, or lands acquired at nominal prices, there will be reached a stage whence there is but a small further step to that arrangement which, in the programme of the Democratic Federation, is to follow nationalization of the land—the "organization of agricultural and industrial armies under State control on co-operative principles."

If any one doubts that such a revolution may be so reached, facts may be cited to show its likelihood. In Gaul, during the decline of the Roman Empire, "so numerous were the receivers in comparison with the payers, and so enormous the weight of taxation, that the laborer broke down, the plains became deserts, and woods grew where the

plough had been."* In like manner, when the French Revolution was approaching, the public burdens had become such that many farms remained uncultivated and many were deserted: one quarter of the soil was absolutely lying waste; and in some provinces one half was in heath.† Nor have we been without incidents of a kindred nature at home. Besides the facts that under the old Poor-Law the rates had in some parishes risen to half the rental, and that in various places farms were lying uncultivated, there is the fact that in one case the rates had absorbed the whole proceeds of the soil.

At Cholesbury, in Buckinghamshire, in 1832, the poor-rate "suddenly ceased in consequence of the impossibility to continue its collection, the landlords having given up their rents, the farmers their tenancies, and the clergyman his glebe and his tithes. The clergyman, Mr. Jeston, states that in October, 1832, the parish officers threw up their books, and the poor assembled in a body before his door while he was in bed, asking for advice and food. Partly from his own small means, partly from the charity of neighbors, and partly by rates in aid, imposed on the neighboring parishes, they were for some time supported."‡

The Commissioners add that "the benevolent rector recommends that the whole of the land should be divided among the able-bodied paupers:" hoping that after help afforded for two years they might be able to maintain themselves. These facts, giving color to the prophecy made in Parliament that continuance of the old Poor-Law for another thirty years would throw the land out of cultivation, clearly show that increase of public burdens may end in forced cultivation under public control.

Then, again, comes State-ownership of railways. Already this exists to a large extent on the Continent. Already we have had here a few years ago loud advocacy of it. And now the cry, which was raised by sundry politicians and publicists, is taken up afresh by the Democratic Federation, which proposes "State-appropriation of railways, with

* "Lactant." De M. Persecut. cc. 7, 23.

† Taïne, "L'Ancien Régime," pp. 337-8 (in the English Translation).

‡ "Report of Commissioners for Inquiry into the Administration and Practical Operation of the Poor Laws," p. 37. February 20th, 1834.

or without compensation." Evidently, pressure from above joined by pressure from below, is likely to effect this change dictated by the policy everywhere spreading; and with it must come many attendant changes. For railway-proprietors, at first owners and workers of railways only, have become masters of numerous businesses directly or indirectly connected with railways; and these will have to be purchased by Government when the railways are purchased. Already exclusive carrier of letters, exclusive transmitter of telegrams, and on the way to become exclusive carrier of parcels, the State will not only be exclusive carrier of passengers, goods, and minerals, but will add to its present various trades many other trades. Even now, besides erecting its naval and military establishments and building harbors, docks, breakwaters, etc., it does the work of ship-builder, cannon-founder, small-arms maker, manufacturer of ammunition, army clothier and boot-maker; and when the railways have been appropriated "with or without compensation," as the Democratic Federationists say, it will have to become locomotive engine-builder, carriage-maker, tarpaulin and grease manufacturer, passenger vessel owner, coal-miner, stone-quarrier, omnibus proprietor, etc. Meanwhile its local lieutenants the municipal governments, already in many places suppliers of water, gas-makers, owners and workers of tramways, proprietors of baths, will doubtless have undertaken various other businesses. And when the State, directly or by proxy, has thus come into possession of, or has established, numerous concerns for wholesale production and for wholesale distribution, there will be good precedents for extending its function to retail distribution: following such an example, say, as is offered by the French Government, which has long been a retail tobacconist.

Evidently then, the changes made, the changes in progress, and the changes urged, are carrying us not only toward State ownership of land and dwellings and means of communication, all to be administered and worked by State-agents, but toward State-usurpation of all industries; the private forms of which, disadvantaged more and more in competition with the State, which can

arrange everything for its own convenience, will more and more die away; just as many voluntary schools have, in presence of Board-schools. And so will be brought about the desired ideal of the socialists.

And now when there has been reached this desired ideal, which "practical" politicians are helping socialists to reach, and which is so tempting on that bright side which socialists contemplate, what must be the accompanying shady side which they do not contemplate? It is a matter of common remark, often made when a marriage is impending, that those possessed by strong hopes habitually dwell on the promised pleasures and think nothing of the accompanying pains. A further exemplification of this truth is supplied by these political enthusiasts and fanatical revolutionists. Impressed with the miseries existing under our present social arrangements, and not regarding these miseries as caused by the ill-working of a human nature but partially adapted to the social state, they imagine them to be forthwith curable by this or that re-arrangement. Yet, even did their plans succeed it could only be by substituting one kind of evil for another. A little deliberate thought would show that under their proposed arrangements their liberties must be surrendered in proportion as their material welfares were cared for.

For no form of co-operation, small or great, can be carried on without regulation, and an implied submission to the regulating agencies. Even one of their own organizations for effecting social changes yields the proof. It is compelled to have its councils, its local and general offices, its authoritative leaders, who must be obeyed under penalty of confusion and failure. And the experience of those who are loudest in their advocacy of a new social order under the paternal control of a Government, shows that even in private voluntarily-formed societies the power of the regulative organization becomes great, if not irresistible; often, indeed, causing grumbling and restiveness among those controlled. Trades Unions, which carry on a kind of industrial war in defence of workers' interests *versus* employers' interests, find that subordination almost

military in its strictness is needful to secure efficient action; for divided councils prove fatal to success. And even in bodies of co-operators, formed for carrying on manufacturing or distributing businesses, and not needing that obedience to leaders which is required where the aims are offensive or defensive, it is still found that the administrative agency acquires so great a power that there arise complaints about "the tyranny of organization." Judge then what must happen when, instead of combinations small, local and voluntary, to which men may belong or not as they please, we have a national combination in which each citizen finds himself incorporated, and from which he cannot separate himself without leaving the country. Judge what must under such conditions become the power of a graduated and centralized officialism, holding in its hands the resources of the community, and having behind it whatever amount of force it finds requisite to carry out its decrees and maintain what it calls order. Well may a Prince Bismarck display leanings toward State socialism. And then after recognizing, as they must if they think out their scheme, the power possessed by the regulative agency in the new social system so temptingly pictured, let its advocates ask themselves to what end this power must be used. Not dwelling exclusively, as they habitually do, on the material well-being and the mental gratifications to be provided for them by a beneficent administration, let them dwell a little on the price to be paid. The officials cannot create the needful supplies; they can but distribute among individuals that which the individuals have joined to produce. If the public agency is required to provide for them, it must reciprocally require them to furnish the means. There cannot be, as under our existing system, agreement between employer and employed—this the scheme excludes. There must in place of it be command by local authorities over workers, and acceptance by the workers of that which the authorities assign to them. And this, indeed, is the arrangement distinctly, but as it would seem inadvertently, pointed to by the members of the Democratic Federation. For they propose that production

should be carried on by "agricultural and industrial *armies* under State control:" apparently not remembering that armies pre-suppose grades of officers, by whom obedience would have to be insisted upon, since otherwise neither order nor efficient work could be insured. So that each would stand toward the governing agency in the relation of slave to master.

"But the governing agency would be a master which he and others made and kept constantly in check, and one which therefore would not control him or others more than was needful for the benefit of each and all."

To which reply the first rejoinder is that, even if so, each member of the community as an individual would be a slave to the community as a whole. Such a relation has habitually existed in militant communities, even under quasi-popular forms of government. In ancient Greece the accepted principle was that the citizen belonged neither to himself nor to his family, but belonged to his city—the city being with the Greek equivalent to the community. And this doctrine, proper to a state of constant warfare, is a doctrine which socialism unawares reintroduces into a state intended to be purely industrial. The services of each will belong to the aggregate of all; and for these services, such returns will be given as the authorities think proper. So that even if the administration is of the beneficent kind intended to be secured, slavery, however mild must be the outcome of the arrangement.

A second rejoinder is that the administration will presently become not of the intended kind, and that the slavery will not be mild. The socialist speculation is vitiated by an assumption like that which vitiates the speculations of the "practical" politician. It is assumed that officialism will work as it is intended to work, which it never does. The machinery of Communism, like existing social machinery, has to be framed out of existing human nature; and the defects of existing human nature will generate in the one the same evils as in the other. The love of power, the selfishness, the injustice, the untruthfulness, which often in comparatively short times bring private organizations to

disaster, will inevitably, where their effects accumulate from generation to generation, work evils far greater and less remediable; since vast and complex and possessed of all the resources, the administrative organization once developed and consolidated must become irresistible. And if there needs proof that the periodic exercise of electoral power would fail to prevent this, it suffices to instance the French Government, which, purely popular in origin, and subject from time to time to popular judgment, nevertheless tramples on the freedom of citizens to an extent which the English delegates to the late Trades Unions Congress say "is a disgrace to, and an anomaly in, a Republican nation."

The final result would be a revival of despotism. A disciplined army of civil officials, like an army of military officials, gives supreme power to its head—a power which has often led to usurpation, as in mediæval Europe and still more in Japan—nay, has thus so led among our neighbors, within our own times. The recent confessions of M. de Maupas have shown how readily a constitutional head, elected and trusted by the whole people, may, with the aid of a few unscrupulous confederates, paralyze the representative body and make himself autocrat. That those who rose to power in a socialistic organization would not scruple to carry out their aims at all costs, we have good reason for concluding. When we find that shareholders who, sometimes gaining but often losing, have made that railway-system by which national prosperity has been so greatly increased, are spoken of by the council of the Democratic Federation as having "laid hands" on the means of communication, we may infer that those who directed a socialistic administration might interpret with extreme perversity the claims of individuals and classes under their control. And when, further, we find members of this same council urging that the State should take possession of the railways, "with or without compensation" we may suspect that the heads of the ideal society desired would be but little deterred by considerations of equity from pursuing whatever policy they thought needful: a policy

which would always be one identified with their own supremacy. It would need but a war with an adjacent society, or some internal discontent demanding forcible suppression, to at once transform a socialistic administration into a grinding tyranny like that of ancient Peru; under which the mass of the people, controlled by grades of officials, and leading lives that were inspected out-of-doors and in-doors, labored for the support of the organization which regulated them, and were left with but a bare subsistence for themselves. And then would be completely revived, under a different form, that *régime* of status—that system of compulsory co-operation, the decaying tradition of which is represented by the old Toryism and toward which the new Toryism is carrying us back.

"But we shall be on our guard against all that—we shall take precautions to ward off such disasters," will doubtless say the enthusiasts. Be they "practical" politicians with their new regulative measures, or communists with their schemes for re-organizing labor, the answer is ever the same: "It is true that plans of kindred nature have, from unforeseen causes and adverse accidents, or the misdeeds of those concerned, been brought to failure; but this time we shall profit by past experiences and succeed." There seems no getting people to accept the truth, which nevertheless is conspicuous enough, that the welfare of a society and the justice of its arrangements are at bottom dependent on the characters of its members; and that improvement in neither can take place without that improvement in character which results from carrying on peaceful industry under the restraints imposed by an orderly social life. The belief, not only of the socialists but also of those so-called Liberals who are diligently preparing the way for them, is that by due skill an ill-working humanity may be framed into well-working institutions. It is a delusion. The defective natures of citizens will show themselves in the bad acting of whatever social structure they are arranged into. There is no political alchemy by which you can get golden conduct out of leaden instincts. —*Contemporary Review*.

FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE.*

BY THE REVEREND THE ARCHDEACON FARRAR.

THE publication of the late Professor Maurice's biography, twelve years after his death, naturally awakens many recollections in the minds of those who knew and loved him; but it is not my object to add any further reminiscences to those which his son, Colonel Maurice, has here gathered together with so reverent and loving a hand; and others, especially Mr. Llewelyn Davies, have spoken far better of his teaching than I can hope to do. Many doubtless of his critics, and of those who belong to the various schools of his ecclesiastical opponents, will write of him in the same sneering tone to which we were familiar in his lifetime; and I shall offer no refutation of such criticisms. To my mind he stands above any need for counter eulogies. I merely wish to record some of the impressions which I received from his personal friendship and from the study of his works. It is a poor offering, but perhaps he, in his kindness, might have welcomed it as coming from an old pupil—

"Ut caput in magnis ubi non est tangere signis
Ponitur hic imos ante corona pedes."

His biography, now published, has a twofold value. It shows the unity of his life and the continuity of his teaching. I remember years ago hearing him in one of his lectures quote the lines of Wordsworth—

"The child is father of the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety."

Those lines—which were, he said, "as beautiful and noble a wish as a poet could utter"—were eminently true of himself. He was not one of those men who, like St. Augustine or Bunyan, have to turn over a new leaf at some special crisis of his career. To the last he retained "the young lamb's heart among the full-grown flocks," and the aims and feelings of his youth were taken up and matured in the powers of his man-

hood. He was one of the few of whom Jeremy Taylor has spoken, of whom the grace of God takes early hold, and reason and religion run together like warp and woof to frame the web of an exemplary life. But further than this, his biography shows that the incidents of his early years, the sort of unspoken tragedy which was being enacted in his father's house, the daily spectacle which he witnessed of a deep religious separation between loving parents and loving children, contribute much to explain the peculiarities of his mind and style.

They explain, for instance, the largeness of his charitable tolerance and the anxious scrupulosity of his invariable candor.

Maurice had seen from childhood the compatibility of a holy character with a defective creed. Some of those who were nearest and dearest to him, and to whom he always looked with the deepest gratitude and affection—especially among the Unitarians—held views which were opposed to his most intense and cherished convictions. This was one cause of his chief intellectual characteristics. "The desire for unity," he said in a fragmentary autobiography, "has haunted me all my life through; I have never been able to substitute any desire for that, or to accept any of the different schemes for satisfying it which men have devised." In other words, says Colonel Maurice, "the great wish in the boy's heart was to reconcile those various earnest faiths which the household presented." As an undergraduate at Trinity College, he had learnt indirectly from the study of Plato and the teaching of Archdeacon Hare "that there is a way out of party opinions which is not a compromise between them, but which is implied in both, and of which each is bearing witness." This spirit and principle runs through all his writings, and he was as well aware of its unpopularity as of its importance. His aim always was, not to give cut and dried opinions on party questions, and least of all to express them in epigrammatic forms which

* "The Life of Frederick Denison Maurice," chiefly told in his own letters. Edited by his son, Frederick Maurice. With Portraits; in 2 vols. (Macmillan & Co.).

could be used as effective missiles in controversy, but to set free his own mind and those of his fellow-men from the bias of unfair prejudice. He would not tumble his readers into a stage-coach which would certainly not take them on the road to truth, but he would lend them a staff and lantern, and himself set forward with them on the way. It was a habit of his mind which is illustrated in his "Religions of the World," in his "Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy," and in multitudes of his sermons, to search invariably for the positive elements in the faith and opinions of every man, and to avoid the mischievous "negative" elements which lay in their denunciations of others. This was one reason why several of his works were written in the form of dialogues. I have heard him say that there were very few books in the world—pre-eminent among them are the writings of Plato—which adopt this "maieutic" or "obstetric" method of guiding men to truth, by a fair discussion of the premises on which alone it can be based. He expressed the hope that the day might yet come when more books of this kind should be written. "If I, being no Samson," he writes to his wife, "have got any strength at all, I will tell you, being no Delilah, where the lock is on which it depends: it is simply in the faith that the truth which is highest, as well as the highest faculty which apprehends it, is also the most universal. I certainly find very few who see this as clearly as I wish them to see it. Some form of intellectual worship, some exclusiveness or other, mars the fulness of this conviction. Till men are brought to it somehow, the philosophy of Christianity and of the Church cannot even be approached by them; both must seem to them foolishness."

These views and this method explain not only his writings, but much also of his life. They give the reason why he was an object of hostility to all party-men, upon each of whom, without any distinction, he urged fairness towards one another. He was never of the least use to the heated partisans who rushed so eagerly to pelt some unpopular scapegoat of the hour. It might be predicted as safely of him as of Dean Stanley—a man unlike him in everything but

innate truthfulness and chivalrous generosity—that he would never be actuated by the "eternal spirit of the populace," which leads men to trample savagely on the persecuted, and that he would never be conspicuous in any "clerical stampede." He was quite ready to "alienate all respectable Church people" by opposing the Hampden agitation. He stood among a very small number of the clergy in firmly supporting the admission of Jews into Parliament. This he did on the ground, which to most persons would still be unintelligible, that he acknowledged Christ as the root of our national stability, and not the weak declaration that He is so. Against the opinion of those who chiefly worked with him, he defended the retention of the Athanasian Creed on the ground, to many no less unintelligible, that it gave the true conception of eternal life as consisting exclusively in the knowledge of God, and that it saved us from judging others by *seeming* to pronounce upon them a judgment so harsh that it could not be regarded as meant for any individual offenders except ourselves. His desire for unity sprang out of that love of truth which disunion and opinionativeness always distort. With characteristic humility he tells us that as a child he had the same temptations to speak and act falsely as other children. "I daresay I yielded to them as often. But I do think there was in me a love of truth which has kept alive in me ever since."

It was the fusion of Maurice's love of truth with his yearnings for unity which gave to his writings the "obscurity" of which almost all but his immediate disciples complained. In reality no writer, so far as his English style was concerned, was less obscure. His sentences were often too long; but I do not think that it is ever possible to mistake their meaning, or to doubt as to the construction which can alone be put upon them. The little children whom he taught, the workmen to whom he lectured, the poor villagers of the country parishes in which he ministered, never found him obscure or mystical. But to many others, to persons of culture and to violent ecclesiastical controversialists, he seemed to speak parables, because he had a habit of address-

ing them interrogatively rather than by assertion, and because their minds were unreceptive of the truths which he desired to set forth. Men look to their religious guides for definite propositions and systematized inferences, set forth in clear outline, rather after the manner of Fra Angelico than after the manner of Rembrandt. But Maurice saw truth as Dante saw charity, in a sunlike centre of light, which caused the outlines of all but the main features to be in distinguishable in the surrounding glory.*

"Dark with excess of light her skirts appeared."

If a man can see only one fragment of a truth and one side of a question, he may feel that absolute certainty about every disputable point which is a characteristic of many minds; but if he desires to be scrupulously fair, he finds it impossible to shut his eyes to the fact that views which are forced by their adherents into the sharpest contradiction are often in reality complementary and supplementary of each other. Maurice's one aim, therefore, was to persuade men not to plunge into mutual denunciations, but to find a basis for unity in things essential, and to assert modestly and tolerantly the special truths which they severally held. "Nothing," he said, "goes nearer to take away one's senses than the clatter of tongues when you feel every one is wrong, and know that if you tried to set them right you would most likely go as wrong as any. It would not be so if one had learnt to keep Sabbath days in the midst of the world's sin—but that is the difficulty."

Cognate to this balance and resolute fairness of mind was his determination to take all men at their best, and to judge them and their opinions in the most favorable light. It sometimes happens that one text takes more powerful hold of a man's mind than any other, and exercises a preponderant influence upon his life. The text to which Maurice most constantly refers as a rule of conduct is "Judge not, and ye shall not be judged." He tells us that he held it in more reverence than any other in the whole Bible. "I do not believe that we can, any of us,

know the inmost thoughts of another man with reference to God." It always produced self-contempt in him if he was led to sauciness of language* or impertinence in judging others. And this beautiful habit of mind depended again, in no small degree, on the belief which lay at the centre of his entire theology, namely, the headship of Christ. Every relation to our fellow-creatures seemed to Maurice to be a step in a ladder which reached to Christ. The thought which is rarely absent from any of his books for many pages is that Christ is King, and that the Church is His kingdom. His wife once said to him that he might do much better work if he would only act on his conviction that Christ is in every one. He recognized in the rebuke the clearest indication of what he felt to be God's purpose in all His teachings, and it led him to such remarks as this to Sir E. Strachey: "One can find enough that is not good and pleasant in all; the art is to detect in them the good thing which God has put into each, and means each to show forth;" and this to his wife, "I wish for you and myself, dearest, lynx eyes for distinguishing between the precious and the evil in ourselves and in others, and then that those eyes may have a charm to make the evil as though it were not; for in very truth it is a falsehood. It has no reality, and why should we not treat it as having none."

The formative ideas of his theology have already become apparent in this sketch of some elements of his character. From his earliest days he was a devout and constant student of the Bible, and—especially by his "Prophecies and Kings"—he shares with Dean Stanley the high honor of having helped to make its scenes and characters more real to thousands of Christians. But he was not timid about its authority, and did not exalt it into an object of worship. It was not to him a collection

* Maurice's letters and writings are singularly free from severe remarks about persons, even when he was most deeply moved. One of the severest in the book is his remark—only, be it observed, in free private intercourse with an intimate friend—about Mansel's Carlton Club and Oxford Common Room yawn, "Pon my soul! can't see why evil should not last forever, if it exists now."

* Dante, *Purgatory*. xxix. 118.

of authorized dogmatic writings, or a religious book from which everything might be cut out which was not found in Doddridge's "Rise and Progress," but a book of work, and business, and politics, not the least like Doddridge, or any other treatise about the soul. When eleven thousand clergymen declared that the Bible not only *contains* but *is* the Word of God, the statement struck him not as an exaggeration, but as a perilous *denial* of the truth, "The word of God," he said, "I believe as St. John taught, and as George Fox taught, to be very much above the Scriptures, however He may speak by and in the Scriptures. He regarded all *systems*, as such, as being of the earth, earthy; but he regarded the Church as a part of the spiritual constitution of which the nation and the family are lower and subordinate parts. He did not look on baptism as a rite in which a supernatural result was attached to a mechanical action, but as being the sacrament by which we claim the position which Christ has claimed for all mankind. He was rendered absolutely miserable by Dr. Pusey's tract on baptism, which "taught that the baptized child was holy for a moment after its baptism, but in committing sin lost its purity, and could only be recovered by acts of repentance and a system of ascetical discipline." He differed from the "Evangelicals," because they "seem to make sin the ground of all theology," whereas it seemed to him "that the living and holy God is the ground of it, and sin the departure from the state of union with Him into which He has brought us." The belief that Christ, and not the devil, was, in all senses, the King of the Universe, seemed to him a matter of life and death, and in that belief his whole theology was summed up. Instead of regarding the Fall as determining man's condition, and the devil as the arbiter of it, he thought that the work of the Church was to witness that Christ was the head of every man. His whole being, as Hüber says, "was drenched in Christianity." If he could not address all persons as members of Christ and children of God, he said that he could not address them at all. Christ was to him not the head of a sect, not

the founder of a religion. To speak thus of Him seemed to Maurice "a ghastly substitution" of religionism in the place of a belief in the redemption of mankind by the Son of man, and the Son of God. In all his writings, even in his university Lectures, we find "Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end."

From this it is easy to understand the three chief controversies by which his life was agitated. He did not, as is still repeatedly asserted, deny the eternity, he did not even deny the possible endlessness of punishment; but he did teach, as Christ himself does, and as St. John invariably does, that the adjective "eternal" signifies a state or condition, not an infinite addition sum. To him eternity was the antithesis of time, not its indefinite extension. He saw that, in the New Testament, things eternal are not things future, but things unseen. We are now living in eternity if we have any true life at all. He could not accept the dogma of universalism, because he could not tell whether it might not be possible for the soul to exercise its own free-will in resisting God forever; but heaven meant to him the forgiveness of sins, not the remission of punishment. He held that the starting-point of the gospel was the absolute love of God, its reward the knowledge of that love. He did not himself dogmatize about "the duration of future punishments;" he only protested against all dogmatism on the subject. He never asserted the absurdity, with which he was charged by Dr. Jelf and others, that impenitent and unbelieving sinners would be saved, seeing that he regarded unbelief and impenitence as *being* damnation. To him God was the God of hope, and the devil the spirit of despair, and therefore he saw no reason to assert that the victory of eternal love over sin must be impossible unless it were gained during this mortal life. His conception of the gospel was that it was a message that God saves the world. Much of the current theology appeared to him in the light of "destruction taking the name of a gospel." Dr. Pusey publicly said that he and Maurice "worshipped a different God," and Maurice was almost driven to accept that terrible statement, for he worshipped "the God

who was manifested in His Son Jesus Christ, and not another altogether different being, in whom we mingle strangely the Siva and the Vishnu—the first being the ground of the character, the other its ornamental and graceful vesture.”

The controversy with Dean Mansel stirred his heart to its inmost depths. The arguments of the once-famous but already half-forgotten Bampton lectures seemed to cut away the very roots of all that he had ever taught. To him the essence of faith was a desire to know God, which had never been satisfied except by the manifestation of God in the person of Christ. He saw clearly that Mr. Mansel's arguments would become, as they have become, the basis of the negation to which Professor Huxley has given the name of Agnosticism. The very reason why as a youth he had ceased to be a Unitarian arose from his belief that the Incarnation had brought home to men in a Man the very knowledge of God which Mr. Mansel declared to be impossible. The Bampton lectures were hailed with a tumult of acclamation by the religious press, and the author was promoted at once to one of the metropolitan deaneries; but, nevertheless, Maurice saw in them a denial of that real knowledge of the love of God, which was to him the very Gospel; a definite setting up of “religion” against God. It is remarkable that the most powerful statement of the essentially subversive and irreligious tendency of Dean Mansel's arguments should have come from John Stuart Mill.*

The controversy with Bishop Colenso agitated him less deeply on theological, but more deeply on personal grounds. Bishop Colenso had long been his friend, and had embraced many of his views. About his special criticisms and calculations Maurice cared less than nothing, but he was so pained and shocked by the apparent inference that there was no substantial truth in the narrative of the Pentateuch, that, with a chivalry of spirit infinitely rare, he was on the point of giving up his incumbency of St.

Peter's, Vere Street, in order that he might without suspicion defend the cause of the Church among whose clergy, so far at any rate as they are represented by their religious journals, he had ever found his bitterest and least scrupulous opponents. The passion which he felt on the subject led him to one of the severest remarks which occur throughout the whole biography. “To have a quantity of criticism about the dung in the Jewish camp and the division of a hare's foot thrown in my face, when I was satisfied that the Jewish history had been the mightiest witness to the people for a living God against the dead dogmas of priests, was more shocking to me than I can describe.” It was hardly less shocking to him that Bishop Colenso should be claimed on this ground as the apostle of free thought, and that the clergy in general wrapped themselves more closely in their dreary and hopeless literalism. And yet, intense as were his feelings on the subject, he desisted from the steps which he contemplated, simply because to carry them out would have worn the aspect of taking the side of the strong against the weak. It was just that against which he had struggled all his life. “All through life his great conviction had been that the so litary Man upon the cross is always stronger than the surrounding crowds of soldiers and of priests.”

I have no space to dwell on all Mr. Maurice's other achievements. His works do follow him. His labors as a clergyman were always admirable. Like Jean Gerson, he loved at all times to gather the little children around him. He was never so happy as when, in country parishes, he was preaching the Gospel to the poor. He never *read prayers*, he *prayed*. Those who in Lincoln's Inn Chapel heard him read the Litany and the Athanasian Creed, came away with a new conception of their force and meaning. Had he been a philanthropist and nothing besides, I doubt whether any man since the days of St. Vincent de Paul has been the originator of more and more fruitful works than he. The Early Closing Movement, the “Days in the Country” for ragged children, the Co-operative Movement, the Higher Education of Women, the Working

* Examination of Sir W. Hamilton's *Philosophy*, pp. 88-105, where Mill protests against the attribution to God of qualities which have a certain signification in man, but are meant to have a totally different signification in Him.

Men's College, the Organization of Charity, the Establishment of Girls' Homes, the Sanitary League, and many other endeavors to promote the happiness of society, count him as one of their first founders, or earliest and most self-denying supporters. Mr. Matthew Arnold says that he spent his life "in beating about the bush with deep emotion, but never started the hare." Most men would have a right to die happy if they had started but one such hare as these.

Above all, if Maurice had left nothing else to the world, he has left the legacy of one of the noblest, purest, and grandest characters which this generation has seen. We are sometimes told, with a good deal of superfluous scorn, that his works won't live. It is a question supremely indifferent to those who loved him best. It is a result over which no man has any personal control. It is important for the world, it is of consummate importance for himself, that every man use his powers honestly and faithfully in the cause of all things which are true and just and pure; but it is a question of little or no concern to him whether his works are destined to attain the rare and brief continuance which is called "immortality." Hundreds of books which no human being will ever read again yet live in the most effectual way by the influence which they have exercised over thousands in the day when they were written, and over hundreds of thousands who have propagated the thoughts and impulses which were originally derived from their pages. Even if Maurice's writings should cease to be sold or published, they have profoundly affected the thoughts of men both in this and the last generation. We have a right to hope that by means of his son's record of what manner of man he was, he may exercise an influence still deeper and nobler.

For this man, to rail at whom well-nigh every religious critic of every religious newspaper dipped his pen in gall and falsehood, was one of the holiest, humblest, tenderest, and most loving of men. A relative says of him, that even in childhood he never knew him to commit even an ordinary fault, or apparently to entertain an immoral idea. He fulfilled Dante's ideal of one who was

in boyhood gentle, obedient, and modest; in youth temperate, resolute, and loyal; in manhood prudent, just, and generous; in age thankful, and in perfect peace with God.* All his life long he showed an awful sense of responsibility, and a delicate fastidiousness of conscience. He was always a friend to the weak, and wholly fearless of the strong. He had risen completely superior to the infirmity of ambition. He lived in prayer; sometimes he devoted the whole night to prayer, like the saints of old. He would never think even of a pleasant plan for himself unless he could connect it with a moral law. "Dearest, pray that we may be kept thinking of high and earnest things," he wrote to his wife, "and so may do our common duties better and live in love." All who enjoyed the happiness of his friendship, or even of his acquaintance, will unite in saying of him, as was said of Newton, that he was "the whitest soul they had ever known." It was this man—this humble, self-denying chivalrous-hearted saint of God, of whom Archdeacon Hare said, in words which many who knew him will indorse, that he was "incomparably the grandest example of human nature that it has ever been my happiness to know;" it was this man, perhaps the truest, bravest, most orthodox, most Christ-loving and Christ-like Christian whom this generation has seen;—this man, in whose teaching there was a prophetic accent not heard in any living voice,—who, thanks to the fuglemen of the so-called "religious world," lived amid perpetual storms of abuse and falsehood, and spent his life under the oppression of a perpetual hissing. For these religious assailants, whose aim it seems to have been slowly to sting him to death, he felt a sovereign pity, and for the temper by which they were animated a sovereign disdain. Unhappily, as is shown by too many pages of his biography and of his own writings, their attacks, misrepresentations, and slanders caused him acute mental anguish, and he did not learn the simple remedy of never reading and never noticing a single line they wrote. But they never caused him to waver in fulfilling the high duties

* Dante, *Canzone* xvi., st. 7.

which God had ascribed to him, nor even produced the sad and common result of breaking down his faith in human nature.

"He loved the world that hated him; the tear Which dropped upon his Bible was sincere. Assailed by scandal and the tongue of strife, His only answer was a blameless life; And he that forged and he that flung the dart

Had each a brother's interest in his heart. Blush Calumny, and write upon his tomb, If honest eulogy will leave thee room; Thy deep repentance of thy thousand lies Which aimed at him have pierced the offended skies, And say, blot out my sin, confessed, deplored, Against Thine image in Thy saint, O Lord!"

—*Fortnightly Review.*

THE EARLY MEDICUS.

BY HUBERT HALL.

Ars longa, vita brevis—the complacent dictum of the scholiast—seriously considered as a worthy motto for the healing profession, might in one aspect justify the irreverent rendering, "Brief life is here the patient's portion." This, of course, is from the point of view of the healthy scoffer who would "throw physic to the dogs," not from that of the superstitious devotee. But by the impartial and only curious student of the ways and means of life in bygone ages, the question may be more fairly approached from a standpoint that is purely critical. The study of physical science may indeed be meritorious by reason either of the profundity or dignity of the subject; but when we study the history of the early medicus, we feel that we may well dispense with such accessories to the practice of medicine as the ceremonious parade of all the paraphernalia of a witch's sabbath, or an elaborate display of astrological erudition.

Our Saxon ancestors, however, were devoted to a medical science whose mysteries were not altogether untinted with idle superstition and debased cruelty. Their system appears to have been divided into three branches, "leech-dom," "star-craft," and "wort-cunning." The first of these, in one aspect, contained the principles of general practice, and in another those of comparative anatomy. The "anatomy," however, was of a practical character, and was cultivated in the interests of the professional dispensary, consisting as it did of the butchery of nearly every species of indigenous animal—wolf, boar, fox, badger, hare, mole—to-

gether with a fair sprinkling of fish, fowl and reptiles. All of these were skilfully taken and quartered, or simply bled to death, and their essential organs removed, either for immediate desiccation in conjunction with appropriate herbs and simples to form a poultice or healing "mash;" or else for ultimate preservation in the shape of a pickled "charm."

In those early days when half England was forest, and wild creatures might be captured at once with pleasure, ease, and profit to the natives, it was extremely simple to minister to the medical wants of the numerous sufferers by wounds, pestilence or famine. Given your wolf or badger or field-mouse safely bagged, nothing could be easier than to apply a selection of its entrails to the patient's ribs or spine. Something more than this was nevertheless needed, and the want was supplied by the sister arts of "star-craft" and "wort-cunning." The former of these, as the name indicates, corresponded to the classical astrology, while the latter term signifies "herb-knowledge," and both were in demand to perfect the process of the cure: the one by directing the season and moment at which the application would prove most effective, the latter by distinguishing the virtues of the various simples with their *habitats*.

So much for the Saxon Pharmacopœia; but what manner of man, we should next inquire, was the physician who availed himself of its magnificent resources? It would be better to premise that the Saxon *Medicus*, as a qualified practitioner, did not exist. Quacks there were in plenty, who under the title of "Leeches"—a title fully justified by

their extortions—plied a brisk trade in co-partnership with the sexton; but apart from this traditional type of the "medicine man," the healing faculty was best represented in the persons of amateurs, usually monks or learned bodies.

And thus the profession, if it could be yet so called, continued side by side with the more effective household surgery during the Middle Ages, and in some aspects beyond their limits. The Saxon "leech" was still the cant term for the academical "physician" who was content to gather beggarly fees and scanty legacies from wealthy patients, but was powerless against every epidemic outbreak, oblivious of the most ordinary sanitary requirements, and indeed ignorant profoundly of all things save a little barbarous botany and ruinous astrology, combining thus in his "leechdom" the "star-craft" and "wort-cunning" of the early vivisectionist, his Teuton forerunner.

The modern doctor dates only from the reign of Henry VIII., when the College of Physicians in England was founded as a body corporate by letters patent in the tenth year of the reign. This grant was in response to a petition from a few of the most notable members of the profession resident in London, who were perhaps moved by both a laudable zeal in the interests of science, and a compassion for the sufferings of the subjects of astrological and toxicological experiments. The charter thus obtained, though probably drafted by the promoters themselves, was found to be so inadequately worded and expressed, that it became necessary to obtain powers to amend it by Act of Parliament.

Among these early members were Linacre, Wotton, and others, famous scholars beyond doubt, though possibly but indifferent practitioners. In fact, we are constantly struck throughout the early history of the profession by the frequent occurrence of names associated with almost every other branch of study than that strictly appertaining to the art of medicine. We have naturalists, magneticians, astronomers, mathematicians, logicians, and classical scholars, but scarce one who accomplished anything worthy to be recorded in the annals of

medical science. Indeed, it is difficult to conceive any useful object that could have been attained by the existence of the College as a professional licensing body, other than the pecuniary interests of the orthodox. After all it was but the shadow of a choice whether a patient was killed dead according to Galen, or subjected to a more lingering process of "cure" by the canons of judicial astrology; for the consumer (of physic) well-meant ignorance presents no higher recommendations than criminal blundering.

Therefore it is with a pardonable smile that we read in the proceedings of the College of Physicians, for a century after its foundation, the history of a war against quacks and quackery. Good scholars and worthy gentlemen, the qualified physicians of the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth found themselves in an exceptional position with regard to the technical abilities of their professional brethren. With Galen as their spiritual lawgiver, and the secular arm to enforce orthodoxy, their position was somewhat similar to that of the pious colonists whose mission it was to portion out the land of the heathen as the inheritance of the elect. They themselves were the elect! We must be prepared, then, for a good deal of intolerance on the part of these learned monopolists, and with good cause. We read of a member guilty of the heinous crime of having accused Galen of an error in judgment, who was compelled to make full submission and tender an abject apology for his backsliding. Another member, who stood charged with professional indecorum, manifested by ill-timed levity and hot abuse of his colleagues at the very bedside of his patients, was unanimously expelled. The undoubted record of such circumstances as these must lead us to give some credit to the relations of contemporary satirists.

But though sometimes divided against itself, the College could at all times muster its whole forces in a campaign against empirics. Claiming a right to prevent any unqualified person from practising, it found its time pretty well taken up in the examination of suspected persons, especially when the *viva voce* process usually led to the committal of the unlucky candidate to the Marshal-

sea for gross incompetence, or, worse still, for competent heterodoxy. In the reign of Mary, for instance, two candidates were admitted to the degree of Baccalaureate in Medicine at Oxford University, one being a Franciscan friar, and the other a coppersmith. The former was not altogether approved of by the London Academy, but he weathered the storm, and became in time a distinguished ornament of the College. The smith, however, did not escape so easily, for the College obtained leave from Cardinal Pole to examine him as to his medical attainments, and from that moment his fate was sealed. The fact was that the aspiring Vulcan, though probably endowed with a smattering of chemistry and pharmacy, was no scholar, and the examiners "put him on" in the Latin grammar, inviting him to decline "corpus." "Hic, haec, hoc corpus," began the son of toil, "accusativo corporem." This specimen of the candidate's Latinity was evidence enough for the examiners, who "ploughed" him on the spot, and wrote a long report in choice Latin of their own of the proceedings, to impress upon the Government the enormity of this plebeian's offence. Later on, in the reign of Elizabeth, we hear of a woman committed to prison for applying a wash which "spoiled" ladies' faces—in other words ruined their complexions. In due course the noxious compound was submitted for the opinion of the College authorities, who decided, strangely enough, that it appeared to them harmless, yet somewhat illogically condemned the accused to pay all costs of the proceedings.

Another female practitioner, as such, was imprisoned; for in those days "women's rights" were only recognized in the case of "a king's daughter." She was released only upon giving an undertaking not to offend again, and paying all costs of the proceedings. Queen Elizabeth herself, to her honor be it said, was interested in the professional career of students of her own sex, and on several occasions recommended female candidates to the College, by which they were promptly disallowed. One of these royal nominees was ambitious only to practice with simples, but on examination she was reported "in-

efficient," rather in a knowledge of grammar probably than of the Pharmacopœia. Lord Hunsdon seems to have had more influence with the Dons than his Royal kinswoman, for a lady-doctor introduced by him was admitted to practise in cases where no vital part was affected.

Perhaps the professional gallantry of our worthy physicians had been ruffled by their many desperate encounters with the enemy who fought under the "star-spangled" banner of judicial astrology. One of this fraternity, who, anticipating the advertising enterprise of modern quacks, affixed "bragging bills" to the walls, was cited and compelled to make his submission. Another, calling himself a country practitioner, when examined, boldly claimed during sixteen years' practice to have used no other medicines than those dictated by the conjunction of the Ephemerides and other celestial signs and planets; by which means he had been able to diagnose and prescribe for every form of disease with rapidity and precision. It does indeed appear that the results of this earlier Sangrado's treatment were as a rule sufficiently deadly to warrant his sinister boast, for when asked to name any whom he had cured by his celestial system he could point to only three or four; while he was compelled to admit that he had had bad luck with the majority of his patients. Questioned still further, he admitted that it was true that he once administered a draught of iced-water to a delirious subject, who instantly succumbed to the shock; and that many complaints had been made about his mistaking the symptoms of gouty or rheumatic people for the dropsy. The strangest part of the story is, however, that this impostor proved on examination to be totally ignorant of astronomy. Indeed he could not be deemed severely punished by a short term of imprisonment and a fine of £10, the penance which was decreed to him by his professional superiors. Unfortunately, however, the rascal contrived to escape, and continued to practise out of the jurisdiction of the College, being reported "safe and jolly" in the parish of Lambeth. Here he flourished into the following reign, for we find his system still further defined in 1607, as

follows: "1. To discover the name, address, and life-history of the patient; 2. To erect a figure; 3. To diagnose the disease therefrom and prophecy the event; 4. To prescribe and gather the fees." We may imagine what a harvest such empirics reaped at the expense of the credulous from the case of a quack practising in St. Paul's Churchyard about this time, who actually received from a woman £32 for attempting to cure her leg. We even hear of £6 being charged for one precious pill.

It is most significant as to the social degradation of the science of medicine, that most of the notorious empirics of the latter half of the sixteenth century were both highly recommended and strenuously supported in their resistance to the proctors of orthodoxy by some of the greatest names of the age. These self-deluded victims of quackery were not indeed adverse in theory to the pretensions of more regular members of the profession. They would patronize the Court physicians, or, if favorites of the Crown, they might even submit to the Sovereign's recommendation in that behalf; but none the less their family doctor was in far too many cases some outlandish professor of occult arts, retained in learned state on the premises, who undertook the speedy, not to say miraculous, cure of his patron's particular disease by all the charms of the Cabala. In this way every nobleman's household was in danger of becoming a sort of sanctuary for all manner of rogues and impostors who dabbled in the healing art by the employment of a mystic agency; and the efforts of the College toward the purification of the temple of science were thus to a great degree neutralized. Not herewith content, however, the persons of quality alluded to were often desirous of obtaining for their shameless *protégés* a license to practice, or even an admission into the College itself, regardless of the outraged sensibilities of the Fellows. Thus when a certain quack was fined at the instance of the College, for dispensing "celestial water," he was backed up in his resistance to that authority by a flattering testimonial from Lord Hunsdon. So, too, the Earl of Essex's man, Poe, when cited before the College as an empiric, was able to produce testi-

monials bearing such signatures as those of the Primate, the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Treasurer, the Lord Admiral, and many others in high place in his favor. Another quack, Not, who had attended Walsingham successfully, as his patron believed, was so powerfully supported in his application for a license that the College were obliged to admit him to general practice, with the stipulation that he did not exercise this privilege within the metropolis. Later on, however, we find that the condition was broken, and the "professor" in consequence condemned to pay a fine, still against the earnest remonstrances of his aristocratic friends. Just twenty-one years after this date, we meet again with Poe, as inveterate a quack as ever, but now in the capacity of one of James I.'s physicians. To their credit, however, the Fellows still declined to admit this worthy until he should become properly qualified.

Several of Elizabeth's famous statesmen were confirmed invalids. Whitgift harbored in Lambeth quite a colony of refugees from the pertinacious antagonism of the College. Walsingham was forever seeking alleviation from his acute bodily ailments by change of air, régime, and doctors. Burghley was a martyr to gout, though, with his habitual caution, he was not to be so easily duped. He had not, indeed, the courage to abandon the fashionable beverages red Burgundy, claret, or Malmsey in favor of the lighter wines of Germany, which had assisted for a time in curing Sir Thomas Gresham of a still more obstinate attack of the same hereditary malady, but he shook his head at the fashionable follies of Transmutation and the Horoscope. Thus, probably, he was enabled to rescue one of his household from the clutches of a Spanish quack who was in a fair way of reducing his patient's sore leg to a state warranting amputation.

It is only fair, at the same time, to notice the other side of the question, in the relations of the qualified practitioners of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries themselves with the courtly society that abetted their rivals, and it must be confessed that the picture is not a particularly edifying one. The College was not often influenced by

mercenary motives, though licenses were sometimes accorded to doubtful subjects in consideration of an annual premium. On the other hand, party, and still more, national feeling, were freely displayed in their jealous exclusion of foreign Catholics, a ban that was not extended to the case of Protestant refugees, one of whom, though a preacher by profession, was readily admitted. This policy is all the more to be regretted, in that this body was tolerably free from the vulgar prejudices and superstitions of the age. In a majority of cases in which its delegates were intrusted with the inspection of the physical state of notorious demoniacs or suspected sorcerers, the pretensions of the latter or the charges preferred against them, as the case might be, were equally dismissed as unfounded. Nevertheless the honest graduates were not proof against the glamor of Court life. Soon after the accession of James I. to the English throne that monarch was present at an academical *soirée* at Oxford, on which occasion a debate was promoted between certain Court physicians on the following themes, expressly selected for the purpose of making sport for the learned Sovereign, and, at the same time of doing him honor.

1. Whether a man's manners are affected by the maternal nourishment of his earliest infancy?

2. Whether tobacco, used in excess, is salubrious or the reverse in its pharmacic effects?

Now it is not difficult to discern that any theory in favor of the hypothesis that James I. had by a mere physiological process assimilated the sinister qualities of an unfortunate lady who was popularly identified, even in the verses of courtly poets of the later reign, with the scarlet-habited patroness of the Babylonians, was, if successfully upheld, unlikely to redound to the temporal welfare of its promoters. Moreover, it was common knowledge that the king had identified himself with the godly opponents of the weed *Nicotiana* as the author of the violent trade known as the *Counterblaste to Tobacco*. Unfortunately these courtly exercises were then deemed an indispensable part of the programme framed for such occasions, and the luminaries of the medical profession

were, at least, not greater sinners herein than their brethren of divinity. It may be mentioned, however, that the physician to whom fell the task of vilifying the Virginian herb in choice terms for the royal edification, received the appointment of Commissioner for Garbling ("Grabbling," the royal patent more expressively terms it) Spanish tobaccos, in accordance with a protective policy in favor of the products of the English colonies.

Neither is the fraternity seen to advantage in its attendance upon royal personages. When the young Prince Henry was seized with the mysterious malady that cut him off in the bud of his early promise, not one doctor could be found to adopt, or rather enforce a rational treatment of the symptoms. One sensible man, indeed, laid it down as an essential prelude to a successful event that the patient should be treated as though he were "some meane person." Others, however, could not shake off the sense of unusual responsibility, and one of these roughly declared that it "shoulde never be saide in after ages that he had killed the kyng's eldest sonne!" A highly conflicting treatment was the inevitable result of this paralysis of judgment. The unfortunate prince's life blood was freely drained one day, and treble doses of cordials were administered the next, according as the differing opinions prevailed. As a desperate remedy a live cock was split open and applied to the patient's feet, but without any grand result, and soon after death released the sufferer from his well-meaning tormentors. There was one physician of the reign, however, who had the courage of his convictions. This was Craige, James's Scotch physician in ordinary, who attended his master during his last illness, and at whose hands the Duchess of Buckingham incurred such an angry rebuke for applying a surreptitious plaster to the patient's body, that she and other great persons, who looked upon professional independence as mere insolence, caused the honest doctor to be dismissed from Court.

We have, unfortunately, no means of ascertaining the opinion of the profession at large upon the practice of "touching" for the king's evil. This

patriarchal attribute of royalty was never prominently asserted before the Restoration; but as early as 1637 a certain impostor was brought up before the Star-Chamber on a charge of having "set up to touch, scorning the king's touching." Under "examination" this magnetic quack affirmed that after he had touched between thirty and forty applicants, he was sensible of more "virtue" having proceeded out of him than when, in the days before he experienced his call, he had dug eight roods of land as a gardener. He took the precaution to add, however, that he was not always "in the vein," especially when his hands were numbed with the cold; and that he often was obliged to repeat the process four or five times—when the patient was wealthy we must suppose.

With the close of the seventeenth century science had made great strides and

had drawn medicine in her wake. We no longer hear of complaints against the practice of employing quacks or unauthorized persons, such as the servants of the Court—players, barbers, grooms and the like. The medical profession was at length placed on a rational footing among the other arts. The information of its members had become more uniform; their social position more satisfactorily established. Instead of such metaphysical titles as the "History of Man Sucked from the Sup of the Most Approved Anatomists," we have "An Account of the Epidemic Disease Called the Influenza." The reader may further discover what manner of men were these medici of the last two centuries—how they talked, dressed, wrangled, and fleeced—from the pages of their light-hearted contemporaries, the great English novelists of the last six generations.—*Merry England.*

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

BY VISCOUNT CRANBROOK.

MORE than forty years have elapsed since I wrote the following memorandum of conversations with Christopher North, which for a long period lay unnoticed in my drawer. Some who have recently seen it are of opinion that the record in its simplicity, not artistically dressed up, but just as it is, may give some impression of a remarkable man's talk, and I yield to the suggestion to offer it to the *National Review*. It was written with the vivid tones of the speaker still in my ears, and, however imperfect, it is, so far as it goes, a truthful account of what passed. At this date I do not affect to agree with the comments and criticisms made in all instances, but there is a fresh outspokenness in them which reflects a character not without interest even now. I hope that none of his words will give pain anywhere, even though they mention some painful facts which, but that they are already notorious, I would have excluded. Just as it was penned, then, it is now given to the public for what it is worth.

CRANBROOK.

Sept. 15th, 1843. Bowness.—Last night for the first time, I had the pleasure of meeting Professor Wilson, better known, perhaps, under his assumed name of Christopher North. I had seen him a few times previously, and had on one been near an introduction at Elleray, but the fates prevented our meeting as companions until I saw him

as my guest yesterday. We were all much pleased with him, and found means to keep him in conversation until a late hour, and, indeed, he did not seem at all reluctant to express his opinion on any subject or person whom we brought under his notice. As it may be gratifying in after years to have a record of such of his remarks as I can remember, I have determined, while they are fresh in my memory, to jot them down, as I am sorry that I abstained from doing those of Wordsworth after my interview with him. I do not know what the Professor's age is, but he is a large burly figure, with a fresh countenance, a little bald on the top of his head, with long straggling locks of yellow hair hanging over his broad shoulders. Bushy whiskers of the same color, mixed with gray, hang round the under-part of his face, not concealed by collar or handkerchief, both of which are so loosely disposed as to admit a fair view of the neck on which his massive head rests. His forehead is rather receding, but not a low one; his face not handsome in the profile, which is injured by the loss of teeth; but the full

face is a very striking one, and well calculated to invite cordiality. He is now a grandfather, but I should say, from his appearance, not much above sixty years old, if so much, and yet his recollections of persons and events go so far back that I may greatly under-estimate the burden of years which rests upon him. Altogether, his appearance is that of a country gentleman, rather eccentric in the matter of hair, but looking the picture of good-humor and bonhomie, which are qualities generally ascribed to Christopher North. Still (as he himself admits) he has not the buoyancy of younger days, and the calmer feelings of age may probably be deepened by his change of *regimen*, which is very great, for from being one of the most generous of livers he has become, not by pledge but in practice, a teetotaler. He does not look less hale and fresh for this, and one can well imagine him the best wrestler, the highest leaper, the most persevering pedestrian in the country, and can fancy the joyous step with which he would spring to the sound of music in days now passed away. He said, with something of a sigh, that the time was when he never heard music without an inclination to dance; but now it was with a different pleasure that he listened to it, and quite without the springing elasticity of other times. For the rest, he has a strong Northern accent, but considerably softened by education and residence in England, so that, by his own account, it has been thought rather the brogue of Ulster than of Scotland. And now for the subject of his conversation and comments upon men and things, some of which were very interesting.

One of the Austins was mentioned, and it was observed that they were all strong Benthamites, and he spoke of them as the most able supporters of Jeremy, and especially cited the Lectures at the London University as extremely well written. As to Jeremy Bentham's works, he said that it was disgusting arrogance in any man to attempt to palm off such a style upon the world, and that, too, when he had shown by his earlier writings how well able he was to compose in pure English. This naturally led to Carlyle, of whose early productions the Professor spoke

with much approbation, and with a strong condemnation of the latter—particularly specifying "Chartism" and "Past and Present." Mr. G——quoted a remark of Wordsworth's, that if Carlyle wrote good English Addison and others must have been unreasonably held up to imitation. Professor Wilson said:

"I think the history of Carlyle is that of a man who fancied his works should attract great attention, and finding that though the writings of his younger days were well thought of, still they produced no general sensation, and at the same time becoming Germanized from his idolatry of Goethe, he gradually acquired the offensive style in which he at present indulges. His worship of Goethe was remarkable, and Shakespeare he seemed either never to have read or so greatly to depreciate as to place the former far above him; and yet how can they possibly be compared? What continual effort there is in Goethe after something striking; and, after all, has he had any great influence on the world? Schiller understood human nature better, and thus his works have had a greater effect." (I should fancy that probably each affected a distinct class, but am too little acquainted with German literature to say, and the Professor spoke hesitatingly of his knowledge of German). "I do not call," he continued, "Carlyle's translations really translations—they are but German after all."

I was surprised at his remarks upon Butler's "Analogy" and "Sermons." He said, "I am convinced there is some fallacy in his argument, for it is impossible to put it into other words." (I suggested, in confirmation of the latter part of his remarks that Butler's admirers were generally great quoters of his works, and gave some instances from recollections of Oxford. This seemed to please him, and he welcomed the suggestion as confirmatory of his theory, and his evident dissatisfaction with Butler. Was not Pitt also dissatisfied?) "I profess I do not understand him," said he, "for his definitions add nothing to the words they are meant to explain. Conscience defined as reflection in self." "The faculty," said Mr. G——, "of approving and disapprov-

ing." "Yes," cried the Professor, "but of what approving, or disapproving of what? And what is the meaning of reflection in self?"

I asked him what he thought of Tennyson's "Queen of the May." "It is very beautiful," he said, "and yet I remember reading the first part alone and thinking it very namby-pamby." Mr. G—— mentioned a remark, I think of Wordsworth's, who had observed the exquisite variation of the first lines of the first and second parts, showing the alteration of character from the thoughtless ardent girl regardless of others, to the gentle uncomplaining daughter making others her first consideration, from—

You *must* wake and call me early, etc.

to—

If *you're* waking call me early, etc.

"Yes," said Christopher North, "it is very artistical, as is much of his poetry." (I mentioned "Mariana in the Moated Grange"). "Mariana is admirable description, and yet, on the whole, he wants force in his poetry, which is the fault of his school. There is no manly vigor—nothing that stirs the blood. And in one of his poems, if I mistake not, there is an unmanly exultation over some one who had rejected him. Lady Clara Vere de Vere, however, which is on the same subject, is spirited. I offended Tennyson many years ago by what I thought a very favorable review in *Blackwood*, and I was pleased at the time to receive letters from many persons saying they were glad to find Tennyson so well appreciated in Scotland. However, he was displeased at some jocose observations on some of his poems which I thought absurd. He wrote to me a short time since saying that I had been right, and he wrong, but still, a man once angry is apt to remain so. I meant well and kindly to him, however, and really thought I behaved so, as I admired much of his poetry. 'Locksley Hall' is forced, and shows a constant straining after effect, and, indeed, the whole new school has a notion that nothing is poetry but what is *intense*; they intensify everything, and those who write in another style may be good versifiers but are not, in their estimation, poets. I don't like them myself.

I saw some of De Vere's poems cited in the *Quarterly*, which are much finer, in my opinion: but he is unequal as Tennyson. Much of both is not worth reading. I was greatly disappointed with De Vere's poem of the 'Waldenses,' which is a very fine subject. It makes me feel very old when I hear of a young Aubrey De Vere as a poet, for I remember his grandfather very well, and also hearing anticipation of his father, Sir Aubrey's, poetical success." (This may give some notion of the Professor's age, as young Aubrey De Vere is said to be about twenty-seven years of age.) "I can hardly help smiling at Monckton Milnes when he talks about poetry. Yet he is a very clever man; but his appearance and manner have that effect on me."

I asked his opinion of Sir F. Doyle's poems. "Ah," he said, "he is a well-educated, well-informed man, but not a poet." The Professor spoke with great admiration of Keble, but said all his pieces were too long, and were all capable of being curtailed without impairing the sense.

"I have," said he, "in my own edition struck out what I consider superfluous, and only read the other portions. You should always lay by poetry for a time, and you will find it easy to strike much out, and yet the remainder will dovetail together as if it had been so designed originally."

During the conversation I mentioned Byron's letters as excellent in their way. He understood me to say "Burns," and it drew from him many remarks on that poet. "His letters," he said, "are clever, but are not good as letters, and yet Burns was more proud of them than of his poetry; which was natural in an uneducated man who thought his poetry might come by inspiration, but that his prose depended upon his own powers. In consequence of this, he labored at his letters very much. Byron's letters" (we had explained his mistake) "are of a different character, and are very good *as* letters." "He and Cowper," said Mr. G——, "maintain Wordsworth's opinion that good poets may be good letter-writers. Wordsworth speaks very highly of Byron's letters on the Greek revolution." The Professor spoke of Scott's letters as not at all equal to his other writings.

"I," said he, "never write letters. I wish I did, for I am very fond of receiving them, and had I written more I should have received more. I did not answer your note, for I am rather vain of my handwriting and during this hot weather my hand is so relaxed that my writing would be like that of an old man, and I was determined not to let you see that."

During some music in the evening Burns was again mentioned, and Professor Wilson said: "I never have been able to write a song. I know what it should be, but I cannot do it. If I could write one that would be sung in valley, plain and hill, I should die happy. There is not a peasant in Scotland who does not know Burns's songs."

"Dibdin had great success," I said.

"Yes," he replied, "and yet Dibdin's were confined to one class. He was no sailor and had never been at sea, but by living on the water edge he picked up sea terms, and though his songs are full of mistakes and inconsistencies the sailors never found it out, being quite satisfied with hawsers, bowlines, and a few sea-phrases here and there. How is it that Campbell's great ballads 'Ye Mariners of England,' and 'The Battle of the Baltic' are never sung? I have asked sailors, and they never heard them. There must be something wanting in them, and, indeed, what should sailors know about the 'meteor flag'? They would say there is no such flag in the British Navy. Then, what is the meaning of the cannons' roar quelling the deep below? I once asked Campbell, who said that it was his business to write and mine to find out his meaning. I fancy he alludes to the fact that continued firing has the effect of quieting the surface of the sea around. How strange a contrast there is between Campbell's recitation and Wordsworth's—the former in a thin weak voice, settling now and then the curls of his wig, reciting without power his greatest lyrics; Wordsworth with a severe and simple dignity giving a tone to his recitation, which has often after hearing him on a hillside walk thrilled me for days after. He has the most remarkable power, in that way, of any man I ever heard. It seemed like inspiration, and I could almost imagine

that he spoke by revelation." Mr. G—— spoke of an unpublished poem of Wordsworth's written in preparation for "The Excursion," on "The formation of an individual mind," which his friends declared to be very fine. "I remember," said Professor Wilson, "When I was very young, sleeping at his house, and when I was in bed he brought it to me to read. I read it during a grand storm of thunder and lightning and, whether influenced by that, together with the excitement of finding myself so honored by Wordsworth, I know not—but I thought it one of the finest things I ever read. What right has he to keep such things from the present generation? I hope he will publish what he has written of the 'Recluse' and that poem before I die. Surely we ought to love our own generation more than any that follows—he ought to love you and me more than my little grandchild, who will be enjoying the 'Recluse' when I am in my grave. It is not fair in great authors to leave their works to be published posthumously, as if their own generation was unworthy of them." A poem on "The Clouds" was mentioned as one of the best in his last volume, and Mr. G—— said it smacked of earlier days than the rest of the contents of that volume. "Yes," he said, "I remember his repeating it to me a very long time ago, perhaps thirty years, at a time when there was nothing I dreaded so much as his knowing that I wrote verses. I had been writing on the clouds, and had told Wordsworth of it, who, as we were walking, asked me to repeat them, as he had been writing on the same subject, and wished to hear how I had treated it. I was horror-struck, and I admit that I told a lie and said I had never written any such verses. I hope it was a white lie. Wordsworth's drama, 'The Borderers,' is not good, and, in fact, neither he nor Coleridge have or had any capacity for that kind of composition. 'Remorse,' and 'Zapoyla' are very inferior as dramas. In the former, Coleridge wished to depict some metaphysical kind of remorse, even preying upon the subject of it, but not affecting his character and dispositions. But it won't do at all. His translation of Wallenstein is of a very different nature; it is magnificent. Poor

Coleridge fancied he could do everything, and his designs and plans were tremendous. He projected a 'Dictionary,' a 'Grammar,' a 'Great Epic Poem on the Fall of Jerusalem,' a 'System of Philosophy,' and he who was wholly without it, actually intended to write a 'Treatise on Method.' None of these were ever even commenced; and they were but a part of the vast projects in his mind—among others a conclusive work on theology. The sphere where he was great was in conversation, and that he loved when he could find attentive listeners." "Wordsworth," said Mr. G—, "declared that he never heard him converse without silently saying to himself 'Wonderful.'" "He was indeed so," replied Christopher North, "for these flaws and inconsistencies in argument are not observed and detected, but it is very different when the same thing is put into writing. Coleridge's weakness was an extreme love of sympathy, and it was what he thought a want of this in the more austere character of Wordsworth that led to the coolness between them. Basil Montagu most unjustifiably told Coleridge some remark of Wordsworth's about him which hurt the former very much, though probably the bitterness of it was in its repetition by another person. For Wordsworth's sayings are very different from his own mouth and from that of another. Still, he was too dignified and self-dependent a character for Coleridge, who always required sympathy, and probably has expressed his feelings in the description of a friend with which he concludes John Anderson. Wordsworth could not sufficiently bend to this weakness which he thought unmanly, and hence the estrangement, though Wordsworth still loved Coleridge as did Coleridge him. It was this weakness, and not pride or vanity, which led him to delight in talking; and when he had an attentive hearer he would enlarge on every subject with enthusiasm, but if there were the slightest apathy or carelessness displayed, it was curious to see how his voice died away at once. And yet I am convinced that this was not love of display, but of having other minds in communion as it were, with his own; and when he felt that they were so, he would impart to every object of conversation a hue and

tinge of beauty which could not be surpassed. It was this feeling, too, that led him to admire Irving so much. It was not from Irving's powers of mind, but from his fondness for Coleridge's society and conversation that the latter's admiration for him was derived. Irving never was a leader, but was at last rather a dupe; and as to his being a second Luther, he was in fact without one of the great qualities which distinguished the Reformer. He never in any degree influenced the public mind, nor has he left any impression behind him. In fact he was a wild weak man. Of the poetry of Coleridge, nothing approaches his 'Genevieve' in exquisite tenderness and beauty. It is perfect, pure, and angelic, and yet human."

Mr. G— asked, "What has become of De Quincey?" He answered: "I was very intimate with, and I believe that I am now more intimate with him than any other person, and yet I hardly ever see him. I know where he lives, but hardly ever see him; I have not seen him above four times in six years (if I remember rightly), and yet his family ask tidings of him from me. Since he has left this part of the world he has lived in different places in Scotland; some years in Edinburgh, then in Glasgow, and so on as caprice takes him. He is never seen by any one, as he never leaves his garret except at night, and I well remember there was a kind of mysterious awe when he remained for about a year in my house. The servants placed food for him, which would be untouched so long that they had to prepare other, and then would perhaps see a long bony hand thrust out to take it, and that was all. The only time he himself was seen was sometimes when we had a late party, and then toward midnight he would be observed stealing out to take his walk. His chief expense is opium, on which he spends £150 a year, and sometimes will take four or five thousand drops in twenty-four hours. It is strange it has not the effect on his constitution which it is commonly reported to have; for he appears perfectly well in health, and yet at the same time his feelings and sensibilities seem quite benumbed by it. His family has all died off in a very melancholy manner; first his eldest son, then a

daughter, and then a younger son, a boy of great promise who went out to China and died of fever. I had occasion to see him about these things, as he is perfectly unfit to manage a funeral or anything of the kind, and I was surprised at his calmness and indifference. There seemed to me some doubt at first about the death of his son in China, and this I told him; but when I was obliged afterward to confirm the first intelligence, he merely wrote, 'I am sorry he is dead, but it was against my advice he went to China at all.' He behaved ill when he left Westmoreland, and wrote very bitter papers against Wordsworth" (the fact was that his conduct was so unprincipled that Wordsworth would not even affect to countenance him), "and in them most improperly introduced my name, parenthetically, 'and Professor Wilson says the same,' when I had never said anything of the sort. From this it has been said that I quarrelled with Wordsworth, whom, God knows, I love and revere as I have always done, and am as far from envy or jealousy toward him as man can be. I had too much pride to enter into any explanation to Wordsworth, but I have never ceased to love him, and his warmth and cordiality to me and my daughter when we lately met quite affected me. De Quincey, however, is a remarkable man, and his conversation is wonderful: his writings too, are most powerful and argumentative when he is free from opium, but when under the influence of it he writes sad nonsense. He began, I believe, to take it in imitation of Coleridge, and I myself have seen him drink a wine-glass of laudanum at once. I remember well," he continued, laughing heartily, "calling upon him one day and finding him—he is by the way a very small man, not taller than Hartley Coleridge—wrapped in a sort of gray watchman's coat, evidently made for a man four times his size, and bought probably at a pawnbroker's shop. He began conversing earnestly and declaiming on the transcendental philosophy, when in the vehemence of his discourse the coat opened, and I saw that he had nothing else on of any description whatever. He observed it and said, 'You may see I am not dressed.' I did see it, I said. He replied that he thought

it not of any consequence, in which I acquiesced; he folded it round him and went on as before. Authors generally like to feel loosely habited when composing, but he made a very extraordinary figure."

Such, as far as I recollect, was the tenor of Professor Wilson's conversation, though of course I do not pretend to give the words, nor do I insert, except when necessary for the sense, the remarks of others which led to those made by him. In fact, what is put consecutively into his mouth was frequently broken in upon by other questions or comments of ours which are not worth recording. Since writing a considerable portion of this, this morning, I walked with J—to call upon him at Ellera, where I found him as cordial and agreeable as last night. We sat some time with him, and led him to speak of Hartley Coleridge of whom he gave a most melancholy account. I had him in my eye as I had seen him at the wrestling match, with a watery eye and an almost idiotic leer on his face, and asked could nothing be done to reclaim him. "Nothing," he answered; "I once tried and succeeded for three months in keeping him at this place, but Wordsworth always said he would relapse, and so he did, for one day when we had walked together a few yards from the house, I, finding the sun too hot, returned for my hat, bidding him wait; but when I came back he was gone, nor did I for a long time see him again. I afterward learned that he had gone to a pot-house and remained in a drunken state for ten days. I had fancied he might have thirst more strongly upon him than other men, and have taken great pains to have wine and water, or drink of some kind brought in; but all was of no avail, and when he is intoxicated he is a hideous object. Wordsworth says he has a constitutional tendency to it, but I hardly know what that means. When I came back last year I thought that feeling for me in my altered circumstances returning to this place after so many years' absence, would have kept him in check, and I called on him and asked him to join my daughter and myself on the water, to which he agreed. He said he wished to call on a friend in Bowness, and would occupy the half

hour till we were ready in seeing him. When we went down to the boat, in less time than that, we found Hartley Coleridge in a bestial state of intoxication, so that I would not take him into the boat. We landed at Millar's ground, and, walking up, found him lying insensible in a field. I made the servants take him to Elleray and put him to bed. They did so, and about 11 o'clock at night there was a ring at the door, and in came Hartley Coleridge, professing to have come from Bowness to see me, and then quite sober and very agreeable. He had been laid on the bed in his clothes, had awakened, and gone out at the back door and round to the front. Whether he feels remorse or shame I know not, but he never shows it; and I am glad not to have seen him this year, for it is a horrible sight to see a man so brutalized. As a boy he was astonishing; but how can a man read to advantage who lives as he does? and though there is much genius and cleverness in both his prose and poetry, he is but a second or third-rate man. It will not do for me to appear to my family careless of such things, and I cannot admit a man who is such a slave to drunkenness that he may, as he has done, fall down like a brute-beast on this rug."

When we rose to go, the Professor accompanied us to show the improvements he has made by felling trees, which are very great indeed, opening out the view of the lake far more than it was when last we were there. His eyes glistened as we praised this home of his affections which he evidently loves intensely, and said he would not care if he were told that for three years he might not go beyond its gate. Yet he could not bear such a restriction on

Belle Isle, however he might admire it, because it was an island, and you felt the confinement of that even in the larger ones on the Scotch coast. He congratulated us, pausing as he spoke each time, and standing almost in front of us, on the way in which we saw Windermere, viz., by staying a summer on its wooded shores. And then I shall never forget his words or manner as he said: "Travellers come to Bowness, walk up and down the village to the lake side, and then, ordering horses on, say, 'Well, I don't think much of Windermere.' Don't think much of Windermere" (he murmured half to himself and yet loud enough for us to hear him, while his speaking eyes showed his emotion). "Don't think much of Windermere. Ah! you'll not think much of heaven, then, when you get there." This parting tribute to the spot which he leaves to-morrow for this year, and from which he seems loath to part, was almost the last thing he said except about his trees and shrubs; and at the gate we took leave, perhaps never to meet again. I was more struck to-day with the appearance of his front face than last night; his forehead and eyes are very striking, and, indeed, in that view it is clear that when young he must have been very handsome. He does not do himself justice with his exuberant hair and whiskers, but one is ready to excuse a little oddity in that respect in consideration of the many excellencies, personal and mental, of one who has so often enlivened and delighted you as Christopher North.—*National Review*.

NOTE.—The offensive paper written by De Quincey may be found in "Tait's Magazine" for 1839.—*National Review*.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS, THE ELDER.

BY EDMOND ABOUT.

DUMAS was a great schoolboy, who hid under his good humor and boisterous gayety more common-sense and true wisdom than fell to the lot of ninety-nine out of every hundred. He was the type of a free lance, who proved the rules of conventionality to be stupid; of a pleas-

NEW SERIES.—VOL. XXXIX., No. 6

ure-seeker who might serve as model to all industrious workers; of a knight-errant ever in quest of the adventures of gallantry, politics and war, who had studied, for his own share alone, more than three convents of Benedictines. He was the image of a prodigal who,

having squandered thousands in reckless liberalities, left behind him, unconsciously the heritage of a king. His was the radiant face of an egotist who devoted his whole life to his mother, his children, his friends, his country; of a compliant and easy-tempered father, who threw the reins on his son's neck, and who, nevertheless, had the exceptional good fortune to see himself reproduced while living by one of the best and most illustrious men whom France has ever applauded.

His books will be read after his comedies and dramas shall have been withdrawn from the stage. For an age and longer, his entrancing stories, wherein the action never languishes, the style is limpid and brilliant as the crystal of a spring-well, and the dialogue crackles like green wood on a fire, will continue to be the joy of the young, the distraction of the old, a refreshment for the wearied, a consolation for the ailing, a delight for all. I have known mature men passably occupied—myself, for instance—forget themselves an entire night in the company of the "Chevalier de Maison-Rouge" or the "Mohicans de Paris." I still hear my children quarrelling in friendly guise because one has not yet finished the second volume of "Monte-Cristo," when the other, who is awaiting his turn, has arrived at the end of the first. From this I conclude that Dumas has lost nothing of his freshness since the days—alas! far in the bygone now—when he nearly caused the death of one of my school companions. He was a little Spainard, an *interne* at the Pension Massin; he was sleepless, had lost his appetite, and was gradually wasting away as if stricken with home-sickness. Sarcey, who was in the same class and had conceived a friendship for him, asked him one day:

"Is it your mother you wish to see?"

"No," answered the child, "she is dead."

"Your father, then?"

"He used to beat me."

"Your brothers and sisters?"

"I have none."

"Why, then, are you so anxious to get back to Spain?"

"To finish a book I began reading in the vacation."

"What is the name of it?"

"Los Tres Mosqueteros."

The poor child had the nostalgia of the "Trois Mousquetaires."

Not merely for his incomparable genius as a story-teller should Dumas be dear to men of letters, but for his character, his habits, his good qualities, his foibles, his errors even. There have been as great writers, but never a typical *littérateur* so perfectly accomplished. He did many things outside his proper sphere of action, taking part, for example, in the Revolution of 1830, and the conquest of the Two Sicilies; but it may be said without exaggeration that he lived only to write.

When he plunged into history it was like the diver, who sinks into the depths of ocean to return with a pearl. When he travelled in Africa, in Syria, in the Caucasus, in Switzerland, in Italy, it was to recount the narrative of his travels. The most common-place of meetings, the most insipid of conversations, furnished him with the materials of an interesting page. He reared animals, dogs, cats, monkeys, tortoises, frogs, even a bear, if my memory does not betray me; it was to endow them with a soul, and be that soul's interpreter. The fair sex monopolized much of his heart, but little of his time; I doubt if the most favored among them had sufficient empire over him to turn him from his work, for he only ceased to produce when he ceased to live. And, gracious Heavens! what would have come to pass if the man for whom an entire people waited with open mouth failed for a single day? That was a happy era when the great political journals based their claims to popularity on the fictions they supplied, and the leading article was, so to speak, but a *hors d'œuvre*; for France took a more vivid interest in d'Artagnan or Edmond Dantés than in Messieurs Duvergier de Hauranne and Guizot.

It was the golden age of romance, the reign of Dumas the First, who was the most benignant of kings, for he only abused his power against the publishers to the profit of his *confrères*. In making wit a quotable article in the market, like porcelain or pig-iron, he served his neighbor as much, nay more, than himself, and considerably ameliorated the condition of the writer. He likewise

elevated him in the eyes of fools—that imposing majority of the human race—by the magnificence of his mode of living and his unexampled bounties. The *grands seigneurs* had humiliated great talents long enough. Dumas took it into his head to avenge poor Colletet, bespattered to the neck, and all who had for two centuries accepted disdainful alms of financiers or governments. He worked wonders in this way; perhaps he went too far, for his ignorance of figures sometimes handed him over to the mercies of creditors, usurers and bum-bailiffs.

But Dumas was not the man to put himself out for such trifles. When he was certain he was in debt, he toiled for his creditors as he had toiled for his friends, his sweethearts, and his parasites. That did not matter much to him, for his personal wants were confined to ink and paper. I am wrong: he needed *collaborateurs* and employed a good number of them. He made no concealment of it, nor would it be of any use; for a moment's thought will convince any one that no single hand could compass more than a hundred volumes a year. The curious and the incompetent looked upon this necessity of his craft as a crime, and wept crocodile tears over the martyrs of glory and talent. I cannot find it in me to compassionate the colleagues of Dumas when I look upon those who survive. The master neither deprived them of their money, for they are rich; nor of their glory, for they are celebrated; nor of their talents, for they possess them still, and in abundance.

As far as regards that, I am bound to say the complaint never came from them. On the contrary, the proudest of them were boastful of having belonged to so good a school, and it is with a veritable piety that the most illustrious of all, Auguste Maquet, always speaks of his great friend. I do not know in what proportion the profits of joint toil were divided; on the one hand, his renown and the superiority of his style gave Dumas the privilege of claiming the lion's share, but the eagerness with which his patronage was sought after proves that this powerful genius was an equitable genius. Touching the amount of work he contributed to the sum total,

I can tell it with a sort of accuracy, for a happy concurrence of circumstances enabled me to surprise the prolific author *in flagrante delicto* of collaboration.

It was in March, 1858, at Marseilles. I was on my way to Italy, or, at any rate, I believed I was, and meant to take the boat to Civita Vecchia the same evening. But, on setting foot on the railway platform, I felt myself suddenly lifted from the ground by a superb and kindly Colossus, who pressed me to his breast. He had come there to meet an adored lady whom he had forgotten to worship since the previous evening, for in his impatience to see her again he had given her a rival. He welcomed her all the same with the most exquisite gallantry, and then, turning to me, he said, "I lay embargo on you; alight at my hotel: we will dine together, and I will make you a *bouillabaise* myself so toothsome that you will lick your fingers. Afterward you will come to the Gymnase to applaud the first representation of a piece which they have forced me to write in three days; Clarisse and Jenneval are wonderful in it, and my little *ingénue* a love. But say nothing of it before the lady from Paris."

I yielded to his wish joyfully, as one always yielded to this irresistible being. His *bouillabaise* was delicious; his drama, entitled the *Grades Forestiers* had a triumphant success; they offered a crown of gold to the author on the stage; the orchestra of the theatre came under the windows of his hotel to give him a serenade, amid the acclamations of the public. He appeared on the balcony, thanked the musicians, and harangued the people. We afterward went to the best restaurant in the city, where the lessees had prepared a sumptuous supper, the enjoyment of which was prolonged until three or four in the morning. We returned to the hotel: I was almost sleeping as I stood. He, the giant, was fresh and cheerful as a man who had just stepped from between the sheets. He made me enter his room, lit in my presence two tall candles, placed them under a shade, and said:

"Take a rest, thou venerable patriarch; as I am no more than fifty-five years old, I am going to write three *feuilletons*, which must be posted to-morrow, or rather by this morning's

mail. If I should chance to have the time to spare I shall tackle for Montigny a short act, the plan of which is trotting through my head."

I fancied he was joking at my expense; but on awakening, I found in the ante-room, where he was humming an air as he shaved, three large packets, addressed to the *Patrie*, the *Journal Pour Tous* and some other Paris periodical, whose title I forget. A roll of paper directed to Montigny contained the short act he had spoken of, which was simply a masterpiece—the *Invitation à la Valse*.

It is a manifest impossibility for a man, no matter how richly endowed, to get through such an amount of work in a few hours, unless his task has been seriously prepared beforehand, either by himself or somebody else. Dumas wrote his romances with his own hand, in handsome and legible characters, on large-sized sheets of blue-tinted satin paper.

He improvised his embellishments on a foundation which was by no means improvised, but was elaborated by his associate worker from his original sketch. In imagination I can still see, on the table of the hotel, the first version of the "Compagnons de Jehu." It was a thick bundle of foolscap cut in slips of four, and covered with a small, clear caligraphy; a capital work even in this state, the action briskly indicated by Dumas, the characters agreeably outlined by Dumas, the style one that would bear being read—in short, an excellent romance which only needed to be written by Dumas. All that the author had to do was to rewrite it in his own fashion, to make it altogether his and worthy of him.

He copied after his manner, that is to say, in scattering the gold-dust of genius with open hands, each little sheet of white paper being pasted on a large sheet of the blue.

The relative capacity of the father and the son may some day, perhaps, be the theme of Plutarchian parallel, which I emphatically decline to make, and for reasons; the effort demands half-a-century longer of experience, the influence of time and the knowledge of a

lapidary skilful enough to discriminate between the Regent and Sancey diamonds. I have seen Parisians try to establish a comparison between these two great *virtuosi*, but in vain were they invited to the same table, they reciprocally muffled their lights and dissembled their wit as best they could, for each feared to make display before the other, and each loved the other to abnegation.

In our precious and too brief intimacy at Marseilles, Dumas *père* said to me: "You are right to love Alexandre; he is a being profoundly human, and has a heart as large as his brain." Kindliness entered for three fourths, at least, into the opulent, weird, and cloudy composition of his genius. Under the good writer, destined to become classic, thanks to the clearness of his style, one always found the good man, and the good Frenchman. He loved his country above and before all things, without making sacrifices to the spirit of party, or falling into the deplorable iniquities of politics.

None has written of Louis XVI. with more respect, of Marie Antoinette with deeper pity, of Napoleon I. with higher admiration, than this professed and convinced Republican. Thus, in concurrence with Michelet and Henri Martin, with the most ardent and austere, he made our history popular; thus he merited that rude courtesy of fate which made him die at the end of the terrible year which took him from France at the same time as Alsace and Lorraine, and shrouded him, like a vanquished soldier, under the national flag in mourning.

This free-thinker, who was likewise a believer, religiously respected the creeds of others; this *bon vivant*, this jovial companion, never propagated any but sound principles, or preached a moral code that was not wholesome; wherefore it is that the spectacle is offered us of the faithful of all communions unanimously absolving the venial lapses of his life and pen.

In sum, this writer—impetuous, strong and irresistible as a loosened torrent—never abandoned himself to hate or vengeance—he was clement to his worst enemies; he has left behind him none but friends. —*Tinsley's Magazine*.

THE PRAYER OF SOCRATES.

BY JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

Καὶ εὐχεται δὲ πρὸς τοὺς θεοὺς ἁπλῶς ταχῆα διδόναι,
ὥς τοὺς θεοὺς κάλλιστα εὐδότης ὅποια ἀγαθὰ ἔστι.—XENOPHON, *Mem.* I, 3, 2.

GRANT, O Olympian gods supreme,
Not my wish, and not my dream;
Grant me neither gold that shines,
Nor ruddy copper in the mines,
Nor power to wield the tyrant's rod
And be a fool, and seem a god,
Nor precious robe with jewelled fringe
Splendid with sea-born purple tinge,
Nor silken vest on downy pillow,
Nor hammock hard on heaving billow;
But give all goodly things that be
Good for the whole and best for me.
My thoughts are foolish, blind and crude;
Thou only knowest what is good.

—Good Words.

BOURGONEF.

CHAPTER I.

AT A TABLE D'HÔTE.

AT the close of February 1848 I was in Nuremberg. My original intention had been to pass a couple of days there, on my way to Munich; that being, I thought, as much time as could reasonably be spared for so small a city, beckoned as my footsteps were to the Bavarian Athens, of whose glories of ancient art and German Renaissance I had formed expectations the most exaggerated—expectations fatal to any perfect enjoyment, and certain to be disappointed, however great the actual merit of Munich might be. But after two days at Nuremberg, I was so deeply interested in its antique sequestered life, the charms of which had not been deadened by previous anticipations, that I resolved to remain there until I had mastered every detail, and knew the place by heart.

I have a story to tell which will move amid tragic circumstances of too engrossing a nature to be disturbed by archæological interests, and shall not, therefore, minutely describe here what I observed at Nuremberg, although no adequate description of that wonderful

city has yet fallen in my way. To readers unacquainted with this antique place it will be enough to say that in it the old German life seems still to a great extent rescued from the all-devouring, all-equalizing tendencies of European civilization. The houses are either of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, or are constructed after those ancient models. The citizens have preserved much of the simple manners and customs of their ancestors. The hurrying feet of commerce and curiosity pass rapidly by, leaving it sequestered from the agitations and the turmoils of metropolitan existence. It is as quiet as a village. During my stay there rose in its quiet streets the startled echoes of horror at a crime unparalleled in its annals, which, gathering increased horror from the very peacefulness and serenity of the scene, arrested the attention and the sympathy in a degree seldom experienced. Before narrating that, it will be necessary to go back a little, that my own connection with it may be intelligible, especially in the fanciful weaving together of remote conjectures which strangely involved me in the story.

The *table d'hôte* at the Bayerischer Hof had about thirty visitors—all, with

one exception, of that local commonplace which escapes remark. Indeed this may almost always be said of *tables d'hôte*; though there is a current belief, which I cannot share, of a *table d'hôte* being very delightful—of "one being certain to meet pleasant people there." It may be so. For many years I believed it was so. The general verdict received my assent. I had never met those delightful people, but was always expecting to meet them. Hitherto they had been conspicuous by their absence. According to my experience in Spain, France, and Germany, such dinners had been dreary, or noisy and vapid. If the guests were English, they were chillingly silent, or surlily monosyllabic: to their neighbors they were frigid; among each other they spoke in low under-tones. And if the guests were foreigners, they were noisy, clattering, and chattering, foolish for the most part, and vivaciously commonplace. I don't know which made me feel most dreary. The predominance of my countrymen gave the dinner the gayety of a funeral; the predominance of the Mossoo gave it the fatigue of got-up enthusiasm or trivial expansiveness. To hear strangers imparting the scraps of erudition and connoisseurship which they had that morning gathered from their *valets de place* and guide-books, or describing the sights they had just seen, to you, who either saw them yesterday or would see them to-morrow, could not be permanently attractive. My mind refuses to pasture on such food with gusto. I cannot be made to care what the Herr Baron's sentiments about Albert Dürer or Lucas Cranach may be. I can digest my *rindfleisch* without the aid of the *commis voyageur's* criticisms on Gothic architecture. This may be my misfortune. In spite of the Italian blood which I inherit, I am a shy man—shy as the purest Briton. But, like other shy men, I make up in obstinacy what may be deficient in expansiveness. I can be frightened into silence, but I won't be dictated to. You might as well attempt the persuasive effect of your eloquence upon a snail who has withdrawn into his shell at your approach, and will not emerge till his confidence is restored. To be told that I must see this, and ought to go there,

because my casual neighbor was *charmé*, has never presented itself to me as an adequate motive.

From this you readily gather that I am severely taciturn at a *table d'hôte*. I refrain from joining in the "delightful conversation" which flies across the table; and know that my reticence is attributed to "insular pride." It is really and truly nothing but impatience of commonplace. I thoroughly enjoy good talk; but, ask yourself, what are the probabilities of hearing that rare thing in the casual assemblage of forty or fifty people, not brought together by any natural affinities or interests, but thrown together by the accident of being in the same district, and in the same hotel? They are not "forty feeding like one," but like forty. They have no community, except the community of commonplace. No; *tables d'hôte* are not delightful, and do not gather interesting people together.

Such has been my extensive experience. But this at Nuremberg is a conspicuous exception. At that table there was one guest who, on various grounds, personal and incidental, remains the most memorable man I ever met. From the first he riveted my attention in an unusual degree. He had not, as yet, induced me to emerge from my habitual reserve, for in truth, although he riveted my attention, he inspired me with a strange feeling of repulsion. I could scarcely keep my eyes from him; yet, except the formal bow on sitting down and rising from the table, I had interchanged no sign of fellowship with him. He was a young Russian, named Bourgonef, as I at once learned; rather handsome, and peculiarly arresting to the eye, partly from an air of settled melancholy, especially in his smile, the amiability of which seemed breaking from under clouds of grief, and still more so from the mute appeal to sympathy in the empty sleeve of his right arm which was looped to the breast-button of his coat. His eyes were large and soft. He had no beard or whisker, and only delicate mustaches. The sorrow, quiet but profound, the amiable smile, and the lost arm, were appealing details which at once arrested attention and excited sympathy. But to me this sympathy was mingled with a vague re-

pulsion, occasioned by a certain false-ness in the amiable smile, and a furtiveness in the eyes, which I saw—or fancied—and which, with an inexplicable reserve, forming as it were the impregnable citadel in the centre of his outwardly polite and engaging manner, gave me something of that vague impression which we express by the words “instinctive antipathy.”

It was, when calmly considered, eminently absurd. To see one so young, and by his conversation so highly cultured and intelligent, condemned to early helplessness, his food cut up for him by a servant, as if he were a child, naturally engaged pity, and, on the first day, I cudgelled my brains during the greater part of dinner in the effort to account for his lost arm. He was obviously not a military man: the unmistakable look and stoop of a student told that plainly enough. Nor was the loss one dating from early life: he used his left arm too awkwardly, for the event not to have had a recent date. Had it anything to do with his melancholy? Here was a topic for my vagabond imagination, and endless were the romances woven by it during my silent dinner. For the reader must be told of one peculiarity in me, because to it much of the strange complications of my story are due; complications into which a mind less active in weaving imaginary hypotheses to interpret casual and trifling facts would never have been drawn. From my childhood I have been the victim of my constructive imagination, which has led me into many mistakes and some scrapes; because, instead of contenting myself with plain, obvious evidence, I have allowed myself to frame hypothetical interpretations, which, to acts simple in themselves, and explicable on ordinary motives, have assigned hidden and extraordinary motives, rendering the simple-seeming acts portentous. With bitter pangs of self-reproach I have at times discovered that a long and plausible history constructed by me, relating to personal friends, has crumbled into a ruin of absurdity, by the disclosure of the primary misconception on which the whole history was based. I have gone, let us say, on the supposition that two people were secretly lovers; on this supposition my imagination

has constructed a whole scheme to explain certain acts, and one fine day I have discovered indubitably that the supposed lovers were not lovers, but confidants of their passions in other directions, and of course all my conjectures have been utterly false. The secret flush of shame at failure has not, however, prevented my falling into similar mistakes immediately after.

When, therefore, I hereafter speak of my “constructive imagination,” the reader will know to what I am alluding. It was already busy with Bourgonef. To it must be added that vague repulsion, previously mentioned. This feeling abated on the second day; but, although lessened, it remained powerful enough to prevent my speaking to him. Whether it would have continued to abate until it disappeared, as such antipathies often disappear, under the familiarities of prolonged intercourse, without any immediate appeal to my *amour propre*, I know not; but every reflective mind, conscious of being accessible to antipathies, will remember that one certain method of stifling them is for the object to make some appeal to our interest or our vanity: in the engagement of these more powerful feelings, the antipathy is quickly strangled. At any rate it is so in my case, and was so now. On the third day, the conversation at table happening to turn, as it often turned, upon St. Sebald's Church, a young Frenchman, who was criticising its architecture with fluent dogmatism, drew Bourgonef into the discussion, and thereby elicited such a display of accurate and extensive knowledge, no less than delicacy of appreciation, that we were all listening spell-bound. In the midst of this triumphant exposition the irritated vanity of the Frenchman could do nothing to regain his position but oppose a flat denial to a historical statement made by Bourgonef, backing his denial by the confident assertion, that “all the competent authorities” held with him. At this point Bourgonef appealed to me, and in that tone of deference so exquisitely flattering from one we already know to be superior, he requested my decision; observing that, from the manner in which he had seen me examine the details of the architecture, he could not be mistaken in his

confidence that I was a connoisseur. All eyes were turned upon me. As a shy man, this made me blush; as a vain man, the blush was accompanied with delight. It might easily have happened that such an appeal, acting at once upon shyness and ignorance, would have inflamed my wrath; but the appeal happening to be directed on a point which I had recently investigated and thoroughly mastered, I was flattered at the opportunity of a victorious display.

The pleasure of my triumph diffused itself over my feelings toward him who had been the occasion of it. The Frenchman was silenced; the general verdict of the company was too obviously on our side. From this time the conversation continued between Bourgonef and myself; and he not only succeeded in entirely dissipating my absurd antipathy—which I now saw to have been founded on purely imaginary grounds for neither the falseness nor the furtiveness could now be detected—but he succeeded in captivating all my sympathy. Long after dinner was over, and the *salle* empty, we sat smoking our cigars, and discussing politics, literature, and art in that suggestive desultory manner which often gives a charm to casual acquaintances.

It was a stirring epoch, that of February 1848. The Revolution, at first so hopeful and soon to manifest itself in failure so disastrous, was hurrying to an outburst. France had been for many months agitated by cries of electoral reform, and by indignation at the corruption and scandals in high places. The Praslin murder, and the dishonor of M. Teste, terminated by suicide, had been interpreted as signs of the coming destruction. The political banquets given in various important cities had been occasions for inflaming the public mind, and to the far-seeing, these banquets were interpreted as the sounds of the tocsin. Louis Philippe had become odious to France, and contemptible to Europe. Guizot and Duchatel, the ministers of that day, although backed by a parliamentary majority on which they blindly relied, were unpopular, and were regarded as infatuated even by their admirers in Europe. The Spanish Marriages had all but led to a war with England. The Opposition, headed

by Thiers and Odillon Barrot, was strengthened by united action with the republican party, headed by Ledru Rollin, Marrast, Flocon, and Louis Blanc.

Bourgonef was an ardent republican. So was I; but my color was of a different shade from his. He belonged to the Reds. My own dominant tendencies being artistic and literary, my dream was of a republic in which Intelligence would be the archon or ruler; and of course in such a republic, art and literature, as the highest manifestation of mind, would have the supreme direction. Do you smile, reader? I smile, now; but it was serious earnest with me then. It is unnecessary to say more on this point. I have said so much to render intelligible the stray link of communion which riveted the charm of my new acquaintance's conversation; there was both agreement enough and difference enough in our views to render our society mutually fascinating.

On retiring to my room that afternoon I could not help laughing at my absurd antipathy against Bourgonef. All his remarks had disclosed a generous ardent, and refined nature. While my antipathy had specially fastened upon a certain falseness in his smile—a falseness the more poignantly hideous if it were falseness, because hidden amid the wreaths of amiability—my delight in his conversation had specially justified itself by the truthfulness of his mode of looking at things. He seemed to be sincerity itself. There was, indeed, a certain central reserve; but that might only be an integrity of pride; or it might be connected with painful circumstances in his history, of which the melancholy in his face was the outward sign.

That very evening my constructive imagination was furnished with a detail on which it was soon to be actively set to work. I had been rambling about the old fortifications, and was returning at nightfall through the old archway near Albert Dürer's house, when a man passed by me. We looked at each other in that automatic way in which men look when they meet in narrow places; and I felt, so to speak, a start of recognition in the eyes of the man who passed. Nothing else, in features or gestures, betrayed recognition or surprise. But although there was only

that, it flashed from his eyes to mine like an electric shock. He passed. I looked back. He continued his way without turning. The face was certainly known to me; but it floated in a mist of confused memories.

I walked on slowly, pestering my memory with fruitless calls upon it, hopelessly trying to recover the place where I could have seen the stranger before. In vain memory travelled over Europe in concert-rooms, theatres, shops, and railway carriages. I could not recall the occasion on which those eyes had previously met mine. That they had met them I had no doubt. I went to bed with the riddle undiscovered.

CHAPTER II.

THE ECHOES OF MURDER.

NEXT morning Nuremberg was agitated with a horror such as can seldom have disturbed its quiet; a young and lovely girl had been murdered. Her corpse was discovered at daybreak under the archway leading to the old fortifications. She had been stabbed to the heart. No other signs of violence were visible; no robbery had been attempted.

In great cities, necessarily great centres of crime, we daily hear of murders; their frequency and remoteness leave us undisturbed. Our sympathies can only be deeply moved either by some scenic peculiarities investing the crime with unusual romance or unusual atrocity, or else by the more immediate appeal of direct neighborly interest. The murder which is read of in the *Times* as having occurred in Westminster, has seldom any special horror to the inhabitants of Islington or Oxford Street; but to the inhabitants of Westminster, and especially to the inhabitants of the particular street in which it was perpetrated, the crime assumes heart-shaking proportions. Every detail is asked for, and every surmise listened to, with feverish eagerness—is repeated and diffused through the crowd with growing interest. The family of the victim; the antecedents of the assassin, if he is known; or the conjectures pointing to the unknown assassin—are eagerly discussed. All the trivial details of household care or domestic fortunes, all the items of

personal gossip, become invested with a solemn and affecting interest. Pity for the victim and survivors mingle and alternate with fierce cries for vengeance on the guilty. The whole street becomes one family, commingled by an energetic sympathy, united by one common feeling of compassion and wrath.

In villages, and in cities so small as Nuremberg, the same community of feeling is manifested. The town became as one street. The horror spread like a conflagration, the sympathy surged and swelled like a tide. Every one felt a personal interest in the event, as if the murder had been committed at his own door. Never shall I forget that wail of passionate pity, and that cry for the vengeance of justice, which rose from all sides of the startled city. Never shall I forget the hurry, the agitation, the feverish restlessness, the universal communicativeness, the volunteered services, the eager suggestion, surging round the house of the unhappy parents. Herr Lehfeldt, the father of the unhappy girl, was a respected burgher, known to almost every one. His mercer's shop was the leading one of the city. A worthy pious man, somewhat strict, but of irreproachable character; his virtues, no less than those of his wife, and of his only daughter Lieschen—now, alas! forever snatched from their yearning eyes—were canvassed everywhere, and served to intensify the general grief. That such a calamity should have fallen on a household so estimable, seemed to add fuel to the people's wrath. Poor Lieschen! her pretty, playful ways—her opening prospects, as the only daughter of parents so well to do and so kind—her youth and abounding life—these were detailed with impassioned fervor by friends, and repeated by strangers who caught the tone of friends, as if they, too, had known and loved her. But amid the surging uproar of this sea of many voices no one clear voice of direction could be heard; no clew given to the clamorous bloodhounds to run down the assassin.

Cries had been heard in the streets that night at various parts of the town, which, although then interpreted as the quarrels of drunken brawlers, and the conflicts of cats, were now confidently asserted to have proceeded from the un-

happy girl in her death-struggle. But none of these cries had been heard in the immediate neighborhood of the archway. All the inhabitants of that part of the town agreed that in their waking hours the streets had been perfectly still. Nor were there any traces visible of a struggle having taken place. Lieschen might have been murdered elsewhere, and her corpse quietly deposited where it was found, as far as any evidence went.

Wild and vague were the conjectures. All were baffled in the attempt to give them a definite direction. The crime was apparently prompted by revenge—certainly not by lust, or desire of money. But she was not known to have a single rival or enemy. She was not known to stand in any one's way. In this utter blank as to the assignable motive, I, perhaps alone among the furious crowd, had a distinct suspicion of the assassin. No sooner had the news reached me, than with the specification of the theatre of the crime, there at once flashed upon me the intellectual vision of the criminal: the stranger, with the dark beard and startled eyes, stood confessed before me! I held my breath for a few moments, and then there came a tide of objections rushing over my mind, revealing the inadequacy of the grounds on which rested my suspicions. What were those grounds? I had seen a man in a particular spot, not an unfrequented spot, on the evening of the night when a crime had been committed there; that man had seemed to recognize me, and wished to avoid being recognized. Obviously these grounds were too slender to bear any weight of construction such as I based on them. Mere presence on the spot could no more inculpate him than it could inculpate me; if I had met him there, equally had he met me there. Nor even if my suspicion were correct that he knew me, and refused to recognize me, could that be any argument tending to criminate him in an affair wholly disconnected with me. Besides, he was walking peaceably, openly, and he looked like a gentleman. All these objections pressed themselves upon me, and kept me silent. But in spite of their force, I could not prevent the suspicion from continually arising. Ashamed to men-

tion it, because it must have sounded too absurd, I could not prevent my constructive imagination indulging in its vagaries; and with this secret conviction I resolved to await events, and in case suspicion from other quarters should ever designate the probable assassin, I might then come forward with my bit of corroborative evidence, should the suspected assassin be the stranger of the archway.

By twelve o'clock a new direction was given to rumor. Hitherto the stories, when carefully sifted of all the exaggerations of flying conjecture, had settled themselves into something like this: The Leheldts had retired to rest at a quarter before ten, as was their custom. They had seen Lieschen go into her bedroom for the night, and had themselves gone to sleep with unclouded minds. From this peaceful security they were startled early in the morning by the appalling news of the calamity which had fallen on them. Incredible at first, as well they might be, and incapable of believing in a ruin so unexpected and so overwhelming, they imagined some mistake, asserting that Lieschen was in her own room. Into that room they rushed, and there the undisturbed bed, and the open window, but a few feet from the garden, silently and pathetically disclosed the fatal truth. The bereaved parents turned a revealing look upon each other's whitened faces, and then slowly retired from the room, followed in affecting silence by the others. Back into their own room they went. The father knelt beside the bed, and, sobbing, prayed. The mother sat staring with a stupefied stare, her lips faintly moving. In a short while the flood of grief, awakened to a thorough consciousness, burst from their laboring hearts. When the first paroxysms were over they questioned others, and gave incoherent replies to the questions addressed to them. From all which it resulted that Lieschen's absence, though obviously voluntary, was wholly inexplicable to them; and no clew whatever could be given as to the motives of the crime. When these details became known, conjecture naturally interpreted Lieschen's absence at night as an assignation. But with whom? She was not known to have a

lover. Her father, on being questioned, passionately affirmed that she had none; she loved no one but her parents, poor child! Her mother, on being questioned, told the same story—adding, however, that about seventeen months before, she had fancied that Lieschen was a little disposed to favor Franz Kerkel, their shopman; but on being spoken to on the subject with some seriousness, and warned of the distance between them, she had laughed heartily at the idea, and since then had treated Franz with so much indifference, that only a week ago she had drawn from her mother a reproof on the subject.

"I told her Franz was a good lad, though not good enough for her; and that she ought to treat him kindly. But she said my lecture had given her an alarm, lest Franz should have got the same maggot into his head."

This was the story now passing through the curious crowds in every street. After hearing it I had turned into a tobacconist's in the Adalgasse, to restock my cigar-case, and found there, as everywhere, a group discussing the one topic of the hour. Herr Fischer, the tobacconist, with a long porcelain pipe pendent from his screwed-up lips, was solemnly listening to the particulars volubly communicated by a stout Bavarian priest; while behind the counter, in a corner, swiftly knitting, sat his wife, her black bead-like eyes also fixed on the orator. Of course I was dragged into the conversation. Instead of attending to commercial interests, they looked upon me as the possible bearer of fresh news. Nor was it without a secret satisfaction that I found that I could gratify them in that respect. They had not heard of Franz Kerkel in the matter. No sooner had I told what I had heard, than the knitting-needles of the vivacious little woman were at once suspended.

"Ach Je!" she exclaimed, "I see it all. He's the wretch!"

"Who?" we all simultaneously inquired.

"Who? Why, Kerkel, of course. If she changed, and treated him with indifference, it was because she loved him; and he has murdered the poor thing."

"How you run on, wife!" remon-

strated Fischer; while the priest shook a dubious head.

"I tell you it is so. I'm positive."

"If she loved him."

"She did, I tell you. Trust a woman for seeing through such things."

"Well, say she did," continued Fischer, "and I won't deny that it may be so; but then that makes against the idea of his having done her any harm."

"Don't tell me," retorted the convinced woman. "She loved him. She went out to meet him in secret, and he murdered her—the villain did. I'm as sure of it as if these eyes had seen him do it."

The husband winked at us, as much as to say, "You hear these women!" and the priest and I endeavored to reason her out of her illogical position. But she was immovable. Kerkel had murdered her; she knew it; she couldn't tell why, but she knew it. Perhaps he was jealous; who knows? At any rate he ought to be arrested.

And by twelve o'clock, as I said, a new rumor ran through the crowd, which seemed to confirm the little woman in her rash logic. Kerkel had been arrested, and a waistcoat stained with blood had been found in his room! By half past twelve the rumor ran that he had confessed the crime. This, however, proved on inquiry to be the hasty anticipation of public indignation. He had been arrested; the waistcoat had been found; so much was authentic; and the suspicions gathered ominously over him.

When first Frau Fischer had started the suggestion it flew like wildfire. Then people suddenly noticed, as very surprising, that Kerkel had not that day made his appearance at the shop. His absence had not been noticed in the tumult of grief and inquiry; but it became suddenly invested with a dreadful significance, now that it was rumored that he had been Lieschen's lover. Of all men he would be the most affected by the tragic news; of all men he would have been the first to tender sympathy and aid to the afflicted parents, and the most clamorous in the search for the undiscovered culprit. Yet, while all Nuremberg was crowding round the house of sorrow, which was also his house of business, he alone remained

away. This naturally pointed suspicion at him. When the messengers had gone to seek him, his mother refused them admission, declaring in incoherent phrases, betraying great agitation, that her son had gone distracted with grief, and could see no one. On this it was determined to order his arrest. The police went, the house was searched, and the waistcoat found.

The testimony of the girl who lived as servant in Kerkel's house was also criminatory. She deposed that on the night in question she awoke about half-past eleven with a violent toothache; she was certain as to the hour, because she heard the clock afterward strike twelve. She felt some alarm at hearing voices in the rooms at an hour when her mistress and young master must long ago have gone to bed; but as the voices were seemingly in quiet conversation, her alarm subsided, and she concluded that instead of having gone to bed her mistress was still up. In her pain she heard the door gently open, and then she heard footsteps in the garden. This surprised her very much. She couldn't think what the young master could want going out at that hour. She became terrified without knowing exactly at what. Fear quite drove away her toothache, which had not since returned. After lying there quaking for some time, again she heard footsteps in the garden; the door opened and closed gently; voices were heard; and she at last distinctly heard her mistress say, "Be a man, Franz. Good-night—sleep well;" upon which Franz replied in a tone of great agony, "There's no chance of sleep for me." Then all was silent. Next morning her mistress seemed "very queer." Her young master went out very early, but soon came back again; and there were dreadful scenes going on in his room, as she heard, but she didn't know what it was about. She heard of the murder from a neighbor, but never thought of its having any particular interest for Mr. Franz, though, of course, he would be very sorry for the Lehfelts.

The facts testified to by the servant, especially the going out at that late hour, and the "dreadful scenes" of the morning, seemed to bear but one interpretation. Moreover, she identified the

waistcoat as the one worn by Franz on the day preceding the fatal night.

CHAPTER III.

THE ACCUSED.

Now at last the pent-up wrath found a vent. From the distracting condition of wandering uncertain suspicion, it had been recalled into the glad security of individual hate. Although up to this time Kerkel had borne an exemplary reputation, it was now remembered that he had always been of a morose and violent temper, a hypocrite in religion, a selfish sensualist. Several sagacious critics had long "seen through him;" others had "never liked him;" others had wondered how it was he kept his place so long in Lehfelt's shop. Poor fellow! his life and actions, like those of every one else when illuminated by a light thrown back upon them, seemed so conspicuously despicable, although when illuminated in their own light they had seemed innocent enough. His mother's frantic protestations of her son's innocence—her assertions that Franz loved Lieschen more than his own soul—only served to envelop her in the silent accusation of being an accomplice, or at least of being an accessory after the fact.

I cannot say why it was, but I did not share the universal belief. The logic seemed to me forced; the evidence trivial. On first hearing of Kerkel's arrest, I eagerly questioned my informant respecting his personal appearance; and on hearing that he was fair, with blue eyes and flaxen hair, my conviction of his innocence was fixed. Looking back on these days, I am often amused at this characteristic of my constructive imagination. While rejecting the disjointed logic of the mob, which interpreted his guilt, I was myself deluded by a logic infinitely less rational. Had Kerkel been dark, with dark eyes and beard, I should probably have sworn to his guilt, simply because the idea of that stranger had firmly fixed itself in my mind.

All that afternoon, and all the next day, the busy hum of voices was raised by the one topic of commanding interest. Kerkel had been examined. He at once

admitted that a secret betrothal had for some time existed between him and Lieschen. They had been led to take this improper step by fears of her parents, who, had the attachment been discovered, would, it was thought, have separated them forever. Herr Lehfeldt's sternness, no less than his superior position, seemed an invincible obstacle; and the good mother, although doting upon her only daughter, was led by the very intensity of her affection to form ambitious hopes of her daughter's future. It was barely possible that some turn in events might one day yield an opening for their consent; but meanwhile prudence dictated secrecy, in order to avert the most pressing danger, that of separation. And so the pretty Lieschen, with feminine instinct of ruse, had affected to treat her lover with indifference; and to compensate him and herself for this restraint, she had been in the habit of escaping from home once or twice a week, and spending a delicious hour or two at night in the company of her lover and his mother. Kerkel and his mother lived in a cottage a little way outside the town. Lehfeldt's shop stood not many yards from the archway. Now, as in Nuremberg no one was abroad after ten o'clock, except a few loungers at the *cafés* and beer-houses, and these were only to be met inside the town, not outside it, Lieschen ran extremely little risk of being observed in her rapid transit from her father's to her lover's house. Nor, indeed, had she ever met any one in the course of these visits.

On the fatal night Lieschen was expected at the cottage. Mother and son waited at first hopefully, then anxiously, at last with some vague uneasiness at her non-appearance. It was now a quarter past eleven—nearly an hour later than her usual time. They occasionally went to the door to look for her; then they walked a few yards down the road, as if to catch an earlier glimpse of her advancing steps. But in vain. The half-hour struck. They came back into the cottage, discussing the various probabilities of delay. Three-quarters struck. Perhaps she had been detected; perhaps she was ill; perhaps—but this was his mother's suggestion, and took little hold of him—

there had been visitors who had stayed later than usual, and Lieschen, finding the night so far advanced, had postponed her visit to the morrow. Franz, who interpreted Lieschen's feelings by his own, was assured that no postponement of a voluntary kind was credible of her. Twelve o'clock struck. Again Franz went out into the road, and walked nearly up to the archway; he returned with heavy sadness and foreboding at his heart, reluctantly admitting that now all hope of seeing her that night was over. That night? Poor sorrowing heart, the night was to be eternal! The anguish of the desolate "never more" was awaiting him.

There is something intensely pathetic in being thus, as it were, spectators of a tragic drama which is being acted on two separate stages at once—the dreadful link of connection, which is unseen to the separate actors, being only too vividly seen by the spectators. It was with some such interest that I, who believed in Kerkel's innocence, heard this story; and in imagination followed its unfolding stage. He went to bed, not, as may be expected, to sleep; tossing restlessly in feverish agitation, conjuring up many imaginary terrors—but all of them trifles compared with the dread reality which he was so soon to face. He pictured her weeping—and she was lying dead on the cold pavement of the dark archway. He saw her in agitated eloquence pleading with offended parents—and she was removed forever from all agitations, with the peace of death upon her young face.

At an early hour he started, that he might put an end to his suspense. He had not yet reached the archway before the shattering news burst upon him. From that moment he remembered nothing. But his mother described his ghastly agitation, as, throwing himself upon her neck, he told her, through dreadful sobs, the calamity which had fallen. She did her best to comfort him; but he grew wilder and wilder, and rolled upon the ground in the agony of an immeasurable despair. She trembled for his reason and his life. And when the messengers came to seek him, she spoke but the simple truth in saying that he was like one distracted. Yet no sooner had a glimpse of light

dawned upon him that some vague suspicion rested on him in reference to the murder, than he started up, flung away his agitation, and, with a calmness which was awful, answered every question, and seemed nerved for every trial. From that moment not a sob escaped him until, in the narrative of the night's events, he came to that part which told of the sudden disclosure of his bereavement. And the simple, straightforward manner in which he told this tale, with a face entirely bloodless, and eyes that seemed to have withdrawn all their light inward, made a great impression on the auditors, which was heightened into sympathy when the final sob, breaking through the forced calmness, told of the agony which was eating its fiery way through the heart.

The story was not only plausible in itself, but accurately tallied with what before had seemed like the criminating evidence of the maid; tallied, moreover, precisely as to time, which would hardly have been the case had the story been an invention. As to the waistcoat which had figured so conspicuously in all the rumors, it appeared that suspicion had monstrously exaggerated the facts. Instead of a waistcoat plashed with blood—as popular imagination pictured it—it was a gray waistcoat, with one spot and a slight smear of blood, which admitted of a very simple explanation. Three days before, Franz had cut his left hand in cutting some bread; and to this the maid testified, because she was present when the accident occurred. He had not noticed that his waistcoat was marked by it until the next day, and had forgotten to wash out the stains.

People outside shook sceptical heads at this story of the cut hand. The bloody waistcoat was not to be disposed of in that easy way. It had fixed itself too strongly in their imagination. Indeed, my belief is that even could they have seen the waistcoat, its insignificant marks would have appeared murderous patches to their eyes. I had seen it, and my report was listened to with ill-concealed disbelief, when not with open protestation. And when Kerkel was discharged as free from all suspicion, there was a low growl of disappointed wrath heard from numerous groups.

This may sympathetically be under-

stood by whomsoever remembers the painful uneasiness of the mind under a great stress of excitement with no definite issue. The lust for a vengeance, demanded by the aroused sensibilities of compassion, makes men credulous in their impatience; they easily believe any one is guilty, because they feel an imperious need for fastening the guilt upon some definite head. Few verdicts of "Not Guilty" are well received, unless another victim is at hand upon whom the verdict of guilty is likely to fall. It was demonstrable to all judicial minds that Kerkel was wholly, pathetically innocent. In a few days this gradually became clear to the majority, but at first it was resisted as an attempt to balk justice; and to the last there were some obstinate doubters, who shook their heads mysteriously, and said, with a certain incisiveness, "Somebody must have done it; I should very much like to know who."

Suspicion was once more drifting aimlessly. None had pointed in any new direction. No mention of any one whom I could identify with the stranger had yet been made; but, although silent on the subject, I kept firm in my conviction, and I sometimes laughed at the pertinacity with which I scrutinized the face of every man I met, if he happened to have a black beard; and as black beards are excessively common, my curiosity, though never gratified, was never allowed repose.

Meanwhile Lieschen's funeral had been emphatically a public mourning. Nay, so great was the emotion, that it almost deadened the interest, which otherwise would have been so powerful, in the news now daily reaching us from Paris. Blood had flowed upon her streets—in consequence of that pistol-shot which, either by accident or criminal intent, had converted the demonstration before the hotel of the Minister of Foreign Affairs into an insurrection. Paris had risen; barricades were erected. The troops were under arms. This was agitating news.

Such is the solidarity of all European nations, and so quick are all to vibrate in unison with the vibrations of each, that events like those transacted in Paris necessarily stirred every city, no matter how remote, nor politically how secure.

And it says much for the intense interest excited by the Lehfeldt tragedy that Nuremberg was capable of sustaining that interest even amid the tremendous pressure of the February Revolution. It is true that Nuremberg is at all times somewhat sequestered from the great movements of the day, following slowly in the rear of great waves; it is true, moreover, that some politicians showed remarkable eagerness in canvassing the characters and hopes of Louis Philippe and Guizot; but although such events would at another period have formed the universal interest, the impenetrable mystery hanging over Lieschen's death threw the Revolution into the background of their thoughts. If when a storm is raging over the dreary moorland, a human cry of suffering is heard at the door, at once the thunders and tumults sink into insignificance, and are not even heard by the ear which is pierced with the feeble human voice: the grandeurs of storm and tempest, the uproar of surging seas, the clamorous wail of the sea-birds amid the volleying artillery of heaven, in vain assail the ear that has once caught even the distant cry of a human agony, or serve only as scenical accompaniments to the tragedy which is foreshadowed by that cry. And so it was amid the uproar of 1848. A kingdom was in convulsions; but, here, at our door, a young girl had been murdered, and two hearths made desolate.

Rumors continued to fly about. The assassin was always about to be discovered; but he remained shrouded in impenetrable darkness. A remark made by Bourgonef struck me much. Our host, Zum Bayerischen Hof, one day announced with great satisfaction that he had himself heard from the syndic that the police were on the traces of the assassin.

"I am sorry to hear it," said Bourgonef.

The guests paused from eating, and looked at him with astonishment.

"It is a proof," he added, "that even the police now give it up as hopeless. I always notice that whenever the police are said to be on the traces the malefactor is never tracked. When they are on his traces they wisely say nothing about it; they allow it to be believed

that they are baffled, in order to lull their victim into a dangerous security. When they know themselves to be baffled, there is no danger in quieting the public mind, and saving their own credit, by announcing that they are about to be successful."

CHAPTER IV.

A DISCOVERY.

BOURGONEF's remarks had been but too sagacious. The police were hopelessly baffled. In all such cases possible success depends upon the initial suggestion either of a motive which leads to a suspicion of the person, or of some person which leads to a suspicion of the motive. Once set suspicion on the right track, and evidence is suddenly alight in all quarters. But, unhappily, in the present case there was no assignable motive, no shadow darkening any person.

An episode now came to our knowledge, in which Bourgonef manifested an unusual depth of interest. I was led to notice this interest, because it had seemed to me that in the crime itself, and the discussions which arose out of it, he shared but little of the universal excitement. I do not mean that he was indifferent—by no means; but the horror of the crime did not seem to fascinate his imagination as it fascinated ours. He could talk quite as readily of other things, and far more readily of the French affairs. But, on the contrary in this new episode he showed peculiar interest. It appeared that Lehfeldt, moved, perhaps, partly by a sense of the injustice which had been done to Kerkel in even suspecting him of the crime, and in submitting him to an examination more poignantly affecting to him under such circumstances, than a public trial would have been under others; and moved partly by the sense that Lieschen's love had practically drawn Kerkel within the family—for her choice of him as a husband had made him morally, if not legally, a son-in-law; and moved partly by the sense of loneliness which had now settled on their childless home—Lehfeldt had in the most pathetic and considerate terms begged Kerkel to take the place of his adopted son, and become joint partner with him in the

business. This, however, Kerkel had gently yet firmly declined. He averred that he felt no injury, though great pain had been inflicted on him by the examination. He himself in such a case would not have shrunk from demanding that his own brother should be tried, under suspicions of similar urgency. It was simple justice that all who were suspected should be examined; justice also to them that they might forever clear themselves of doubtful appearances. But for the rest, while he felt his old affectionate respect for his master, he could recognize no claim to be removed from his present position. Had she lived, said the heart-broken youth, he would gladly have consented to accept any fortune which her love might bestow, because he felt that his own love, and the devotion of a life, might repay it. But there was nothing now that he could give in exchange. For his services he was amply paid; his feelings toward Lieschen's parents must continue what they had ever been. In vain Lehfeldt pleaded, in vain many friends argued. Franz remained respectfully firm in his refusal.

This, as I said interested Bourgonef immensely. He seemed to enter completely into the minds of the sorrowing pleading parents, and the sorrowing denying lover. He appreciated and expounded their motives with a subtlety and delicacy of perception which surprised and delighted me. It showed the refinement of his moral nature. But, at the same time, it rendered his minor degree of interest in the other episodes of the story, those which had a more direct and overpowering appeal to the heart, a greater paradox.

Human nature is troubled in the presence of all mystery which has not by long familiarity lost its power of soliciting attention; and for my own part, I have always been uneasy in the presence of moral problems. Puzzled by the contradictions which I noticed in Bourgonef, I tried to discover whether he had any general repugnance to stories of crimes, or any special repugnance to murders, or, finally, any strange repugnance to this particular case now everywhere discussed. And it is not a little remarkable, that during three separate interviews, in the course of which I

severally, and as I thought artfully, introduced these topics, making them seem to arise naturally out of the suggestion of our talk, I totally failed to arrive at any distinct conclusion. I was afraid to put the direct question: Do you not share the common feeling of interest in criminal stories? This question would doubtless have elicited a categorical reply; but somehow, the consciousness of an *arrière-pensée* made me shrink from putting such a question. Reflecting on this indifference on a special point, and on the numerous manifestations I had noticed of his sensibility, I came at last to the conclusion that he must be a man of tender heart, whose delicate sensibilities easily shrank from the horrible under every form; and no more permitted him to dwell unnecessarily upon painful facts, than they permit imaginative minds to dwell on the details of an operation.

I had not long settled this in my mind before an accident suddenly threw a lurid light upon many details noticed previously, and painfully revived that inexplicable repulsion with which I had at first regarded him. A new suspicion filled my mind, or rather, let me say, a distinct shape was impressed upon many fluctuating suspicions. It scarcely admitted of argument, and at times seemed preposterous, nevertheless it persisted. The mind which in broad daylight assents to all that can be alleged against the absurdities of the belief in apparitions, will often acknowledge the dim terrors of darkness and loneliness—terrors at possibilities of supernatural visitations. In like manner, in the clear daylight of reason I could see the absurdity of my suspicion, but the vague stirrings of feeling remained unsilenced. I was haunted by the dim horrors of a possibility.

Thus it arose. We were both going to Munich, and Bourgonef had shortened his contemplated stay at Nuremberg that he might have the pleasure of accompanying me; adding also that he, too, should be glad to reach Munich, not only for its art, but for its greater command of papers and intelligence respecting what was then going on in France. On the night preceding the morning of our departure, I was seated in his room, smoking and discussing as

usual, while Ivan, his servant, packed up his things in two large portmanteaus.

Ivan was a serf who spoke no word of any language but his own. Although of a brutal, almost idiotic type, he was loudly eulogized by his master as the model of fidelity and usefulness. Bourgonef treated him with gentleness, though with a certain imperiousness; much as one might treat a savage mastiff which it was necessary to dominate without exasperating. He more than once spoke of Ivan as a living satire on physiognomists and phrenologists; and as I am a phrenologist, I listened with some incredulity.

"Look at him," he would say. "Observe the low retreating brow, the flat face, the surly mouth, the broad base of the head, and the huge bull-like neck. Would not any one say Ivan was as destructive as a panther, as tenacious as a bull-dog, as brutal as a bull? Yet he is the gentlest of sluggish creatures, and as tender-hearted as a girl! That thick-set muscular frame shrouds a hare's heart. He is so faithful and so attached, that I believe for me he would risk his life; but on no inducement could you get him to place himself in danger on his own account. Part of his love for me is gratitude for having rescued him from the conscription: the dangers incident to a military life had no charm for him!"

Now, although Bourgonef, who was not a phrenologist, might be convinced of the absence of ferocious instincts in Ivan, to me, as a phrenologist, the statement was eminently incredible. All the appearances of his manner were such as to confirm his master's opinion. He was quiet, even tender in his attentions. But the tyrannous influence of ideas and physical impressions cannot be set aside; and no evidence would permanently have kept down my distrust of this man. When women shriek at the sight of a gun, it is in vain that you solemnly assure them that the gun is not loaded. "I don't know," they reply—"at any rate, I don't like it." I was much in this attitude with regard to Ivan. He might be harmless. I didn't know that; what I did know was—that I didn't like his looks.

On this night he was moving noiselessly about the room employed in pack-

ing. Bourgonef's talk rambled over the old themes; and I thought I had never before met with one of my own age whose society was so perfectly delightful. He was not so conspicuously my superior on all points that I felt the restraints inevitably imposed by superiority; yet he was in many respects sufficiently above me in knowledge and power to make me eager to have his assent to my views where we differed, and to have him enlighten me where I knew myself to be weak.

In the very moment of my most cordial admiration came a shock. Ivan, on passing from one part of the room to the other, caught his foot in the strap of the portmanteau and fell. The small wooden box, something of a glove-box, which he held in his hand at the time, fell on the floor, and falling over, discharged its contents close to Bourgonef's feet. The objects which caught my eyes were several pairs of gloves, a rouge-pot and hare's-foot, and a black beard!

By what caprice of imagination was it that the sight of this false beard lying at Bourgonef's feet thrilled me with horror? In one lightning flash I beheld the archway—the stranger with the startled eyes—this stranger no longer unknown to me, but too fatally recognized as Bourgonef—and at his feet the murdered girl!

Moved by what subtle springs of suggestion I know not, but there before me stood that dreadful vision, seen in a lurid light, but seen as clearly as if the actual presence of the objects were obtruding itself upon my eyes. In the inexpressible horror of this vision my heart seemed clutched with an icy hand.

Fortunately Bourgonef's attention was called away from me. He spoke angrily some sharp sentence, which of course was in Russian, and therefore unintelligible to me. He then stooped, and picking up the rouge-pot, held it toward me with his melancholy smile. He was very red in the face; but that may have been either anger, or the effect of sudden stooping. "I see you are surprised at these masquerading follies," he said in a tone which, though low, was perfectly calm. "You must not suppose that I beautify my sallow cheeks on ordinary occasions."

He then quietly handed the pot to Ivan, who replaced it with the gloves and the beard in the box; and after making an inquiry which sounded like a growl, to which Bourgonef answered negatively, he continued his packing.

Bourgonef resumed his cigar and his argument as if nothing had happened.

The vision had disappeared, but a confused mass of moving figures took its place. My heart throbbed so violently that it seemed as if its tumult must be heard by others. Yet my face must have been tolerably calm, since Bourgonef made no comment on it.

I answered his remarks in vague fragments, for, in truth, my thoughts were flying from conjecture to conjecture. I remembered that the stranger had a florid complexion; was this rouge? It is true that I fancied the stranger carried a walking-stick in his right hand; if so, this was enough to crush all suspicions of his identity with Bourgonef; but then I was rather hazy on this point, and probably did not observe a walking-stick.

After a while my inattention struck him, and looking at me with some concern, he inquired if there were anything the matter. I pleaded a colic, which I attributed to the imprudence of having indulged in *sauerkraut* at dinner. He advised me to take a little brandy; but, affecting a fresh access of pain, I bade him good-night. He hoped I should be all right on the morrow—if not, he added, we can postpone our journey to the day after.

Once in my room, I bolted the door, and sat down on the edge of the bed in a tumult of excitement.

CHAPTER V.

FLUCTUATIONS.

ALONE with my thoughts, and capable of pursuing conjectures and conclusions without external interruption, I quickly exhausted all the hypothetical possibilities of the case, and, from having started with the idea that Bourgonef was the assassin, I came at last to the more sensible conclusion that I was a constructive blockhead. My suspicions were simply outrageous in their defect of evidence, and could never for one moment have seemed otherwise to any imagination less riotously active than mine.

I bathed my heated head, undressed myself, and got into bed, considering what I should say to the police when I went next morning to communicate my suspicions. And it is worthy of remark, as well as somewhat ludicrously self-betraying, that no sooner did I mentally see myself in the presence of the police, and was thus forced to confront my suspicions with some appearance of evidence, than the whole fabric of my vision rattled to the ground. What had I to say to the police? Simply that, on the evening of the night when Lieschen was murdered, I had passed, in a public thoroughfare, a man whom I could not identify, but who, as I could not help fancying, seemed to recognize me. This man, I had persuaded myself, was the murderer; for which persuasion I was unable to adduce a tittle of evidence. It was uncolored by the remotest probability. It was truly and simply the suggestion of my vagrant fancy, which had mysteriously settled itself into a conviction; and having thus capriciously identified the stranger with Lieschen's murderer, I now, upon evidence quite as preposterous, identified Bourgonef with the stranger.

The folly became apparent even to myself. If Bourgonef had in his possession a rouge-pot and false beard, I could not but acknowledge that he had made no attempt to conceal them, nor had he manifested any confusion on their appearance. He had quietly characterized them as masquerading follies. Moreover, I now began to remember distinctly that the stranger did carry a walking-stick in his right hand; and as Bourgonef had lost his right arm, that settled the point.

Into such complications would the tricks of imagination lead me! I blushed mentally, and resolved to let it serve as a lesson in future. It is needless, however, to say that the lesson was lost, as such lessons always are lost; a strong tendency in any direction soon disregards all the teachings of experience. I am still not the less the victim of my constructive imagination, because I have frequently had to be ashamed of its vagaries.

The next morning I awoke with a lighter breast, rejoicing in the caution which had delayed me from any rash

manifestation of suspicions now seen to be absurd. I smiled as the thought arose: what if this suspected stranger should also be pestered by an active imagination, and should entertain similar suspicions of me? He must have seen in my eyes the look of recognition which I saw in his. On hearing of the murder, our meeting may also have recurred to him; and his suspicions would have this color, wanting to mine, that I happened to inherit with my Italian blood a somewhat truculent appearance, which has gained for me among friends the playful *sobriquet* of "the brigand."

Anxious to atone at once for my folly, and to remove from his mind any misgiving—if it existed—at my quitting him so soon after the disclosures of the masquerading details, I went to Bourgonef as soon as I was dressed, and proposed a ramble till the diligence started for Munich. He was sympathetic in his inquiries about my colic, which I assured him had quite passed away, and out we went. The sharp morning air of March made us walk briskly, and gave a pleasant animation to our thoughts. As he discussed the acts of the Provisional Government, so wise, temperate, and energetic, the fervor and generosity of his sentiments stood out in such striking contrast with the deed I had last night recklessly imputed to him that I felt deeply ashamed, and was nearly carried away by mingled admiration and self-reproach to confess the absurd vagrancy of my thoughts, and humbly ask his pardon. But you can understand the reluctance at a confession so insulting to him, so degrading to me. It is at all times difficult to tell a man, face to face, eye to eye, the evil you have thought of him, unless the recklessness of anger seizes on it as a weapon with which to strike; and I had now so completely unsaid to myself all that I once had thought of evil, that to put it in words seemed a gratuitous injury to me and insult to him.

A day or two after our arrival in Munich a reaction began steadily to set in. Ashamed as I was of my suspicions, I could not altogether banish from my mind the incident, which had awakened them. The image of that false beard would mingle with my thoughts. I was vaguely uncomfortable

at the idea of Bourgonef's carrying about with him obvious materials of disguise. In itself this would have had little significance; but coupled with the fact that his devoted servant was—in spite of all Bourgonef's eulogies—repulsively ferocious in aspect, capable, as I could not help believing, of any brutality—the suggestion was unpleasant. You will understand that having emphatically acquitted Bourgonef in my mind, I did not again distinctly charge him with any complicity in the mysterious murder; on the contrary, I should indignantly have repelled such a thought: but the uneasy sense of some mystery about him, coupled with the accessories of disguise, and the aspect of his servant, gave rise to dim, shadowy forebodings which ever and anon passed across my mind.

Did it ever occur to you, reader, to reflect on the depths of deceit which lie still and dark even in the honestest minds? Society reposes on a thin crust of convention, underneath which lie fathomless possibilities of crime, and consequently suspicions of crime. Friendship however close and dear, is not free from its reserves, unspoken beliefs, more or less suppressed opinions. The man whom you would indignantly defend against any accusation brought by another, so confident are you in his unshakable integrity, you may yourself momentarily suspect of crimes far exceeding those which you repudiate. Indeed, I have known sagacious men to hold that perfect frankness in expressing the thoughts is a sure sign of imperfect friendship: something is always suppressed; and it is not he who loves you that "tells you candidly what he thinks" of your person, your pretensions, your children, or your poems. Perfect candor is dictated by envy, or some other unfriendly feeling, making friendship a stalking-horse, under cover of which it shoots the arrows which will rankle. Friendship is candid only when the candor is urgent—meant to avert impending danger or to rectify an error. The candor which is an impertinence never springs from friendship. Love is sympathetic.

I do not of course mean to intimate that my feeling for Bourgonef was of that deep kind which justifies the name

of friendship. I only want to say that in our social relations we were constantly hiding from each other, under the smiles and courtesies of friendly interest, thoughts which, if expressed, would destroy all possible communion—and that, nevertheless, we are not insincere in our smiles and courtesies; and therefore there is nothing paradoxical in my having felt great admiration for Bourgonef, and great pleasure in his society, while all the time there was deep down in the recesses of my thoughts an uneasy sense of a dark mystery which possibly connected him with a dreadful crime.

This feeling was roused into greater activity by an incident which now occurred. One morning I went to Bourgonef's room, which was at some distance from mine on the same floor, intending to propose a visit to the sculpture at the Glyptothek. To my surprise I found Ivan the serf standing before the closed door. He looked at me like a mastiff about to spring; and intimated by significant gestures that I was not allowed to enter the room. Concluding that his master was occupied in some way, and desired not to be disturbed, I merely signified with a nod that my visit was of no consequence, and went out. On returning about an hour afterward I saw Ivan putting three pink letters into the letter-box of the hotel. I attached no significance to this very ordinary fact at the time, but went up to my room and began writing my letters, one of which was to my lawyer, sending him an important receipt. The dinner-bell sounded before I had half finished this letter; but I wrote on, determined to have done with it at once, in case the afternoon should offer any expedition with Bourgonef.

At dinner he quietly intimated that Ivan had informed him of my visit, and apologized for not having been able to see me. I, of course, assured him that no apology was necessary, and that we had plenty of time to visit the sculpture together without intruding on his private hours. He informed me that he was that afternoon going to pay a visit to Schwanthaler the sculptor, and if I desired it, he would ask permission on another occasion to take me with him. I jumped at the proposal, as may be supposed.

Dinner over, I strolled into the Englische Garten, and had my coffee and cigar there. On my return, I was vexed to find that in the hurry of finishing my letters, I had sealed the one to my lawyer, and had not inclosed the receipt which had been the object of writing. Fortunately it was not too late. Descending to the bureau of the hotel, I explained my mistake to the head-waiter, who unlocked the letter-box to search for my letter. It was found at once, for there were only seven or eight in the box. Among these my eye naturally caught the three pink letters which I had that morning seen Ivan drop into the box; but although they were *seen* by me they were not *noticed* at the time, my mind being solely occupied with rectifying the stupid blunder I had made.

Once more in my own room a sudden revelation startled me. Every one knows what it is to have details come under the eye which the mind first interprets long after the eye ceases to rest upon them. The impressions are received passively: but they are registered, and can be calmly read whenever the mind is in activity. It was so now. I suddenly, as if now for the first time, saw that the addresses on Bourgonef's letters were written in a fluent, masterly hand, bold in character, and with a certain sweep which might have come from a painter. The thrill which this vision gave me will be intelligible when you remember that Bourgonef had lost or pretended to have lost his right arm, and, was, I before intimated, far from dexterous with his left. That no man recently thrown upon the use of a left hand could have written those addresses was too evident. What then, was the alternative? The empty sleeve was an imposture! At once the old horrible suspicion returned, and this time with tenfold violence and with damnatory confirmation.

Pressing my temples between my hands, I tried to be calm and to survey the evidence without precipitation; but for some time the conflict of thoughts was too violent. Whatever might be the explanation, clear it was that Bourgonef, for some purposes, was practising a deception, and had, as I knew, other means of disguising his appear-

ance. This, on the most favorable interpretation, branded him with suspicion. This excluded him from the circle of honest men.

But did it connect him with the murder of Lieschen Lehfelddt? In my thought it did so indubitably; but I was aware of the difficulty of making this clear to any one else.

CHAPTER VI.

FIRST LOVE.

IF the reader feels that my suspicions were not wholly unwarranted, were indeed inevitable, he will not laugh at me on learning that once more these suspicions were set aside, and the fact—the dam-natory fact, as I regarded it—discovered by me so accidentally, and, I thought providentially, was robbed of all its significance by Bourgonef himself casually and carelessly avowing it in conversation, just as one may avow a secret infirmity, with some bitterness, but without any implication of deceit in its concealment.

I was the more prepared for this revulsion of feeling, by the difficulty I felt in maintaining my suspicions in the presence of one so gentle and so refined. He had come into my room that evening to tell me of his visit to Schwanthaler, and of the sculptor's flattering desire to make my personal acquaintance. He spoke of Schwanthaler, and of his earnest efforts in art, with so much enthusiasm, and was altogether so charming, that I felt abashed before him, incapable of ridding myself of the dreadful suspicions, yet incapable of firmly believing him to be what I thought. But more than this, there came the new interest awakened in me by his story; and when, in the course of this story, he incidentally disclosed the fact that he had not lost his arm, all my suspicions vanished at once.

We had got, as usual, upon politics, and were differing more than usual, because he gave greater prominence to his sympathy with the Red Republicans. He accused me of not being "thorough-going," which I admitted. This he attributed to the fact of my giving a divided heart to politics—a condition *natura* enough at my age and with my hopes. "Well," said I, laughing,

"you don't mean to take a lofty stand upon your few years' seniority. If my age renders it natural, does yours profoundly alter such a conviction?"

"My age! no. But you have the hopes of youth. I have none. I am banished forever from the joys and sorrows of domestic life; and therefore, to live at all, must concentrate my soul on great abstractions and public affairs."

"But why banished, unless self-banished?"

"Woman's love is impossible. You look incredulous. I do not allude to this," he said, taking up the empty sleeve, and by so doing sending a shiver through me.

"The loss of your arm," I said—and my voice trembled slightly for I felt that a crisis was at hand—"although a misfortune to you, would really be an advantage in gaining a woman's affections. Women are so romantic, and their imaginations are so easily touched!"

"Yes," he replied bitterly; "but I have not lost my arm."

I started. He spoke bitterly, yet calmly. I awaited his explanation in great suspense.

"To have lost my arm in battle, or even by an accident, would perhaps have lent me a charm in woman's eyes. But, as I said, my arm hangs by my side—withered, unrepresentable."

I breathed again. He continued in the same tone, and without noticing my looks.

"But it is not this which banishes me. Woman's love might be hoped for, had I far worse infirmities. The cause lies deeper. It lies in my history. A wall of granite has grown up between me and the sex."

"But, my dear fellow, do you—wounded, as I presume to guess, by some unworthy woman—extend the fault of one to the whole sex? Do you despair of finding another true, because a first was false?"

"They are all false," he exclaimed with energy. "Not, perhaps, all false from inherent viciousness, though many are that, but false because their inherent weakness renders them incapable of truth. Oh! I know the catalogue of their good qualities. They are often pitiful, self-devoting, generous; but

they are so by fits and starts, just as they are cruel, remorseless, exacting, by fits and starts. They have no constancy—they are too weak to be constant even in evil; their minds are all impressions; their actions are all the issue of immediate promptings. Swayed by the fleeting impulses of the hour, they have only one persistent, calculable motive on which reliance can always be placed—that motive is vanity; you are always sure of them there. It is from vanity they are good—from vanity they are evil; their devotion and their desertion equally vanity. I know them. To me they have disclosed the shallows of their natures. God! how I have suffered from them!"

A deep, low exclamation, half sob, half curse, closed this tirade. He remained silent for a few minutes looking on the floor; then, suddenly, turning his eyes upon me, said—

"Were you ever in Heidelberg?"

"Never."

"I thought all your countrymen went there? Then you will never have heard anything of my story. Shall I tell you how my youth was blighted? Will you care to listen?"

"It would interest me much."

"I had reached the age of seven-and-twenty," he began, "without having once known even the vague stirrings of the passion of love. I admired many women, and courted the admiration of them all; but I was as yet not only heart-whole, but, to use your Shakespeare's phrase, Cupid had not tapped me on the shoulder.

"This detail is not unimportant in my story. You may possibly have observed that in those passionate natures which reserve their force, and do not fritter away their feelings in scattered flirtations or trival love-affairs, there is a velocity and momentum, when the movement of passion is once excited, greatly transcending all that is ever felt by expansive and expressive natures. Slow to be moved, when they do move it is with the whole mass of the heart. So it was with me. I purchased my immunity from earlier entanglements by the price of my whole life. I am not what I was. Between my past and present self there is a gulf; that gulf is dark, stormy, and profound. On the

far side stands a youth of hope, energy, ambition, and unclouded happiness, with great capacities for loving; on this side a blighted manhood, with no prospects but suffering and storm."

He paused. With an effort he seemed to master the suggestions which crowded upon his memory, and continued his narrative in an equable tone.

"I had been for several weeks at Heidelberg. One of my intimate companions was Kestner the architect, and he one day proposed to introduce me to his sister-in-law Otilie, of whom he had repeatedly spoken to me in terms of great affection and esteem.

"We went, and we were most cordially received. Otilie justified Kestner's praises. Pretty, but not strikingly so—clever, but not obtrusively so; her soft dark eyes were frank and winning; her manner was gentle and retiring, with that dash of sentimentalism which seems native to all German girls, but without any of the ridiculous extravagance too often seen in them. I liked her all the more because I was perfectly at my ease with her, and this was rarely the case in my relations to young women.

"You leap at once to the conclusion that we fell in love. Your conclusion is precipitate. Seeing her continually, I grew to admire and respect her; but the significant smiles, winks and hints of friends, pointing unmistakably at a supposed understanding existing between us, only made me more seriously examine the state of my feelings, and assured me that I was not in love. It is true that I felt a serene pleasure in her society, and that when away from her she occupied much of my thoughts. It is true that I often thought of her as a wife; and in these meditations she appeared as one eminently calculated to make a happy home. But it is no less true that during a temporary absence of hers of a few weeks I felt no sort of uneasiness, no yearning for her presence, no vacancy in my life. I knew, therefore, that it was not love which I felt.

"So much for my feelings. What of hers? They seemed very like my own. That she admired me, and was pleased to be with me, was certain. That she had a particle of fiery love for me I did

not, could not believe. And it was probably this very sense of her calmness which kept my feelings quiet. For love is a flame which often can be kindled only by contact with flame. Certainly this is so in proud, reserved natures, which are chilled by any contact with temperature not higher than their own.

"On her return, however, from that absence I have mentioned, I was not a little fluttered by an obvious change in her manner; an impression which subsequent meetings only served to confirm. Although still very quiet, her manner had become more tender, and it had that delicious shyness which is the most exquisite of flatteries, as it is one of the most enchanting of graces. I saw her tremble slightly beneath my voice, and blush beneath my gaze.

There was no mistaking these signs. It was clear that she loved me; and it was no less clear that I, taking fire at this discovery, was myself rapidly falling in love. I will not keep you from my story by idle reflections. Take another cigar." He rose and paced up and down the room in silence.

CHAPTER VII.

AGALMA.

"At this juncture there arrived from Paris the woman to whom the great sorrow of my life is due. A fatalist might read in her appearance at this particular moment the signs of a prearranged doom. A few weeks later, and her arrival would have been harmless; I should have been shielded from all external influence by the absorbing force of love. But, alas! this was not to be. My fate had taken another direction. The woman had arrived whose shadow was to darken the rest of my existence. That woman was Agalma Liebenstein.

How is it that the head which we can only see surrounded with a halo, or a shadow, when the splendors of achievement or the infamy of shame instructs our eyes, is by the instructed eye observed as wholly vulgar? We all profess to be physiognomists; how is it we are so lamentably mistaken in our judgments? Here was a woman in whom my ignorant eyes saw nothing at all remarkable except golden hair of unusual beauty. When I say golden, I am not

speaking loosely. I do not mean red or flaxen hair, but hair actually resembling burnished gold more than anything else. Its ripples on her brow caught the light like a coronet. This was her one beauty, and it was superb. For the rest, her features were characterless. Her figure was tall and full; not graceful, but sweepingly imposing. At first I noticed nothing about her except the braided splendor of her glorious hair."

He rose, and went into his bedroom, from which he returned with a small trinket-box in his hand. This he laid open on the table, disclosing a long strand of exquisite fair hair lying on a cushion of dark blue velvet—

"Look at that," he said. "Might it not have been cut from an angel's head?"

"It is certainly wonderful."

"It must have been hair like this which crowned the infamous head of Lucrezia Borgia," he said, bitterly.

"She, too, had golden hair; but hers must have been of paler tint, like her nature."

He resumed his seat and fixing his eyes upon the lock, continued:

"She was one of Otilie's friends—dear friends, they called each other—which meant that they kissed each other profusely, and told each other all their secrets, or as much as the lying nature of the sex permitted and suggested. It is, of course, impossible for me to disentangle my present knowledge from my past impressions so as to give you a clear description of what I then thought of Agalma. Enough that, as a matter of fact, I distinctly remembered not to have admired her, and to have told Otilie so; and when Otilie, in surprise at my insensibility, assured me that men were in general wonderfully charmed with her (though, for her part she had never understood why), I answered, and answered sincerely, that it might be true with the less refined order of men, but that men of taste would certainly be rather repelled from her.

"This opinion of mine, or some report of it, reached Agalma.

"It may have been the proximate cause of my sorrows. Without this stimulus to her vanity, she might have left me undisturbed. I don't know.

All I know is, that over many men Agalma exercised great influence, and that over me she exercised in a short time the spell of fascination. No other word will explain her influence; for it was not based on excellences such as the mind could recognize to be attractions; it was based on a mysterious personal power, something awful in its mysteriousness, as all demoniac powers are. One source of her influence over men I think I can explain: she at once captivated and repelled them. By artful appeals to their vanity, she made them interested in her and in her opinion of them, and yet kept herself inaccessible by a pride which was the more fascinating because it always seemed about to give way. Her instinct fastened upon the weak point in those she approached. This made her seductive to men, because she flattered their weak points; and hateful to women because she flouted and disclosed their weak points.

"Her influence over me began in the following way. One day at a picnic, having been led by her into a conversation respecting the relative inferiority of the feminine intellect, I was forced to speak rather more earnestly than usual, when suddenly in a lower voice she said—

"I am willing to credit anything you say; only pray don't continue talking to me so earnestly."

"Why not?" I asked, surprised.

"She looked at me with peculiar significance, but remained silent."

"May I ask why not?" I said.

"Because if you do, somebody may be jealous." There was a laughing defiance in her eye as she spoke.

"And pray, who has a right to be jealous of me?"

"Oh! you know well enough."

"It was true; I did know; and she knew that I knew it. To my shame be it said that I was weak enough to yield to an equivocation which I now see to have been disloyal, but which I then pretended to have been no more than delicacy to Ottilie. As, in point of fact, there had never been a word passed between us respecting our mutual feelings, I considered myself bound in honor to assume that there was nothing tacitly acknowledged."

"Piqued by her tone and look, I dis-

avowed the existence of any claims upon my attention; and to prove the sincerity of my words, I persisted in addressing my attentions to her. One or twice I fancied I caught flying glances, in which some of the company criticised my conduct, and Ottilie also seemed to me unusually quiet. But her manner though quiet, was untroubled and unchanged. I talked less to her than usual, partly because I talked so much to Agalma, and partly because I felt that Agalma's eyes were on us. But no shadow of 'temper' or reserve darkened our interchange of speech.

"On our way back I know not what devil prompted me to ask Agalma whether she had really been in earnest in her former allusion to 'somebody.'"

"Yes, she said, 'I was in earnest then.'"

"And now?"

"Now I have doubts. I may have been misinformed. It's no concern of mine, any way; but I have been given to understand. However, I admit that my own eyes have not confirmed what my ears heard."

"This speech was irritating on two separate grounds. It implied that people were talking freely of my attachment, which, until I had formally acknowledged it, I resented as an impertinence; and it implied that, from personal observation, Agalma doubted Ottilie's feelings for me. This alarmed my quick-retreating pride! I, too, began to doubt. Once let loose on that field, imagination soon saw shapes enough to confirm any doubt. Ottilie's manner certainly had seemed less tender—nay, somewhat indifferent—during the last few days. Had the arrival of that heavy lout, her cousin, anything to do with this change?"

"Not to weary you by recalling all the unfolding stages of this miserable story with the minuteness of detail which my own memory morbidly lingers on, I will hurry to the catastrophe. I grew more and more doubtful of the existence in Ottilie's mind of any feeling stronger than friendship for me; and as this doubt strengthened, there arose the flattering suspicion that I was becoming an object of greater interest to Agalma, who had quite changed her tone toward me, and had become serious in her speech

and manner. Weeks passed. Ottilie had fallen from her pedestal, and had taken her place among agreeable acquaintances. One day I suddenly learned that Ottilie was engaged to her cousin.

"You will not wonder that Agalma, who before this had exercised great fascination over me, now doubly became an object of the most tender interest. I fell madly in love. Hitherto I had never known that passion. My feeling for Ottilie I saw was but the inarticulate stammerings of the mighty voice which now sounded through the depths of my nature. The phrase, *madly in love*, is no exaggeration; madness alone knows such a fever of the brain, such a tumult of the heart. It was not that reason was overpowered; on the contrary, reason was intensely active, but active with that logic of flames which lights up the vision of mania.

"Although, of course, my passion was but too evident to every one, I dreaded its premature avowal, lest I should lose her; and almost equally dreaded delay, lest I should suffer from that also. At length the avowal was extorted from me by jealousy of a brilliant Pole—Korinski—who had recently appeared in our circle, and was obviously casting me in the shade by his superior advantages of novelty, of personal attraction, and of a romantic history. She accepted me; and now, for a time, I was the happiest of mortals. The fever of the last few weeks was abating; it gave place to a deep tide of hopeful joy. Could I have died then! Could I even have died shortly afterward, when I knew the delicious misery of a jealousy not too absorbing! For you must know that my happiness was brief. Jealousy, to which all passion of a deep and exacting power is inevitably allied, soon began to disturb my content. Agalma had no tenderness. She permitted caresses, never returned them. She was ready enough to listen to all my plans for the future, so long as the recital moved amid details of fortune and her position in society—that is, so long as her vanity was interested; but I began to observe with pain that her thoughts never rested on tender domesticities and poetic anticipations. This vexed me more and more. The

very spell which she exercised over me made her want of tenderness more intolerable. I yearned for her love—for some sympathy with the vehement passion which was burning within me; and she was as marble.

"You will not be surprised to hear that I reproached her bitterly with her indifference. That is the invariable and fatal folly of lovers—they seem to imagine that a heart can be scolded into tenderness! To my reproaches she at first answered impatiently that they were unjust; that it was not her fault if her nature was less expansive than mine; and that it was insulting to be told she was indifferent to the man whom she had consented to marry. Later she answered my reproaches with haughty defiance, one day intimating that if I really thought what I said, and repented our engagement, it would be most prudent for us to separate ere it was too late. This quieted me for awhile. But it brought no balm to my wounds.

"And now fresh tortures were added. Korinski became quite marked in his attentions to Agalma. These she received with evident delight; so much so, that I saw by the glances of others that they were scandalized at it; and this of course increased my pain. My renewed reproaches only made her manner colder to me; to Korinski it became what I would gladly have seen toward myself.

"The stress and agitation of those days were too much for me. I fell ill, and for seven weeks I lay utterly prostrate. On recovering, this note was handed to me. It was from Agalma."

Bourgonef here held out to me a crumpled letter, and motioned that I should open it and read. It ran thus:

"I have thought much of what you have so often said, that it would be for the happiness of both if our unfortunate engagement were set aside. That you have a real affection for me I believe, and be assured that I once had a real affection for you; not, perhaps, the passionate love which a nature so exacting as yours demands, and which I earnestly hope it may one day find, but a genuine affection nevertheless, which would have made me proud to share

your lot. But it would be uncandid in me to pretend that this now exists. Your incessant jealousy, the angry feelings excited by your reproaches, the fretful irritation in which for some time we have lived together, has completely killed what love I had, and I no longer feel prepared to risk the happiness of both of us by a marriage. What you said the other night convinces me that it is even your desire our engagement should cease. It is certainly mine. Let us try to think kindly of each other and meet again as friends.

"AGALMA LIEBENSTEIN."

When I had read this and returned it to him, he said: "You see that this was written on the day I was taken ill. Whether she knew that I was then helpless I know not. At any rate, she never sent to inquire after me. She went off to Paris; Korinski followed her; and—as I quickly learned on going once more into society—they were married! Did you ever, in the whole course of your experience hear of such heartless conduct?"

Bourgonef asked this with a ferocity which quite startled me. I did not answer him; for, in truth, I could not see that Agalma had been very much to blame, even as he told the story, and felt sure that could I have heard her version it would have worn a very different aspect. That she was cold, and disappointed him, might be true enough, but there was no crime; and I perfectly understood how thoroughly odious he must have made himself to her by his exactions and reproaches. I understood this, perhaps, all the better, because in the course of his narrative Bourgonef had revealed to me aspects of his nature which were somewhat repulsive. Especially I was struck with his morbid vanity, and his readiness to impute low motives to others. This unpleasant view of his character—a character in many respects so admirable for its generosity and refinement—was deepened as he went on, instead of awaiting my reply to his question.

"For a wrong so measureless, you will naturally ask what measureless revenge I sought."

The idea had not occurred to me; in-

deed I could see no wrong, and this notion of revenge was somewhat startling in such a case.

"I debated it long," he continued. "I felt that since I was prevented from arresting any of the evil to myself, I could at least mature my plans for an adequate discharge of just retribution on her. It reveals the impotence resulting from the trammels of modern civilization, that while the possibilities of wrong are infinite, the openings for vengeance are few and contemptible. Only when a man is thrown upon the necessities of this 'wild justice' does he discover how difficult vengeance really is. Had Agalma been my wife, I could have wreaked my wrath upon her, with assurance that some of the torture she inflicted on me was to fall on her. Not having this power, what was I to do? Kill her? That would have afforded one moment of exquisite satisfaction—but to her it would have been simply death—and I wanted to kill the heart."

He seemed working with an insane passion; so that I regarded him with disgust mingled with some doubts as to what horrors he was about to relate.

"My plan was chosen. The only way to reach her heart was to strike her through her husband. For several hours daily I practised with the pistol—until—in spite of only having a left hand—I acquired fatal skill. But this was not enough. Firing at a mark is simply work. Firing at a man—especially one holding a pistol pointed at you—is altogether different. I had too often heard of 'crack shots' missing their men, to rely confidently on my skill in the shooting gallery. It was necessary that my eye and hand should be educated to familiarity with the real object. Part of the cause why duellists miss their man is from the trepidation of fear. I was without fear. At no moment of my life have I been afraid; and the chance of being shot by Korinski I counted as nothing. The other cause is unfamiliarity with the mark. This I secured myself against by getting a lay figure of Korinski's height, dressing it to resemble him, placing a pistol in its hand, and then practising at this mark in the woods. After a short time

I could send a bullet through the thorax without taking more than a hasty glance at the figure.

"Thus prepared, I started for Paris. But you will feel for me when you learn that my hungry heart was baffled of its vengeance, and baffled forever. Agalma had been suddenly carried off by scarlet fever. Korinski had left Paris, and I felt no strong promptings to follow him, and wreak on him a futile vengeance. It was on *her* my wrath had been concentrated, and I gnashed my teeth at the thought that she had escaped me.

"My story is ended. The months of gloomy depression which succeeded, now that I was no longer sustained by the hope of vengeance, I need not speak of. My existence was desolate; and ever now the desolation continues over the whole region of the emotions. I carry a dead heart within me."

CHAPTER VIII.

A SECOND VICTIM.

BOURGONEF'S story had been narrated with some fulness, though in less detail than he told it, in order that the reader may understand its real bearings on *my* story. Without it, the motives which impelled the strange pertinacity of my pursuit would have been unintelligible. I have said that a very disagreeable impression remained on my mind respecting certain aspects of his character, and I felt somewhat ashamed of my imperfect sagacity in having up to this period been entirely blind to those aspects. The truth is, every human being is a mystery, and remains so to the last. We fancy we know a character; we form a distinct conception of it; for years that conception remains unmodified, and suddenly the strain of some emergency or the incidental stimulus of new circumstances reveals qualities not simply unexpected, but flatly contradictory of our previous conception. We judge of a man by the angle he subtends to our eye—only thus *can* we judge of him; and this angle depends on the relation his qualities and circumstances bear to our interests and sympathies. Bourgonef had charmed me intellectually; morally I had never come closer to him than in the sympathies of public questions and abstract theories. His story had disclosed hidden depths.

My old suspicions reappeared, and a conversation we had two days afterward helped to strengthen them.

We had gone on a visit to Schwantaler the sculptor, at his tiny little castle of Schwaneck, a few miles from Munich. The artist was out for a walk, but we were invited to come in and await his return, which would be shortly; and meanwhile Bourgonef undertook to show me over the castle, interesting as a bit of modern Gothic, realizing on a diminutive scale a youthful dream of the sculptor's. When our survey was completed—and it did not take long—we sat at one of the windows and enjoyed a magnificent prospect. "It is curious," said Bourgonef, "to be shut up here in this imitation of mediæval masonry, where every detail speaks of the dead past, and to think of the events now going on in Paris which must find imitators all over Europe, and which open to the mind such vistas of the future. What a grotesque anachronism is this Gothic castle, built in the same age as that which sees a reforming pope!"

"Yes; but is not the reforming pope himself an anachronism?"

"As a Catholic," here he smiled, intimating that his orthodoxy was not very stringent, "I cannot admit that; as a Protestant, you must admit that if there must be a pope, he must in these days be a reformer, or—give up his temporal power. Not that I look on Pio Nono as more than a precursor: he may break ground, and point the way, but he is not the man to lead Europe out of its present Slough of Despond, and under the headship of the Church found a new and lasting republic. We want a Hildebrand, one who will be to the nineteenth century what Gregory was to the eleventh."

"Do you believe in such a possibility? Do you believe the Roman pontiff can ever again sway the destinies of Europe?"

"I can hardly say I believe it; yet I see the possibility of such an opening if the right man were to arise. But I fear he will not arise; or if he should, the Conclave will stifle him. Yet there is but one alternative: either Europe must once more join in a crusade with a pope at the head; or it must hoist the red flag. There is no other issue."

"Heaven preserve us from both! And I think we shall be preserved from the pope by the rottenness of the Church; from the *drapeau rouge* by the indignation and horror of all honest men. You see how the Provisional Government has resisted the insane attempt of the fanatics to make the red flag accepted as the national banner?"

"Yes; and it is the one thing which dashes my pleasure in the new revolution. It is the one act of weakness which the Government has exhibited; a concession which will be fatal unless it be happily set aside by the energetic party of action."

"An act of weakness? say rather an act of strength. A concession? say rather the repudiation of anarchy, the assertion of law and justice."

"Not a bit. It was a concession to the fears of the timid and to the vanity of the French people. The tricolor is a French flag—not the banner of Humanity. It is because the tricolor has been identified with the victories of France that it appeals to the vanity of the vainest of people. They forget that it is the flag of a revolution which failed and of an empire which was one perpetual outrage to humanity. Whereas the red is new; it is the symbol of an energetic, thorough-going creed. If it carries terror with it, so much the better. The tyrants and the timid should be made to tremble."

"I had no idea you were so bloodthirsty," said I, laughing at his vehemence.

"I am not bloodthirsty at all; I am only logical and consistent. There is a mass of sophistry current in the world which sickens me. People talk of Robespierre and St. Just, two of the most virtuous men that ever lived—and of Dominic and Torquemada, two of the most single-minded—as if they were cruel and bloodthirsty, whereas they are only convinced."

"Is it from love of paradox that you defend these tigers?"

"Tigers, again—how those beasts are calumniated!"

He said this with a seriousness which was irresistibly comic. I shouted with laughter; but he continued, gravely—

"You think I am joking. But let me ask you why you consider the tiger more

bloodthirsty than yourself? He springs upon his food—you buy yours from the butcher. He cannot live without animal food: it is a primal necessity, and he obeys the ordained instinct. You can live on vegetables; yet you slaughter beasts of the field and birds of the air (or buy them when slaughtered), and consider yourself a model of virtue. The tiger only kills his food or his enemies; you not only kill both, but you kill one animal to make a gravy for another! The tiger is less bloodthirsty than the Christian!"

"I don't know how much of that tirade is meant to be serious; but to waive the question of the tiger's morality, do you really—I will not say sympathize—but justify Robespierre, Dominic, St. Just, and the rest of the fanatics who have waded to their ends through blood?"

"He who wills the *end*, wills the *means*."

"A devil's maxim."

"But a truth. What the foolish world shrinks at as bloodthirstiness and cruelty is very often mere force and constancy of intellect. It is not that fanatics thirst for blood—far from it—but they thirst for the triumph of their cause. Whatever obstacle lies on their path must be removed; if a torrent of blood is the only thing that will sweep it away—the torrent must sweep."

"And sweep with it all the sentiments of pity, mercy, charity, love?"

"No: these sentiments may give a sadness to the necessity; they make the deed a sacrifice, but they cannot prevent the soul from seeing the aim to which it tends."

"This is detestable doctrine! It is the sophism which has destroyed families, devastated cities, and retarded the moral progress of the world more than anything else. No single act of injustice is ever done on this earth but it tends to perpetuate the reign of iniquity. By the feelings it calls forth it keeps up the native savagery of the heart. It breeds injustice, partly by hardening the minds of those who assent, and partly by exciting the passion of revenge in those who resist."

"You are wrong. The great drag-chain on the car of progress is the faltering inconsistency of man. Weakness

is more cruel than sternness. Sentiment is more destructive than logic."

The arrival of Schwanthaler was timely, for my indignation was rising. The sculptor received us with great cordiality, and in the pleasure of the subsequent hour, I got over to some extent the irritation Bourgonef's talk had excited.

The next day I left Munich for the Tyrol. My parting with Bourgonef was many degrees less friendly than it would have been a week before. I had no wish to see him again, and therefore gave him no address or invitation in case he should come to England. As I rolled away in the *Malleposte*, my busy thoughts reviewed all the details of our acquaintance; and the farther I was carried from his presence, the more obtrusive became the suspicions which connected him with the murder of Lieschen Lehfelddt. How, or upon what motive, was indeed an utter mystery. He had not mentioned the name of Lehfelddt. He had not mentioned having before been at Nuremberg. At Heidelberg the tragedy occurred—or was Heidelberg only a mask? It occurred to me that he had first ascertained that I had never been at Heidelberg before he placed the scene of his story there.

Thoughts such as these tormented me. Imagine, then, the horror with which I heard, soon after my arrival at Salzburg, that a murder had been committed at Grosshesselohe—one of the pretty environs of Munich much resorted to by holiday folk—corresponding in all essential features with the murder at Nuremberg! In both cases the victim was young and pretty. In both cases she was found quietly lying on the ground, stabbed to the heart, without any other traces of violence. In both cases she was a betrothed bride, and the motive of the unknown assassin a mystery.

Such a correspondence in the essential features inevitably suggested an appalling mystery of unity in these crimes—either as the crimes of one man, committed under some impulse of motiveless malignity and thirst for innocent blood—or as the equally appalling effect of *imitation* acting contagiously upon a criminal imagination; of which con-

tagion there have been, unfortunately, too many examples—horrible crimes prompting certain weak and feverish imaginations, by the very horror they inspire, first to dwell on, and finally to realize their imitations.

It was this latter hypothesis, which found general acceptance, indeed it was the only one which rested upon any ground of experience. The disastrous influence of imitation, especially under the fascination of horror, was well known. The idea of any diabolical malice moving one man to pass from city to city, and there quietly single out his victims—both of them, by the very hypothesis, unrelated to him, both of them at the epoch of their lives, when

"The bosom's lord sits lightly on its throne,"

when the peace of the heart is assured, and the future is radiantly beckoning to them—that any man should choose such victims for such crimes, was too preposterous an idea long to be entertained. Unless the man were mad, the idea was inconceivable; and even a monomaniac must betray himself in such a course, because he would necessarily conceive himself to be accomplishing some supreme act of justice.

It was thus I argued; and indeed I should have preferred to believe that one maniac were involved rather than the contagion of crime—since one maniac must inevitably be soon detected; whereas there were no assignable limits to the contagion of imitation. And this it was which so profoundly agitated German society. In every family in which there happened to be a bride, vague tremors could not be allayed; and the absolute powerlessness which resulted from the utter uncertainty as to the quarter in which this dreaded phantom might next appear, justified and intensified those tremors. Against such an apparition there was no conceivable safeguard. From a city stricken with the plague, from a district so stricken, flight is possible, and there are the resources of medical aid. But from a moral plague like this, what escape was possible?

So passionate and profound became the terror, that I began to share the opinion which I heard expressed, regretting the widespread publicity of the

modern press, since, with many undeniable benefits, it carried also the fatal curse of distributing through households, and keeping constantly under the excitement of discussion, images of crime and horror which would tend to perpetuate and extend the excesses of individual passion. The mere dwelling long on such a topic as this was fraught with evil.

This and more I heard discussed as I hurried back to Munich. To Munich? Yes; thither I was posting with all speed. Not a shadow of doubt now remained in my mind. I knew the assassin, and was resolved to track and convict him. Do not suppose that *this* time I was led away by the vagrant activity of my constructive imagination. I had something like positive proof. No sooner had I learned that the murder had been committed at Grosshesslohe, than my thoughts at once carried me to a now memorable visit I had made there in company with Bourgonef and two young Bavarians. At the hotel where we dined, we were waited on by the niece of the landlord, a girl of remarkable beauty, who naturally excited the attention of four young men, and furnished them with a topic of conversation. One of the Bavarians had told us that she would one day be perhaps one of the wealthiest women in the country, for she was engaged to be married to a young farmer who had recently found himself, by a rapid succession of deaths, sole heir to a great brewer, whose wealth was known to be enormous.

At this moment Sophie entered bringing wine, and I saw Bourgonef slowly turn his eyes upon her with a look which then was mysterious to me, but which now spoke too plainly its dreadful meaning.

What is there in a look, you will say? Perhaps nothing; or it may be everything. To my unsuspecting, unenlightened perception, Bourgonef's gaze was simply the melancholy and half-curious gaze which such a man might be supposed to cast upon a young woman who has been made the topic of an interesting discourse. But to my mind, enlightened as to his character, and instructed as to his peculiar feelings arising from his own story, the gaze was charged with horror. It marked a vic-

tim. The whole succession of events rose before me in vivid distinctness; the separate details of suspicion gathered into unity.

Great as was Bourgonef's command over his features, he could not conceal uneasiness as well as surprise at my appearance at the *table d'hôte* in Munich. I shook hands with him, putting on as friendly a mask as I could, and replied to his question about my sudden return by attributing it to unexpected intelligence received at Salzburg.

"Nothing serious, I hope?"

"Well, I'm afraid it will prove very serious, I said. "But we shall see. Meanwhile my visit to the Tyrol must be given up or postponed."

"Do you remain here, then?"

"I don't know what my movements will be."

Thus I had prepared him for any reserve or strangeness in my manner; and I had concealed from him the course of my movements; for at whatever cost, I was resolved to follow him and bring him to justice.

But how? Evidence I had none that could satisfy any one else, however convincing it might be to my own mind. Nor did there seem any evidence forthcoming from Grosshesslohe. Sophie's body had been found in the afternoon lying as if asleep in one of the by-paths of the wood. No marks of a struggle; no traces of the murderer. Her affianced lover, who was at Augsburg, on hearing of her fate, hurried to Grosshesslohe, but could throw no light on the murder, could give no hint as to a possible motive for the deed. But this entire absence of evidence, or even ground of suspicion, only made *my* case the stronger. It was the motiveless malignity of the deed which fastened it on Bourgonef; or rather, it was the absence of any known motive elsewhere which assured me that I had detected the motive in him.

Should I communicate my conviction to the police? It was possible that I might impress them with at least sufficient suspicion to warrant his examination—and in that case the truth might be elicited; for among the many barbarities and iniquities of the criminal procedure in Continental States which often press heavily on the innocent, there is this

compensating advantage, that the pressure on the guilty is tenfold heavier. If the innocent are often unjustly punished—imprisoned and maltreated before their innocence can be established—the guilty seldom escape. In England we give the criminal not only every chance of escape, but many advantages. The love of fair-play is carried to excess. It seems at times as if the whole arrangements of our procedure were established with a view to giving a criminal not only the benefit of every doubt, but of every loophole through which he can slip. Instead of this, the Continental procedure goes on the principle of closing up every loophole, and of inventing endless traps into which the accused may fall. We warn the accused not to say anything that may be prejudicial to him. They entangle him in contradictions and confessions which disclose his guilt.

Knowing this, I thought it very likely that, however artful Bourgonef might be, a severe examination might extort from him sufficient confirmation of my suspicions to warrant further procedure. But knowing also that *this* resort was open to me when all others had failed, I resolved to wait and watch.

CHAPTER IX.

FINALE.

Two days passed, and nothing occurred. My watching seemed hopeless, and I resolved to try the effect of a disguised interrogatory. It might help to confirm my already settled conviction, if it did not elicit any new evidence.

Seated in Bourgonef's room, in the old place, each with a cigar, and chatting as of old on public affairs, I gradually approached the subject of the recent murder.

"Is it not strange," I said, "that both these crimes should have happened while we were casually staying in both places?"

"Perhaps we are the criminals," he replied, laughing. I shivered slightly at this audacity. He laughed as he spoke, but there was a hard, metallic, and almost defiant tone in his voice which exasperated me.

"Perhaps we are," I said quietly. He looked full at me; but I was pre-

pared, and my face told nothing. I added, as in explanation, "The crime being apparently contagious, we may have brought the infection from Nuremberg."

"Do you believe in that hypothesis of imitation?"

"I don't know what to believe. Do you believe in there being only one murderer? It seems such a preposterous idea. We must suppose him, at any rate, to be a maniac."

"Not necessarily. Indeed there seems to have been too much artful contrivance in both affairs, not only in the selection of the victims, but in the execution of the schemes. Cunning as maniacs often are, they are still maniacs, and betray themselves."

"If not a maniac," said I, hoping to pique him, "he must be a man of stupendous and pitiful vanity—perhaps one of your constant-minded friends, whom you refuse to call bloodthirsty."

"Constant-minded, perhaps; but why pitifully vain?"

"Why? Because only a diseased atrocity of imagination, stimulating a nature essentially base and weak in its desire to make itself conspicuous, would or could suggest such things. The silly youth who fired the Ephesian dome, the vain idiot who set fire to York Minster, the miserable Frenchmen who have committed murder and suicide with a view of making their exit striking from a world in which their appearance had been contemptible, would all sink into insignificance beside the towering infamy of baseness which—for the mere love of producing an effect on the minds of men, and thus drawing their attention upon him, which otherwise would never have marked him at all—could scheme and execute crimes so horrible and inexcusable. In common charity to human nature, let us suppose the wretch is mad; because otherwise his miserable vanity would be too loathsome." I spoke with warmth and bitterness, which increased as I perceived him wincing under the degradation of my contempt.

"If his motive were vanity," he said, "no doubt it would be horrible; but may it not have been revenge?"

"Revenge!" I exclaimed; "what! on innocent women?"

"You assume their innocence."

"Good God! do you know anything to the contrary?"

"Not I. But as we are conjecturing, I may as well conjecture the motive to have been revenge, as you may conjecture it to have been the desire to produce a startling effect."

"How do you justify your conjecture?"

"Simply enough. We have to suppose a motive; let us say it was revenge, and see whether that will furnish a clew."

"But it can't. The two victims were wholly unconnected with each other by any intermediate acquaintances, consequently there can have been no common wrong or common enmity in existence to furnish food for vengeance."

"That may be so; it may also be that the avenger made them vicarious victims."

"How so?"

"It is human nature. Did you ever observe a thwarted child striking in its anger the unoffending nurse, destroying its toys to discharge its wrath? Did you ever see a schoolboy, unable to wreak his anger on the bigger boy who has just struck him, turn against the nearest smaller boy and beat him? Did you ever know a schoolmaster, angered by one of the boy's parents, vent his pent-up spleen upon the unoffending class? Did you ever see a subaltern punished because an officer has been reprimanded? These are familiar examples of vicarious vengeance. When the soul is stung to fury, it must solace itself by the discharge of that fury—it must relieve its pain by the sight of pain in others. We are so constituted. We need sympathy above all things. In joy we cannot bear to see others in distress; in distress we see the joy of others with dismal envy which sharpens our pain. That is human nature."

"And," I exclaimed, carried away by my indignation, "you suppose that the sight of these two happy girls, beaming with the quiet joy of brides, was torture to some miserable wretch who had lost his bride."

I had gone too far. His eyes looked into mine. I read in his that he divined the whole drift of my suspicion—the

allusion made to himself. There often passes into a look more than words can venture to express. In that look he read that he was discovered, and I read that he had recognized it. With perfect calmness, but with a metallic ring in his voice which was like the clash of swords, he said—

"I did not say that I supposed this; but as we were on the wide field of conjecture—utterly without evidence one way or the other, having no clew either to the man or his motives—I drew from the general principles of human nature a conclusion which was just as plausible—or absurd if you like—as the conclusion that the motive must have been vanity."

"As you say, we are utterly without evidence, and conjecture drifts aimlessly from one thing to another. After all, the most plausible explanation is that of a contagion of imitation." I said this in order to cover my previous imprudence. He was not deceived—though for a few moments I fancied he was—but replied—

"I am not persuaded of that either. The whole thing is a mystery, and I shall stay here some time in the hope of seeing it cleared up. Meanwhile, for a subject of conjecture, let me show you something on which your ingenuity may profitably be employed."

He rose and passed into his bedroom. I heard him unlocking and rummaging the drawers, and was silently reproaching myself for my want of caution in having spoken as I had done, though it was now beyond all doubt that he was the murderer, and that his motive had been rightly guessed; but with this self-reproach there was mingled a self-gratulation at the way I had got out of the difficulty, as I fancied.

He returned and as he sat down I noticed that the lower part of his surtout was open. He always wore a long frogged and braided coat reaching to the knees—as I now know, for the purpose of concealing the arm which hung (as he said, withered) at his side. The two last fastenings were now undone.

He held in his hand a tiny chain made of very delicate wire. This he gave me, saying—

"Now what should you conjecture that to be?"

"Had it come into my hands without any remark, I should have said it was simply a very exquisite bit of iron-work; but your question points to something more out of the way."

"It is iron-work," he said.

Could I be deceived? A third fastening of his surtout was undone! I had seen but two a moment ago.

"And what am I to conjecture?" I asked.

"Where that iron came from? It was *not* from a mine."

I looked at it again, and examined it attentively. On raising my eyes in inquiry—fortunately with an expression of surprise, since what met my eyes would have startled a cooler man—I saw the fourth fastening undone!

"You look surprised," he continued, "and will be more surprised when I tell you that the iron in your hands once floated in the circulation of a man. It is made from human blood."

"Human blood!" I murmured.

He went on expounding the physiological wonders of the blood—how it carried, dissolved in its currents, a proportion of iron and earths; how this iron was extracted by chemists and exhibited as a curiosity; and how this chain had been manufactured from such extracts. I heard every word, but my thoughts were hurrying to and fro in the agitation of a supreme moment. That there was a dagger underneath that coat—that in a few moments it would flash forth—that a death-struggle was at hand—I knew well. My safety depended on presence of mind. That incalculable rapidity with which, in critical moments, the mind surveys all the openings and resources of an emergency, had assured me that there was no weapon within reach—that before I could give an alarm the tiger would be at my throat, and that my only chance was to keep my eyes fixed upon him, ready to spring on him the moment the next fastening was undone, and before he could use his arm.

At last the idea occurred to me, that as, with a wild beast, safety lies in attacking him just before he attacks you, so with this beast my best chance was audacity. Looking steadily into his face, I said slowly—

"And you would like to have such a

chain made from my blood." I rose as I spoke. He remained sitting, but was evidently taken aback.

"What do you mean?" he said.

"I mean," said I, sternly, "that your coat is unfastened, and that if another fastening is loosened in my presence, I fell you to the earth."

"You're a fool!" he exclaimed.

I moved toward the door, keeping my eye fixed upon him as he sat pale and glaring at me.

"You are a fool," I said—"and worse, if you stir."

At this moment, I know not by what sense as if I had eyes at the back of my head, I was aware of some one moving behind me, yet I dared not look aside. Suddenly two mighty folds of darkness seemed to envelop me like arms. A powerful scent ascended my nostrils. There was a ringing in my ears, a beating at my heart. Darkness came on, deeper and deeper, like huge waves. I seemed growing to gigantic stature. The waves rolled on faster and faster. The ringing became a roaring. The beating became a throbbing. Lights flashed across the darkness. Forms moved before me. On came the waves hurrying like a tide, and I sank deeper and deeper into this mighty sea of darkness. Then all was silent. Consciousness was still.

How long I remained unconscious I cannot tell. But it must have been some considerable time. When consciousness once more began to dawn within me, I found myself lying on a bed surrounded by a group of eager watching faces, and became aware of a confused murmur of whispering going on around me. "Er lebt" (he lives) were the words which greeted my opening eyes—words which I recognized as coming from my landlord.

I had had a very narrow escape. Another moment and I should not have lived to tell the tale. The dagger that had already immolated two of Bourgonet's objects of vengeance would have been in my breast. As it was, at the very moment when the terrible Ivan had thrown his arms round me and was stifling me with chloroform, one of the servants of the hotel, alarmed or attracted by curiosity at the sound of high

words within the room, had ventured to open the door to see what was going on. The alarm had been given, and Bourgonef had been arrested, and handed over to the police. Ivan, however, had disappeared; nor were the police ever able to find him. This mattered comparatively little. Ivan without his master was no more redoubtable than any other noxious animal. As an accomplice, as an instrument to execute the Will of a man like Bourgonef, he was a

danger to society. The directing intelligence withdrawn, he sank to the level of the brute. I was not uneasy, therefore, at his having escaped. Sufficient for me that the real criminal, the Mind that had conceived and directed those fearful murders, was at last in the hands of justice. I felt that my task had been fully accomplished when Bourgonef's head fell on the scaffold.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

NUMBERS; OR THE MAJORITY AND THE REMNANT.*

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

THERE is a characteristic saying of Dr. Johnson, "Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel." The saying is cynical, many will call it brutal; yet it has in it something of plain, robust sense and truth. We do often see men passing themselves off as patriots, who are in truth scoundrels; we meet with talk and proceedings laying claim to patriotism, which are these gentlemen's last refuge. We may all of us agree in praying to be delivered from patriots and patriotism of this sort. Short of such, there is undoubtedly, sheltering itself under the fine name of patriotism, a good deal of self-flattery and self-delusion which is mischievous. "Things are what they are, and the consequences of them will be what they will be; why, then, should we desire to be deceived?" In that uncompromising sentence of Bishop Butler's is surely the right and salutary maxim for both individuals and nations.

Yet there is an honorable patriotism which we should satisfy if we can, and should seek to have on our side. At home I have said so much of the characters of our society and the prospects of our civilization, that I can hardly escape the like topic elsewhere. Speaking in America, I cannot well avoid saying something about the prospects of society in the United States. It is a topic where one is apt to touch people's patriotic feelings. No one will accuse me of having flattered the patriotism of that

great country of English people on the other side of the Atlantic, among whom I was born. Here, so many miles from home, I begin to reflect with tender contrition, that perhaps I have not—I will not say flattered the patriotism of my own countrymen enough, but regarded it enough. Perhaps that is one reason why I have produced so very little effect upon them. It was a fault of youth and inexperience. But it would be unpardonable to come in advanced life and repeat the same error here. You will not expect impossibilities of me. You will not expect me to say that things are not what, in my judgment, they are, and that the consequences of them will not be what they will be. I should make nothing of it; I should be a too palpable failure. But I confess that I should be glad if in what I say here I could engage American patriotism on my side, instead of rousing it against me. And it so happens that the paramount thoughts which your great country raises in my mind are really and truly of a kind to please, I think, any true American patriot, rather than to offend him.

The vast scale of things here, the extent of your country, your numbers, the rapidity of your increase, strike the imagination, and are a common topic for admiring remark. Our great orator, Mr. Bright, is never weary of telling us how many acres of land you have at your disposal, how many bushels of grain you produce, how many millions you are, how many more millions you

* Address delivered in New York.

will be presently, and what a capital thing this is for you. Now, though I do not always agree with Mr. Bright, I find myself agreeing with him here. I think your numbers afford a very real and important ground for satisfaction.

Not that your great numbers, or indeed great numbers of men anywhere, are likely to be all good, or even to have the majority good. "The majority are bad," said one of the wise men of Greece; but he was a pagan. Much to the same effect, however, is the famous sentence of the New Testament, "Many are called, few chosen." This appears a hard saying; many are the endeavors to elude it, to attenuate its severity. But turn it how you will, manipulate it as you will, the few, as Cardinal Newman well says, can never mean the many. Perhaps you will say that the majority is, sometimes, good; that its impulses are good generally, and its action is good occasionally. But it lacks principle, it lacks persistence; if to-day its good impulses prevail, they succumb to-morrow; sometimes it goes right, but it is very apt to go wrong. Even a popular orator or a popular journalist will hardly say that the multitude may be trusted to have its judgment generally just, and its action generally virtuous. It may be better, it is better, that the body of the people, with all its faults, should act for itself, and control its own affairs, than that it should be set aside as ignorant and incapable, and have its affairs managed for it by a so-called superior class, possessing property and intelligence. Property and intelligence cannot be trusted to show a sound majority themselves; the exercise of power by the people tends to educate the people. But still, the world being what it is, we must surely expect the aims and doings of the majority of men to be at present very faulty, and this in a numerous community no less than in a small one. So much we must certainly, I think, concede to the sages and to the saints.

Sages and saints are apt to be severe, it is true; apt to take a gloomy view of the society in which they live, and to prognosticate evil of it. But then it must be added that their prognostications are very apt to turn out right. Plato's account of the most gifted and

brilliant community of the ancient world, of that Athens of his to which we all owe so much, is despondent enough. "There is but a very small remnant," he says, "of honest followers of wisdom, and they who are of these few, and who have tasted how sweet and blessed a possession is wisdom and who can fully see, moreover, the madness of the multitude, and that there is no one, we may say, whose action in public matters is sound, and no ally for whosoever would help the just, what," asks Plato, "are they to do? They may be compared," says Plato, "to a man who has fallen among wild beasts; he will not be one of them, but he is too unaided to make head against them; and before he can do any good to society or his friends, he will be overwhelmed and perish uselessly. When he considers this, he will resolve to keep still, and to mind his own business; as it were standing aside under a wall in a storm of dust and hurricane of driving wind; and he will endure to behold the rest filled with iniquity, if only he himself may live his life clear of injustice and of impiety, and depart, when his time comes, in mild and gracious mood, with fair hope."

Plato's picture here of democratic Athens is certainly gloomy enough. We may be sure the mass of his contemporaries would have pronounced it to be monstrously overcharged. We ourselves, if we had been living then, should most of us have by no means seen things as Plato saw them. No, if we had seen Athens even nearer its end than when Plato wrote the strong words which I have been quoting, Athens in the last days of Plato's life, we should most of us probably have considered that things were not going badly with Athens. There is a long sixteen years' administration—the administration of Eubulus—which fills the last years of Plato's life, and the middle years of the fourth century before Christ. A temperate German historian thus describes Athens during this ministry of Eubulus: "The grandeur and loftiness of Attic democracy had vanished, while all the pernicious germs contained in it were fully developed. A life of comfort and a craving for amusement were encouraged in every way, and the interest of

citizens was withdrawn from serious things. Conversation became more and more superficial and frivolous. Famous courtesans formed the chief topic of talk; the new inventions of Thearion, the leading pastry cook in Athens, were hailed with loud applause, and the witty sayings which had been uttered in gay circles were repeated about town as matters of prime importance."

No doubt, if we had been living then to witness this, we should from time to time have shaken our heads gravely and said how sad it all was. But most of us would not, I think, have been very seriously disquieted by it. On the other hand, we should have found many things in the Athens of Eubulus to gratify us. "The democrats," says the same historian whom I have just quoted, "saw in Eubulus one of their own set at the head of affairs;" and I suppose no good democrat would see that without pleasure. Moreover, Eubulus was of popular character. In one respect he seems to have resembled your own "heathen Chinee;" he had "guileless ways," says our historian, "in which the citizens took pleasure." He was a good speaker, a thorough man of business, and, above all, he was very skilful in matters of finance. His administration was both popular and prosperous. We should certainly have said, most of us, if we had encountered somebody announcing his resolve to stand aside under a wall during such an administration, that he was a goose for his pains; and if he had called it "a falling among wild beasts" to have to live with his fellow-citizens who had confidence in Eubulus, their country, and themselves, we should have esteemed him very impertinent.

Yes—and yet at the close of that administration of Eubulus came the collapse, and the end of Athens as an independent state. And it was to the fault of Athens herself that the collapse was owing. Plato was right after all; the majority were bad, and the remnant were impotent.

So fared it with that Athenian state, with the brilliant people of art and intellect. Now let us turn to the people of religion. We have heard Plato speaking of the very small remnant which honestly sought wisdom. *The remnant*—it

is the word of the Hebrew prophets also, and especially is it the word of the greatest of them all, Isaiah. Not used with the despondency of Plato, used with far other power informing it, and with a far other future awaiting it, filled with fire, filled with hope, filled with faith, filled with joy, this term itself, *the remnant*, is yet Isaiah's term as well as Plato's. The texts are familiar to all Christendom. "Though thy people Israel be as the sand of the sea, only a remnant of them shall return." Even this remnant, a tenth of the whole, if so it may be, shall have to come back into the purging fire, and be again cleared and further reduced there. Nevertheless, "as a terebinth tree, and as an oak, whose substance is in them, though they be cut down, so the stock of that burned tenth shall be a holy seed."

The small remnant should be a holy seed, but the great majority, as in democratic Athens, so in the kingdoms of the Hebrew nation, were unsound, and their state was doomed. This was Isaiah's point. The actual commonwealth of the "drunkards" and the "blind," as he calls them, of Israel and Judah, of the dissolute grandees and gross and foolish common people, of the great majority, must perish; its perishing was the necessary stage toward a happier future. And Isaiah was right, as Plato was right. No doubt to most of us, if we had been there to see it, the Kingdom of Ephraim or of Judah, the society of Samaria and Jerusalem, would have seemed to contain a great deal else besides dissolute grandees and foolish common people. No doubt we should have thought parts of their policy serious, and some of their alliances promising. No doubt, when we read the Hebrew prophets now, with the larger and more patient temper of a different race and an augmented experience, we often feel the blame and invective to be too absolute. Nevertheless as to his grand point, Isaiah, I say, was right. The majority in the Jewish state, whatever they might think or say, whatever their guides and flatterers might think or say, the majority were unsound, and their unsoundness must be their ruin.

Isaiah, however, does not make his remnant confine itself, like Plato's, to standing aside under a wall during this

life and then departing in mild temper and good hope when the time for departure comes; Isaiah's remnant saves the state. Undoubtedly he means to represent it as doing so. Undoubtedly he imagines his Prince of the house of David who is to be born within a year's time, his royal and victorious Immanuel, he imagines him witnessing as a child the chastisement of Ephraim and the extirpation of the bad majority there; then witnessing as a youth the chastisement of Judah and the extirpation of the bad majority there also; but finally, in mature life, reigning over a state renewed, preserved, and enlarged, a greater and happier kingdom of the chosen people.

Undoubtedly Isaiah conceives his remnant in this wise; undoubtedly he imagined for it a part which, in strict truth, it did not play, and could not play. So manifest was the non-fulfilment of his prophecy, taken strictly, that ardent souls feeding upon his words had to wrest them from their natural meaning, and to say that Isaiah directly meant something which he did not directly mean. Isaiah, like Plato, with inspired insight foresaw that the world before his eyes, the world of actual life, the state and city of the unsound majority, could not stand. Unlike Plato, Isaiah announced with faith and joy a leader and a remnant certain to supersede them. But he put the leader's coming, and he put the success of the leader's and the remnant's work, far far too soon; and his conception, in this respect, is fantastic. Plato betook himself for the bringing in of righteousness to a visionary republic in the clouds; Isaiah—and it is the grand glory of him and of his race to have done so—brought it in upon earth. But Immanuel and his reign, for the eighth century before Christ, were fantastic. For the kingdom of Judah they were fantastic. Immanuel and the remnant could not come to reign under the conditions there offered to them; the thing was impossible.

The reason of the impossibility is quite simple. The scale of things, in petty states like Judah and Athens; is too small; the numbers are too scanty. Admit that for the world, as we hitherto know it, what the philosophers and proph-

ets say is true: that the majority are unsound. Even in nations with exceptional gifts, even in the Jewish state, the Athenian state, the majority are unsound. But there is the "remnant." Now the important thing, as regards states such as Judah and Athens, is not that the remnant bears but a small proportion to the majority: the remnant always bears a small proportion to the majority. The grave thing for states like Judah and Athens is, that the remnant must in positive bulk be so small, and therefore so powerless for reform. To be a voice outside the state, speaking to mankind or to the future, perhaps shaking the actual state to pieces in doing so, one man will suffice. To reform the state in order to save it, to preserve it by changing it, a body of workers is needed as well as a leader—a considerable body of workers, placed at many points, and operating in many directions. This considerable body of workers for good is what is wanting in petty states such as were Athens and Judah. It is said that the Athenian state had in all but 350,000 inhabitants. It is calculated that the population of the kingdom of Judah did not exceed a million and a quarter. The scale of things, I say, is here too small, the numbers are too scanty, to give us a remnant capable of saving and perpetuating the state. The remnant, in these cases, may influence the world and the future, may transcend the state and survive it; but it cannot possibly transform the state and perpetuate the state: for such a work it is numerically too feeble.

Plato saw the impossibility. Isaiah refused to accept it, but facts were too strong for him. The Jewish state could not be renewed and saved, and he was wrong in thinking that it could. And therefore I call his grand point this other, where he was altogether right: that the actual world of the unsound majority, though it fancied itself solid, and though most men might call it solid, could not stand. Let us read him again and again, until we fix in our minds this true conviction of his, to edify us whenever we see such a world existing: his indestructible conviction that such a world, with its prosperities, idolatries, oppression, luxury, pleasures, drunkards, careless women, gov-

erning classes, systems of policy, strong alliances, shall come to naught and pass away; that nothing can save it. Let us do homage, also, to his indestructible conviction that states are saved by their righteous remnant, however clearly we may at the same time recognize that his own building on this conviction was premature.

That, however, matters to us little. For how different is the scale of things in the modern states to which we belong, how far greater are the numbers! It is impossible to overrate the importance of the new element introduced into our calculations by increasing the size of the remnant. And in our great modern states, where the scale of things is so large, it does seem as if the remnant might be so increased as to become an actual power, even though the majority be unsound. Then the lover of wisdom may come out from under his wall, the lover of goodness will not be alone among the wild beasts. To enable the remnant to succeed, a large strengthening of its numbers is everything.

Here is good hope for us, not only, as for Plato's recluse, in departing this life, but while we live and work in it. Only, before we dwell too much on this hope, it is advisable to make sure that we have earned the right to entertain it. We have earned the right to entertain it, only when we are at one with the philosophers and prophets in their conviction respecting the world which now is, the world of the unsound majority; when we feel what they mean, and when we go thoroughly with them in it. Most of us, as I have said already, would by no means have been with them when they were here in life, and most of us are not really with them now. What is saving? Our institutions, says an American; the British Constitution, says an Englishman; the civilizing mission of France, says a Frenchman. But Plato and the sages, when they are asked what is saving, answer: "To love righteousness, and to be convinced of the unprofitableness of iniquity." And Isaiah and the prophets, when they are asked the same question, answer to just the same effect: that what is saving is to "order one's conversation right;" to "cease to do evil;" to "delight in the law of

the Eternal," and to "make one's study in it all day long."

The worst of it is, that this loving of righteousness and this delighting in the law of the Eternal sound rather vague to us. Not that they are vague really; indeed they are less vague than American institutions, or the British Constitution, or the civilizing mission of France. But the phrases sound vague because of the quantity of matters they cover. The thing is to have a brief but adequate enumeration of these matters. The New Testament tells us how righteousness is composed. In England and America we have been brought up in familiarity with the New Testament. And so, before Mr. Bradlaugh on our side of the water, and the Congress of American Freethinkers on yours, banish it from our education and memory, let us take from the New Testament a text showing what it is that both Plato and the prophets mean when they tell us that we ought to love righteousness and to make our study in the law of the Eternal, but that the unsound majority do nothing of the kind. A score of texts offer themselves in a moment. Here is one which will serve very well: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are elevated, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are amiable, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise; have these in your mind, let your thoughts run upon these."* That is what both Plato and the prophets mean by loving righteousness, and making one's study in the law of the Eternal.

Now the matters just enumerated do not come much into the heads of most of us, I suppose, when we are thinking of politics. But the philosophers and prophets maintain that these matters, and not those of which the heads of politicians are full, do really govern politics and save or destroy states. They save or destroy them by a silent, inexorable fatality; while the politicians are making believe, plausibly and noisily, with their American institutions, British Constitution, and civilizing mission of France. And because these matters are what do really govern politics

* Philippians iv. 8.

and save or destroy states, Socrates maintained that he and a few philosophers, who alone kept insisting on the good of righteousness and the unprofitableness of iniquity, were the only real politicians then living.

I say, if we are to derive comfort from the doctrine of *the remnant* (and there is great comfort to be derived from it), we must also hold fast to the austere but true doctrine as to what really governs politics, overrides with an inexorable fatality the combinations of the so-called politicians, and saves or destroys states. Having in mind things true, things elevated, things just, things pure, things amiable, things of good report; having these in mind, studying and loving these, is what saves states.

There is nothing like positive instances to illustrate general propositions of this kind, and to make them believed. I hesitate to take an instance from America. Possibly there are some people who think that already, on a former occasion, I have said enough about America without duly seeing and knowing it. So I will take my instances from England, and from England's neighbor and old co-mate in history, France. The instance from England I will take first. I will take it from the grave topic of England's relations with Ireland. I am not going to reproach either England or Ireland. To reproach Ireland here would probably be indiscreet. As to England, anything I may have to say against my own countrymen I prefer to say at home; America is the last place where I should care to say it. However, I have no wish or intention to reproach either the English or the Irish. But I want to show you from England's relations with Ireland how right the philosophers and prophets are. Every one knows that there has been conquest and confiscation in Ireland. So there has elsewhere. Every one knows that the conquest and the confiscation have been attended with cupidity, oppression, and ill-usage. So they have elsewhere. "Whatsoever things are just" are not exactly the study, so far as I know, of conquerors and confiscators anywhere; certainly they are not the study of the English conquerors of Ireland. A failure in justice is a source of danger to states. But it may be made up for and

got over; it has been made up for and got over in many communities. England's confiscations in Ireland are a thing of the past; the penal laws against Catholics are a thing of the past; much has been done to make up for the old failure in justice; Englishmen generally think that it has been pretty well made up for, and that Irishmen ought to think so too. And politicians invent Land Acts for curing the last results of the old failure in justice, for insuring the contentment of the Irish with us, and for consolidating the Union; and are surprised and plaintive if it is not consolidated. But now see how much more serious people are the philosophers and prophets than the politicians!

Whatsoever things are amiable—the failure in amiability, too, is a source of danger and insecurity to states, as well as the failure in justice. And we English are not amiable, or at any rate, what in this case comes to the same thing, do not appear so. The politicians never thought of that! Quite outside their combinations lies this hindrance, tending to make their most elaborate combinations ineffectual. Thus the joint operation of two moral causes together—the sort of causes which politicians do not seriously regard—tells against the designs of the politicians with what seems to be an almost inexorable fatality. If there were not the failure in amiability, perhaps the original failure in justice might by this time have been got over; if there had not been the failure in justice, perhaps the failure in amiability might not have mattered much. The two failures together create a difficulty almost insurmountable. Public men in England keep saying that it will be got over. I hope that it will be got over, and that the union between England and Ireland will become as solid as that between England and Scotland. But it will not become solid by means of the contrivances of the mere politician, or without the intervention of moral causes of concord to heal the mischief wrought by moral causes of division. Everything, in this case, depends upon the "remnant," its numbers, and its powers of action.

My second instance is even more important. It is so important, and its reach is so wide, that I must go into it

with some little fulness. The instance is taken from France. To France I have always felt myself powerfully drawn. People in England often accuse me of liking France and things French far too well. At all events I have paid special regard to them, and am always glad to confess how much I owe to them. M. Sainte-Beuve wrote to me in the last years of his life: "You have passed through our life and literature by a deep inner line, which confers initiation, and which you will never lose." "Vous avez traversé notre vie et notre littérature par une ligne intérieure, profonde, qui fait les initiés, et que vous ne perdrez jamais." I wish I could think that this friendly testimony of that accomplished and charming man, one of my chief benefactors, were fully deserved. But I have pride and pleasure in quoting it; and I quote it to bear me out in saying, that whatever opinion I may express about France, I have at least been a not inattentive observer of that great country, and anything but a hostile one.

The question was once asked by the town clerk of Ephesus: "What man is there that knoweth not how that the city of the Ephesians is a worshipper of the great goddess Diana?" Now really, when one looks at the popular literature of the French at this moment—their popular novels, popular stage plays, popular newspapers—and at the life of which this literature of theirs is the index—one is tempted to make a goddess out of a word of their own, and then, like the town clerk of Ephesus, to ask: "What man is there that knoweth not how that the city of the French is a worshipper of the great goddess Lubricity?" Or rather, as Greek is the classic and euphonious language for names of gods and goddesses, let us take her name from the Greek Testament, and call her the goddess *Aselgeia*. That goddess has always been a sufficient power among mankind, and her worship was generally supposed to need restraining rather than encouraging. But here is now a whole popular literature, nay, and art, too, in France at her service! stimulations and suggestions by her and to her meet one in it at every turn. She is becoming the great recognized power there. Never was anything like it. M. Renan him-

self seems half inclined to apologize for not having paid her more attention. "Nature cares nothing for chastity," says he; "Les frivoles ont peut-être raison;" "The gay people are perhaps in the right." Men even of this force salute her; but the allegiance now paid to her, in France, by the popular novel, the popular newspaper, the popular play, is, one may say, boundless.

I have no wish at all to preach to the French; no intention whatever, in what I now say, to upbraid or wound them. I simply lay my finger on a fact in their present condition; a fact insufficiently noticed, as it seems to me, and yet extremely potent for mischief. It is well worth while to trace the manner of its growth and action.

The French have always had a leaning to the goddess of whom we speak, and have been willing enough to let the world know of their leaning, to pride themselves on their Gaulish salt, their gallantry, and so on. But things have come to their present head gradually. Catholicism was an obstacle; the serious element in the nation was another obstacle. But now just see the course which things have taken, and how they all, one may say, have worked together for this goddess. First, there was the original Gaul, the basis of the French nation; the Gaul, gay, sociable, quick of sentiment, quick of perception; apt, however, very apt, to be presumptuous and puffed up. Then came the Roman conquest, and from this we get a new personage, the Gallo-Latin; with the Gaulish qualities for a basis, but with Latin order, reason, lucidity, added, and also Latin sensuality. Finally, we have the Frankish conquest and the Frenchman. The Frenchman proper is the Gallo-Latin, with Frankish or Germanic qualities added and infused. No mixture could be better. The Germans have plenty of faults, but in this combination they seem not to have taken hold; the Germans seem to have given of their seriousness and honesty to the conquered Gallo-Latin, and not of their brutality. And mediæval France, which exhibits the combination and balance, under the influence then exercised by Catholicism, of Gaulish quickness and gayety with Latin rationality and Ger-

man seriousness, offers to our view the soundest and the most attractive stage, perhaps, in all French history.

But the balance could not be maintained; at any rate, it was not maintained. Mediæval Catholicism lost its virtue. The serious Germanic races made the Reformation; feeling that without it there was no safety and continuance for those moral ideas which they loved, and which were the ground of their being. France did not go with the Reformation; the Germanic qualities in her were not strong enough to make her go with it. "France did not want a reformation which was a moral one," is Michelet's account of the matter: "La France ne voulait pas de réforme morale." At any rate, the Reformation did not carry France with it, and the Germanic side in the Frenchman, his Germanic qualities, thus received a check. They subsisted, however, in good force still; the new knowledge and new ideas, brought by the revival of letters, gave an animating stimulus; and in the seventeenth century the Gaulish gayety and quickness of France, the Latin rationality, and the still subsisting German seriousness, all combining under the puissant breath of the Renaissance, produced a literature, the strongest, the most substantial, and the most serious which the French have ever succeeded in producing, and which has, indeed, consummate and splendid excellences.

Still, the Germanic side in the Frenchman had received a check, and in the next century this side became quite attenuated. The Germanic steadiness and seriousness gave way more and more; the Gaulish salt, the Gaulish gaiety, quickness, sentiment, and sociability, the Latin rationality, prevailed more and more, and had the field nearly to themselves. They produced a brilliant and most efficacious literature—the French literature of the eighteenth century. The goddess Aselgeia had her part in it; it was a literature to be praised with reserves; it was, above all, a revolutionary literature. But European institutions were then in such a superannuated condition, direct and just perception, free thought and rationality, were at such a discount, that the brilliant French literature in which these quali-

ties predominated, and which by their predominance was made revolutionary, had in the eighteenth century a great mission to fulfil, and fulfilled it victoriously.

The mission is fulfilled, but meanwhile the Germanic quality in the Frenchman seems pretty nearly to have died out, and the Gallo-Latin in him has quite got the upper hand. Of course there are individuals and groups who are to be excepted; I will allow any number of exceptions you please; and in the mass of the French people, which works and is silent, there may be treasures of resource. But taking the Frenchman who is commonly in view—the usual type of speaking, doing, vocal, visible Frenchman—we may say, and he will probably be not at all displeased at our saying, that the German in him has nearly died out, and the Gallo-Latin has quite got the upper hand. For us, however, this means that the chief source of seriousness and of moral ideas is failing and drying up in him, and that what remains are the sources of Gaulish salt, and quickness, and sentiment, and sociability, and sensuality, and rationality. And, of course the play and working of these qualities is altered by their being no longer in combination with a dose of German seriousness, but left to work by themselves. Left to work by themselves, they give us what we call the *homme sensuel moyen*, the average sensual man. The highest art, the art which by its height, depth, and gravity possesses religiousness—such as the Greeks had, the art of Pindar and Phidias; such as the Italians had, the art of Dante and Michael Angelo—this art, with the training which it gives and the standard which it sets up, the French have never had. On the other hand they have a dose of German seriousness, a Germanic bent for ideas of moral duty, which neither the Greeks had, nor the Italians. But if this dies out, what is left is the *homme sensuel moyen*. This average sensual man has his very advantageous qualities. He has his gayety, quickness, sentiment, sociability, rationality. He has his horror of sour strictness, false restraint, hypocrisy, obscurantism, cretinism, and the rest of it. And this is very well; but on the serious, moral side he is almost ludicrously insufficient.

Fine sentiments about his dignity and his honor and his heart, about the dignity and the honor and the heart of France, and his adoration of her, do duty for him here; grandiose phrases about the spectacle offered in France and the French Republic of the ideal for our race, of the *épanouissement de l'élite de l'humanité*, "the coming into blow of the choice flower of humanity." In M. Victor Hugo we have (his worshippers must forgive me for saying so) the average sensual man impassioned and grandiloquent; in M. Zola we have the average sensual man going near the ground. "Happy the son," cries M. Victor Hugo, "of whom one can say, 'He has consoled his mother!'" Happy the poet of whom one can say, 'He has consoled his country!'" The French themselves, even when they are severest, call this kind of thing by the only mild name of emphasis, "*emphase*"—other people call it fustian. And a surly Johnson will growl out in answer, at one time, that "patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel;" at another time, that fine sentiments about *ma mère* are the last refuge of a scoundrel. But what they really are is the creed which in France the average sensual man rehearses, to do duty for serious moral ideas. And, as the result, we have a popular literature and a popular art serving, as has been already said, the goddess Aselgeia.

Such an art and literature easily make their way everywhere. In England and America, the French literature of the seventeenth century is peculiarly fitted to do great good, and nothing but good; it can hardly be too much studied by us. And it is studied by us very little. The French literature of the eighteenth century also has qualities to do us much good, and we are not likely to take harm from its other qualities; we may study it to our great profit and advantage. And it is studied by us very little. The higher French literature of the present day has more knowledge and a wider range than its great predecessors, but less soundness and perfection, and it exerts much less influence than they did. Action and influence are now with the lower literature of France, with the popular literature in the service of the goddess Aselgeia. And this popular

modern French literature, and the art which corresponds to it, bid fair to make their way in England and America far better than their predecessors. They appeal to instincts so universal and so accessible; they appeal, people are beginning boldly to say, to Nature herself. Few things have ever struck me more than M. Renan's dictum, which I have already quoted, about what used to be called the virtue of Chastity. The dictum occurs in his very interesting autobiography, published but the other day. M. Renan, whose genius I unfeignedly admire, is, I need hardly say, a man of the most perfect propriety of life; he has told us so himself. He was brought up for a priest, and he thinks it would not have been in good taste for him to become a free liver. But this abstinence was a mere matter of personal delicacy, a display of good and correct taste on his own part in his own very special circumstances. "Nature," he cries, "cares nothing about chastity." What a slap in the face to the sticklers for "Whatsoever things are pure"!

I have had to take a long sweep to arrive at the point which I wished to reach. If we are to enjoy the benefit, I said, of the comfortable doctrine of the remnant, we must be capable of receiving also, and of holding fast, the hard doctrine of the unsoundness of the majority, and of the certainty that the unsoundness of the majority, if it is not withstood and remedied, must be their ruin. And therefore, even though a gifted man like M. Renan may be so carried away by the tide of opinion in France where he lives, as to say that Nature cares nothing about chastity, and to see with amused indulgence the worship of the great goddess Lubricity, let us stand fast, and say that it is against nature, human nature, and that it is ruin. For this is the test of its being against human nature, that for human societies it is ruin. And the test is one from which there is no escape, as from the old test in such matters there may be. For if you allege that it is the will of God that we should be pure, the sceptical Gallo-Latins will tell you that they do not know any such person. And in like manner, if it is said that those who serve the goddess Aselgeia

shall not inherit the kingdom of God, the Gallo-Latin may tell you that he does not believe in any such place. But that the sure tendency and upshot of things establishes that the service of the goddess is ruin, that her followers are marred and stunted by it, and disqualified for the ideal society of the future, is an infallible test to employ.

The saints admonish us to let our thoughts run upon whatsoever things are pure, if we would inherit the kingdom of God; and the divine Plato tells us that we have within us a many-headed beast and a man, and that by dissoluteness we feed and strengthen the beast in us, and starve the man; and, finally, following the divine Plato among the sages at a humble distance, comes the prosaic and unfashionable Paley, and says in his precise way that "this vice has a tendency, which other species of vice have not so directly, to unsettle and weaken the powers of the understanding; as well as, I think, in a greater degree than other vices, to render the heart thoroughly corrupt." True; and once admitted and fostered, it eats like a canker, and with difficulty can ever be brought to let go its hold again, but forever tightens it. Hardness and insolence come in its train; an insolence which grows until it ends by exasperating and alienating everybody; a hardness which grows until the man can at last scarcely take pleasure in anything, outside the service of his goddess, except cupidity and greed, and cannot be touched with emotion by any language except fustian. Such are the fruits of the worship of the great goddess Aselgeia.

So, instead of saying that Nature cares nothing about chastity, let us say that human nature cares about it a great deal; that, by her present popular literature, France gives proof that she is suffering from a dangerous and perhaps fatal disease, and that it is not clericalism which is the real enemy to the French so much as their goddess, and if they can none of them see this themselves, it is only a sign of how far the disease has gone, and the case is so much the worse. The case is so much the worse; and for men in such case to be so vehemently busy about clerical and dynastic intrigues at home, and about

alliances and colonial acquisitions and purifications of the flag abroad, might well make one borrow of the prophets and exclaim, "Surely ye are perverse!" perverse to neglect your really pressing matters for these secondary ones. And when the ingenious and inexhaustible M. Blowitz, of our great London *Times*, who sees everybody and knows everything, when he expounds the springs of politics and the causes of the fall and success of ministries, and the combinations which have not been tried but should be, and takes upon him the mystery of things in the way with which we are so familiar—to this wise man himself one is often tempted, again, to say, with the prophets: "Yet the Eternal also is wise, and will bring evil, and will not call back His words." M. Blowitz is not the only wise one; the Eternal has His wisdom also, and somehow or other it is always the Eternal's wisdom which at last carries the day. The Eternal has attached to certain moral causes the safety or the ruin of states, and the present popular literature of France is a sign that she has a most dangerous moral disease.

Now if the disease goes on and increases, then, whatever sagacious advice M. Blowitz may give, and whatever political combinations may be tried, and whether France gets colonies or not, and whether she allies herself with this nation or with that, things will only go from bad to worse with her; she will more and more lose her powers of soul and spirit, her intellectual productiveness, her skill in counsel, her might for war, her formidableness as a foe, her value as an ally, and the life of that famous state will be more and more impaired, until it perish. And this is that hard but true doctrine of the sages and prophets, of the inexorable fatality of operation, in moral failure of the unsound majority, to destroy states. But we will not talk or think of destruction for a state with such gifts and graces as France, and which has had such a place in history, and to which we, many of us, owe so much delight and so much good. And yet if France had no greater numbers than the Athens of Plato or the Judah of Isaiah, I do not see how she could well escape out of the throttling arms of her goddess and recover. She

must recover through a powerful and profound renewal, a great inward change, brought about by "the remnant" among her people; and for this a remnant small in numbers would not suffice. But in a France of thirty-five millions, who shall set bounds to the numbers of the remnant, or to its effectualness and power of victory?

In these United States (for I come round to the United States at last) you are fifty millions and more. I suppose that, as in England, as in France, as everywhere, so likewise here, the majority of people doubt very much whether the majority is unsound; or, rather, they have no doubt at all about the matter, they are sure that it is not unsound. But let us consent to-night to remain to the end in the ideas of the sages and prophets whom we have been following all along, and let us suppose that in the present actual stage of the world, as in all the stages through which the world has passed hitherto, the majority is and must be in general unsound everywhere—even in the United States, even in New York itself. Where is the failure? I have already, in the past speculated in the abstract about you too much. But I suppose that in a democratic community like this, with its newness, its magnitude, its strength, its life of business, its sheer freedom and equality, the danger is in the absence and the discipline of respect; in hardness of materialism, exaggeration and boastfulness; in a false smartness, a false audacity, a want of soul and delicacy. "Whatsoever things are *elevated*"—whatsoever things are nobly serious, have true elevation*—that perhaps, in our catalogue of maxims which are to possess the mind, is the maxim which points to where the failure of the unsound majority, in a great democracy like yours, will probably lie. At any rate let us for the moment agree to suppose so. And the philosophers and the prophets, whom I at any rate am disposed to believe, and who say that moral causes govern the standing and the falling of states, will tell us that the failure to mind whatsoever things are elevated must impair with an inexorable fatality the life of a nation, just as the failure to

mind whatsoever things are just, or whatsoever things are amiable, or whatsoever things are pure, will impair it; and that if the failure to mind whatsoever things are elevated should be real in your American democracy, and should grow into a disease, and take firm hold on you, then the life of even these great United States must inevitably be impaired more and more, until it perish.

Then from this hard doctrine we will betake ourselves to the more comfortable doctrine of *the remnant*. "The remnant shall return;" shall convert and be healed itself first, and shall then recover the unsound majority. And you are fifty millions and growing apace. What a remnant yours may be, surely! A remnant of how great numbers, how mighty strength, how irresistible efficacy! Yet we must not go too fast, either, or make too sure of our efficacious remnant. Mere multitude will not give us a saving remnant with certainty. The Assyrian Empire had multitude, the Roman Empire had multitude; yet neither the one nor the other could produce a sufficing remnant any more than Athens or Judah could produce it, and both Assyria and Rome perished like Athens and Judah.

But you are something more than a people of fifty millions. You are fifty millions mainly sprung, as we in England are mainly sprung, from that German stock which has faults indeed—faults which have diminished the extent of its influence, diminished its power of attraction and the interest of its history, and which seems moreover just now, from all I can see and hear, to be passing through a not very happy moment, morally, in Germany proper. Yet of the German stock it is, I think, true, as my father said more than fifty years ago, that it has been a stock "of the most moral races of men that the world has yet seen, with the soundest laws, the least violent passions, the fairest domestic and civil virtues." You come, therefore, of about the best parentage which a modern nation can have. Then you have had, as we in England have also had, but more entirely than we, and more exclusively, the Puritan discipline. Certainly I am not blind to the faults of that discipline. Certainly I do not wish it to remain in possession of the field forever,

* Όσα σερνά.

or too long. But as a stage and a discipline, and as means for enabling that poor inattentive and immoral creature, man, to love and appropriate and make part of his being divine ideas, on which he could not otherwise have laid or kept hold, the discipline of Puritanism has been invaluable; and the more I read history, the more I see of mankind, the more I recognize its value. Well, then, you are not merely a multitude of fifty millions; you are fifty millions

sprung from this excellent Germanic stock, having passed through this excellent Puritan discipline, and set in this enviable and unbounded country. Even supposing, therefore, that by the necessity of things your majority must in the present stage of the world probably be unsound, what a remnant, I say—what an incomparable, all-transforming remnant—you may fairly hope with your numbers, if things go happily, to have! —*Nineteenth Century.*



CURIOSITIES OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

THE first curiosity of the electric light was of course its discovery in 1802 by Humphry Davy, then an assistant-lecturer at the Royal Institution. With one of the new batteries which Volta had invented two years before, Davy was surprised to get a brilliant white light when the poles of the battery were joined through two pieces of carbon. Later on, his astonishment was increased when he found how intensely hot was this "arch" of carbon light—the hottest known artificial source. "Platinum," he wrote, "was melted as readily as is wax in the flame of a common candle; quartz, the sapphire, magnesia, lime, all entered into fusion." Even the diamond swells out into a black mass in the electric arc, and carbon itself has been known to soften. Dr. Siemens, as is well known, utilized this fervent heat to fuse metals in a crucible. With the arc from a dynamo capable of giving a light of five thousand candles, he fused fifteen pounds of broken files in as many minutes. Indeed, the temperature of the arc ranges from two thousand to five thousand degrees centigrade. Another curiosity of the arc is that it can be shown in water or other liquids without quenching. Liquids have a diffusive action on the light; and a globule of fused oxide of iron between platinum wires conveying the current, produces a very fine golden light. The fused plaster of Paris between the carbons of the Jablochkoff candle also forms a brilliant source of light in the arc; as does the marble separator which answers the same purpose in the *lampe soleil*. Indeed, this white-hot marble, rendered lumi-

nous by the arc, gives out a mellow radiance so closely resembling sunshine as to give the lamp its name. Such a light is very suitable for illuminating picture galleries.

Electric light is also produced by sending a discharge through vacuum tubes like those of Geissler; and the varied colors thus produced are exceedingly pretty. Phosphorescent substances, too, such as the sulphide of barium, or the platino-barium cyanide, become highly luminous when inclosed in a tube and traversed by the electric current.

Besides the voltaic arc, we have now, however, another kind of electric light—namely, the incandescence which is produced by sending the current through a very slender filament of platinum wire or carbon fibre inclosed in a glass bulb exhausted of air. Such are the lamps of Swan, Edison and others. These lamps have also their curious features. The temperature of the filament is of course much lower than the temperature of the arc. It is only about eighteen hundred degrees centigrade, for if it were higher, the delicate filament would be dissipated into vapor which would condense like smoke on the cool glass. With a platinum filament, the metal would "silver" the interior of the bulb. Curiously enough, when the copper "electrodes" or wires conveying the current inside the bulb to the filament of Edison lamp are accidentally dissipated by excess of current, the carbon thread seems to shelter the glass from the copper shower, for Dr. J. Fleming has observed that there is always a blank line on the glass opposite the filament, while all the rest is

coated with a film of copper. When the carbon itself is dissipated, this blank line is not seen, and the whole interior of the bulb appears to be smoked. According to Dr. Fleming, this means that the molecules of copper move in straight lines in the vacuum.

During the ordinary action of one of these lamps there is believed to be a kind of molecular bombardment between the two sides of the carbon filament, which is usually bent into a loop. This battery of atoms in time disintegrates the filament near its junction with the wires where it is severest, and a patent has recently been taken out by Mr. Brush, the well-known inventor, for the insertion of a mica screen between the legs of the filament to shield them from the pellets.

The spectrum of the voltaic arc consists of the continuous ribbon spectrum of the white-hot solid carbons, and certain bright lines due to the glowing vapors of the arc. The light is rich in the blue or actinic rays so productive of chemical action, and hence it is, perhaps, that Dr. Siemens found it so effective in forcing fruit and flowers by night in lieu of the sun. It helps the development of chlorophyl; and perhaps the electricity itself has also something to do with assisting growth, apart from the light, for several French experimenters have found that electrified soil and air seem to foster plants better than unelectrified. It is remarkable, too, that young bamboo shoots grow very rapidly after the thunderstorms which usher in the Indian monsoons.

The power of the arc-light is something unrivalled by any other light, whether of limelight or magnesium. At the famous Crystal Palace Electrical Exhibition, an arc reputed to be one-hundred and fifty thousand candles in power was lighted every evening. The carbons were stout copper-plated bars nearly two and a half inches thick. This intensity of illumination renders the arc eminently adapted for light-houses and search-lights. Hence it is that the French government have decided to light forty of their coast light-houses by electricity, and that most of our warships and military trains are now equipped with electric lamps for search-purposes. We read that the fleet

at Alexandria explored the Egyptian forts by night with powerful arcs; and that the French admiral at Madagascar struck terror into the breasts of the simple Hovas by a similar display.

For scouring the sea in search of torpedo-boats by night, or icebergs and other ships during a fog, the value of the arc-light cannot be too highly estimated. The screw-steamer *Faraday*, while engaged some time ago in laying a new Atlantic cable, would have run right into an iceberg in a Newfoundland fog, but for the electric beam projected from her bows into the misty air ahead. Fog, however, has a peculiarly strong quenching power over the arc-light, owing to the preference it has for absorbing all the blue rays, and to the comparative poverty of the orange color. Hence it is that electric arc-lamps look so white and dim in a dense fog. A single gas-jet can be seen about as far as a two-thousand-candle arc-lamp. This is because the gas-jet is rich in those red rays which penetrate a fog without being absorbed; whereas it is poor in the blue rays which are quenched. For this reason, also, the incandescence lamp is preferable to the arc for a misty atmosphere.

The incandescence lamp can also burn under water, and owing to its pretty shape, its pure light, its cleanliness, and independence of everything except wires to bring the current to it, is highly suitable for decorative purposes. It particularly lends itself to ornamental devices of a floral order; and a great variety of chandeliers and brackets have now been designed representing various plants with leaves of brass or filigree, and flowers composed of tinted crystal cups containing the lamps. Fruit is also simulated by lamps of colored glass. For example, at a Drury Lane Christmas pantomime, both holly and mistletoe berries were imitated by incandescence lamps of crimson and opal glass. Artificial lemon-trees, with fruit consisting of yellow lamps, also make a pretty dining-table ornament. So do vases of roses with incandescence lamps hid in them, an ornament devised by Mr. J. W. Swan for his residence at Bromley. Aquaria, too, can be lighted internally by incandescence bulbs, and it would be very pretty to see the lamps

lying beside growing sea-anemones, whose expansion might seem the more lovely under the stimulus of their rays.

A Christmas-tree looks very pretty when lighted by a hundred incandescence lamps; the first attempted being in all probability that in the Swedish section of the Electrical Exhibition held in Paris two years ago. At the Vienna Electrical Exhibition there are, while we write, some novel effects of electric illumination; for instance, there is a hall lighted entirely from the ceiling by electricity. The ceiling is painted a deep blue to represent the sky, and studded with innumerable stars in the shape of incandescence lamps. This reminds us of the allegorical sun produced in the window of Mr. Mayal, the well-known photographer, by means of the same illuminant.

From its cool brightness and safety from fire, the incandescence light is very well adapted for theatres, and there are now several opera-houses and theatres lighted by it. The Savoy Theatre, London; the Princess's Theatre, Manchester; the Lyceum Theatre, Edinburgh, etc., are all lit by incandescence lamps owing to its brilliance as compared with gas. Some change was necessary in the making-up of the actors and actresses, and the painting of the scenes; but at the New Grand Theatre, Islington, the changes have been avoided by the use of yellow glass bulbs which soften the light. At the Electrical Exhibition, Vienna, there is a model theatre with numerous scenic effects never before attempted by gas; and moonlight, sunrise, sunset, twilight, and night are all imitated with great fidelity. In the drama of *Love and Money* at the Adelphi Theatre, a flood of daylight bursting in upon some entombed miners through a hole cut in the coal by a rescuing party, was very well imitated by a beam of "arc" light. The practice of wearing tiny star lamps on the hair or dress has also come more into fashion. Probably the first use of it was by the fairies in the comic opera of *Iolanthe* at the Savoy Theatre. Each fairy carried a small accumulator on her back half concealed by her wings, and this gave electricity to a miniature Swan lamp mounted on her forehead. Ladies are sometimes to

be seen with miniature lamps attached to their dresses, and lighted by a touch of their fingers upon a small key hid in their belts. One might have glow-worm or firefly ornaments at this rate. The "death's-head" pin worn by gentlemen in Paris a year or two ago was a similar application of the electric current. On touching a key to complete the electric circuit of a small pocket battery, the eyes of the death's-head in the wearer's breast began to shine like sparks of fire.

The use of the electric light for sporting purposes has had some curious developments. Polo, cricket, base-ball, skating, and so on, have all been played by night. At the Montreal Ice Carnival last winter, the huge ice palace was illuminated both out and in with thousands of electric lights, and skating, curling, snow-shoeing, and tobogganning went on by night as well as day.

Gnats are fascinated by a powerful electric lamp, and dance about it as they do in a beam of evening sunshine. Light has an attraction for many animals besides insects. Flying-fish spring out of the sea when sailors hang a lantern by the ship's side; and in California now it is the custom to submerge a cluster of Edison lamps from the bows of a boat with a net expanded below. When the fish gather round the light the net is closed on them, and after being hauled out of the water they are put into water-tanks, and sent alive on special cars by overland rail to New York and the Eastern States. The French *chasseur* also makes a bag sometimes by employing an electric light to attract his feathered game; pigeons especially being lured by it.

Owing to its power, the arc-light is very well suited for signalling purposes; and hence it is now used with the heliograph to signal the approach of cyclones between the British island of Mauritius and Reunion in the Indian Ocean. It has also been proposed to signal by transparent balloons lit by incandescence lamps. The balloon is raised to a good height by a rope which also carries the wires conveying the current to the lamps; and flashes according to an understood code of signals are made by working a key to interrupt the current, as in the act of telegraphing.

Diving operations under the sea are greatly facilitated by the electric light ; and a trial was recently made of a powerful lamp at Marseilles in lighting up the hull of a sunken ship. The amber hunters of the Baltic are also using the light for seeking the fossil gum on the sea-bed, instead of waiting until the waves cast it on the shore. Sea-water is remarkably clear, and the rocks of the seashore are often beautifully covered with weeds and shells. It is no wonder, then, that a submarine balloon has been devised by one Signor Toselli at Nice, for going under water to examine them. This observatory holds eight people, and has a glass bottom and an electric light for illuminating the sea-caves.

The electric light is not free from danger ; but, from not being explosive, it is far from being as fatal in its effects as gas. There have been several deaths from electric shock caused by the very powerful currents of the Brush and Jablochkoff machines. For instance, a man was killed instantly on board the late Czar's yacht *Livadia* when crossing the Bay of Biscay. He had accidentally grasped the bare connections of one of the electric lamps and received the current through his breast. Others have been killed by touching bare wires conveying the current ; a man in Kansas City, United States, met his death quite recently in repairing some electric light wires without knowing that the current flowed in them. Carelessness of some kind was the source of these misfortunes ; but the use of such very deadly currents is to be deprecated. When the electro-motive force of an electric current exceeds five hundred volts it becomes dangerous, and hence it is that the Board of Trade prohibits the use of more powerful currents for general lighting. The use of overhead wires, sometimes uninsulated and never wholly insulated, such as obtains in some parts of the United States, ought also to be eschewed, and underground cables, safe out of harm's way, employed instead. With cables buried in the earth, we should not have a repetition of the curious incident which recently happened at the Luray Cavern in Virginia, where lightning ran into the cave along the

electric light conductors and destroyed some of the finest stalactites.

The plan of having tall masts with a cluster of very powerful lights reflected from the height by mirrors is a very good one, since it obviates the distribution of wires and lamps. By imitating the sun, in this way a Californian town is entirely lighted from one or two masts ; and it is satisfactory to know that the system is being tried at South Kensington.

The dynamos of electric machines have been known to explode, or rather burst from the centrifugal force due to the rapid revolution of the armature. An accident of this kind recently caused great alarm in a New York theatre. Sparks from the red-hot carbons of arc-lamps, or between wire and wire of the conductors, have also led to many small fires ; but none of any great consequence. A spark is so feeble a source of heat that, unlike the spilling of an oil lamp, it does not produce a powerful fire, provided the materials it falls among are not highly inflammable. On the whole, the danger of fire with electric lighting, especially incandescence lighting, has probably been exaggerated. The incandescence lamp itself is very safe, since if one be enveloped in light dry muslin and broken, the muslin is not burned. In fact, the rush of air caused by the broken vacuum entirely dissipates the red-hot filament.

From its injurious aspects we turn now to its beneficial qualities. The arc-light by its brilliance is not good for the eyesight when looked at direct, but there is probably nothing harmful in the light itself, unless it should be the excess of violet rays. It is a cool light ; and hot lights, by drying the natural humors of the eye, are the most prejudicial to the sight. The incandescence light, which is free from excess of violet rays, is also a cool light ; and as it neither pollutes nor burns the air of a chamber, it is the best light for a student. Small reading lamps, fitted with movable arms carrying incandescent bulbs, are now manufactured for this purpose. Even with the incandescence lamp, however, it is advisable not to look at the brilliant filament.

Surgeons and dentists find these little

incandescence lamps of great service in examining the teeth and mouth. Some are made no larger than a pea. Others are fitted into silver probes (cooled by circulating water) for insertion into the stomach to illuminate its coats, or enable a physician to diagnose other internal organs. Dr. Payne, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, recently made an examination of the liver by inserting one of these endoscopes into it through an incision made in the abdomen. M. Trouvé has also fitted a small lamp to a belt which

goes round the physician's forehead, thereby enabling him to direct the light to where he is looking. Another experimenter has so applied the light that he has been able to photograph the vocal chords while in the act of singing; and a third has illuminated the whole interior of a living fish, so that all the main physiological operations could be witnessed by a class of students. Such services as these could not be rendered by any other known illuminator.—*Chambers's Journal*.

THE ORIGIN OF THE ALPHABET.

BY HENRY BRADLEY.

THAT the Roman alphabet has been developed, by gradual alterations in the forms of the characters, from the Phœnician alphabet of twenty-two letters, is a fact which has been well known ever since the history of writing began to be studied. The question how the Phœnician letters themselves came into existence would, fifty years ago, have seemed to the best scholars incapable of any certain solution; and the problem of tracing to any common source the widely-differing alphabets of the world would have appeared, if possible, still more unpromising. The learned researches of our own day, which have thrown unlooked-for light on so many of the obscurest regions of human history, have resulted in the conclusive settlement of both these questions. It is no longer a matter of doubt that all known alphabets, with scarcely an exception, are descended from that of the Phœnicians, which is itself derived from the hieroglyphics of Egypt. With regard to the precise derivation of individual letters, and even of some entire alphabets, there still remains much to be discovered. But the main outlines of the history of writing have been firmly laid down, and the work which is left for future investigators will be concerned only with matters of detail.

In the two splendid volumes recently published by the Rev. Isaac Taylor,*

* "The Alphabet: a History of the Origin and Development of Letters." By Isaac Taylor, M.A., LL.D. 2 vols. (Kegan Paul & Co.)

the English reader possesses the completest existing summary of the results hitherto yielded by scholarly research with regard to the history of alphabetic signs. The object of this paper is, using principally the materials furnished by Mr. Taylor, to trace the development of our English alphabet from its origin in the monumental writing of Egypt down to its present form. To do this with any degree of fulness would require an extensive use of tables and fac-similes. I shall, however, only aim at presenting a slight and general sketch of the history. For all the minuter details, and for the arguments by which the statements here made are supported, the reader must be referred to Mr. Taylor's work, the remarkable literary qualities of which will be found to impart interest to the discussion of the driest palæographical facts.

The written language of Egypt, with which our story begins, must in its origin have been a language of pictures quite independent of the spoken language of the people by whom it was used. It is as truly a natural human impulse to express thought by means of pictures as by means of sounds. A population of intelligent deaf-mutes (if such an extravagant supposition may be permitted for the sake of illustration) might conceivably in the course of centuries have developed a written language equal in copiousness and precision to any of the spoken languages with which we are acquainted. In such a language the name of a visible object would of

course be its portrait, and abstract ideas would be expressed by pictures in some way capable of suggesting them. The picture-language of Egypt, however, being used not by deaf-mutes, but by men in possession of a spoken language, could not fail, as soon as it began to aim at any high degree of precision, to be more and more conformed to the model of oral speech. When the Egyptian scribe met with a word which he found it difficult to render by a pictorial symbol, it was a natural resource to represent it by the figure of some object whose name coincided with it in sound. By way of illustration, if the English language were written hieroglyphically instead of phonetically, we might render the verb "to read" by the picture of a *reed*. If we were anxious that our picture writing should not share in the ambiguity of our pronunciation, we might prevent all mistake by appending the figure of a book. This procedure would be identical with that which was actually adopted, not only in the Egyptian writing, but in all the other hieroglyphic systems which attained a similar degree of development. The pronunciation of a longer word could sometimes be indicated by a combination of two or more verbal symbols, after the fashion of a "rebus" or "charade." Of the ingenious devices occasionally resorted to by the Egyptian scribes, Mr. Taylor quotes an amusing instance. The name of the lapis lazuli was *khesheb*, and as the words *khesf* and *heb* meant respectively "stop" and "pig," the hieroglyph for *khesheb* was a picture of a man stopping a pig by seizing its tail. Contrivances of this kind, however, failed to meet all the cases in which phonetic representation was desirable. A great step in advance was made by employing certain characters to denote merely the initial syllables of the words which they originally represented. In process of time a limited number out of these syllabic signs came to express merely the initial sound of the syllables for which they stood. In this way there was developed a genuine alphabet, capable of representing phonetically all the words of the spoken language.

The chronological succession of these several stages in the history of the

hieroglyphic system, although absolutely certain, is known to us only as a matter of inference. For in the very oldest specimen of writing in the world, the inscription of King Sent, now at Oxford, the system had already reached the alphabetical stage; the name of the king being expressed by three characters corresponding to the letters S N T. It is interesting to know that this inscription is referred by Egyptologists to a date certainly earlier than that which is given in the margin of our English Bibles as the epoch of the creation of the world. How many centuries must have been required for the previous development of the hieroglyphic writing can only be vaguely conjectured.

It is obvious from what has been said that the Egyptian system of writing was one of enormous complexity. A written character might represent either the visible object whose form it imitated, or some abstract conception of which that object was an emblem, or the mere sound of a word; or it might be used as a syllabic sign or an alphabetic letter; and some characters, moreover, possessed more than one symbolic meaning and more than one phonetic value. The endless ambiguities hence arising had to be prevented by elaborate expedients which must in many cases only have introduced additional perplexity. One would naturally suppose that when the Egyptians had actually achieved the great invention of an alphabet, they would soon have learned to rely upon this powerful instrument exclusively, instead of persevering in the use of a cumbrous mixed system, which it must have required a lifetime to master. Strange to say, however, the hieroglyphic writing continued to be employed with no material simplification until after the Christian era. It is true that the phonetic principle came gradually more and more into use; but to the last, even when a word was spelled alphabetically in full, it was still thought necessary to accompany it with a hieroglyph denoting either the meaning of the word or the class of ideas to which it belonged. That the Egyptians should have been for fifty centuries in the possession of an alphabet, and yet never have practically recognized the incalculable advantage

of a purely alphabetical mode of writing, seems at first sight to indicate a degree of conservative stupidity which is almost miraculous. No doubt this strange phenomenon is in part to be explained by the extraordinary religious reverence for tradition by which the nation was distinguished. It seems probable, however, that it may also have been largely due to the peculiar character of the Egyptian spoken language, which is remarkable for the enormous number of distinct meanings which were expressed by a single sound. The language must in fact have required, in order to be understood, a great deal of help from gesture and intonation, the place of which was supplied in the written language by the "ideographs" and "determinatives." A purely alphabetical system of writing would probably have been as ill adapted to the Egyptian language as to the modern Chinese. However this may be, the fact remains that while the glory of inventing the alphabet belongs to the Egyptians, it was left for another people to take the further step in advance by which that invention became so incalculably important an instrument in the development of human culture.

However well fitted the Egyptian picture-writing might be for monumental purposes, it was in its original form far too laborious, and required far too much skill in its employment, to be available for the needs of every-day life. The attempt to employ the hieroglyphic characters for hurried writing on papyrus naturally resulted in very greatly modifying their forms. More than 2000 years before Christ there had already been developed a style of rapid writing, the signs of which bore only a very vague general resemblance to their pictorial prototypes. During the period in which this current-hand (commonly known as the Early Hieratic) was in use, the north of Egypt was under the sway of a foreign people, kindred, in language at least, with the Phœnicians and the Hebrews. Throughout the five or six centuries of this alien domination, the royal patronage of art and literature ceased to exist, and those ages left no memorials in the form of great public buildings or hieroglyphic inscriptions. But the culture existing among the Egyptian people could not be de-

stroyed, nor could the ruling race fail to be influenced by the superior civilization of their subjects. Many of them doubtless learned to speak the Egyptian language in addition to their own, and some of them would be initiated into the use of the Hieratic writing. It would often happen that in the course of an Egyptian document a Semitic scribe had to write a proper name belonging to his own people, or one of the words which the Egyptians had borrowed from his native tongue. The task would not present any great difficulty; but in accomplishing it the problem of reducing a Semitic language to writing was solved. The further step to a continuous Semitic text would be made almost unconsciously. In this new application of the Hieratic characters the useless symbolic and syllabic signs would naturally be discarded, and the system would be reduced to a simple alphabet, which could easily be learned by persons to whom the Egyptian language was unknown. In this way, rather by an insensible development than by any great exertion of individual inventive genius, the Semites of the Delta came into possession of a purely alphabetic mode of writing, which was communicated by them to their kinsmen on the Asiatic seaboard, through whom it was imparted to the whole civilized world.

The discovery of the derivation of the Phœnician alphabet from the Egyptian was made more than twenty years ago by the great French Egyptologist, Emanuel de Rougé, but the full details were not made known to the world until 1874. Since that date De Rougé's conclusions have met with general acceptance among scholars. One or two dissentient voices have been heard; but it is not probable that scepticism on the subject will long survive the publication of Mr. Taylor's work. Mr. Taylor has furnished accurate copies of early Hieratic characters traced directly from the original papyri, and in an admirably condensed summary of De Rougé's arguments has shown the thoroughly scientific character of the method adopted by the great French scholar. One of the points sometimes brought forward by opponents of De Rougé's theory proves on investigation to yield

important evidence in its favor. It is well known that the names of the twenty-two Phœnician letters were intelligible Semitic words, denoting visible objects, and, of course, beginning with the respective letters to which the names belonged. For example, the letter corresponding to *b* was called *beth*, "house;" *g* was *gimel*, "camel;" and *d* was *daleth*, "door." It has been urged that the natural inference from this nomenclature is that the characters of this alphabet originated in pictures of these objects, which were employed to denote the initial sounds of their Semitic names. This conclusion would be fatal to the theory of their derivation from the Hieratic or any other foreign system of writing; and it is thought to derive support from the resemblances still traceable between the early forms of some of the Phœnician letters and the objects from which they receive their names. It must be admitted that this objection is, at first sight, extremely plausible; but its apparent conclusiveness is entirely destroyed by a consideration of the circumstances under which, according to De Rouge's theory, the Semitic alphabet had its origin.

It is reasonable to suppose that the bilingual Semites of Egypt were acquainted with the Egyptian writing only in its Hieratic form. The Hieratic characters were so greatly modified from their hieroglyphic prototypes that there are only a few out of the alphabetic signs in which the original pictorial intention is discernible. These characters, however, would still continue to be called by the names of the objects the form of which they originally imitated. The letter M, for instance, which in its Hieratic form resembles a rudely-written figure 3, would still retain its name *mulakh*, "an owl." The adapters of this alphabet to Semitic use would, therefore, be familiar with the fact that the Egyptian letters were designated by names of visible objects, to which, except in a few cases, the forms of the characters bore no special resemblance. As these Egyptian names would be unintelligible to those of their kinsmen who knew only their own language, they would naturally be led to substitute for them a set of Semitic object names commencing with the proper initials.

Just in the same manner, as Mr. Taylor points out, the Slavonic nations, in adopting the Greek alphabet, replaced the names of *beta* and *delta* by the words *buki* and *dobro*, meaning "beech" and "oak."

As this analogy shows, there is no necessity for supposing that the Semitic letter-names would in all cases contain some allusion to the shapes of the characters. The essential thing was that they should have the proper initial sound. At the same time, if there were more than one possible object after which a letter could be named, the preference would no doubt be given to one which happened to resemble it in form. This consideration fully accounts for those resemblances which Semitic scholars have long ago pointed out between the early forms of the Phœnician letters and the objects designated by their names; and it supplies, moreover, one of the most striking evidences in favor of the genuineness of De Rouge's discovery. For there are some of the Phœnician letters which in their earliest known forms bear not the faintest resemblance to the objects from which they are named, whereas if we refer to their Hieratic prototypes the appropriateness of the appellations is at once evident. For example, no ingenuity can discover any reason why the Phœnician *g* and *p* should have been called respectively "camel" and "mouth;" but in their Hieratic equivalents it needs little exertion of fancy to see the figures of a couchant camel and of the teeth and lower lip. As ten centuries intervened between the adoption of the Egyptian alphabet by the Phœnicians and the date of its earliest appearance in Semitic inscriptions, it is not wonderful that the forms of the letters should have undergone considerable alterations. The marvel rather is that after the lapse of a thousand years the Phœnician characters should have retained so much resemblance to their Egyptian originals as may be seen in Mr. Taylor's comparative table.

The alphabet thus invented by the Semites of the Delta was adopted by the nations of kindred speech occupying the west of Asia. The forms of the characters underwent diverse modifications in different places, so that in their latest

stages the Hebrew, Syriac, and Arabic alphabets present scarcely any mutual resemblance. From early forms of these alphabets were derived, by a chain of descent which is now clearly established, the countless alphabets of India and Tartary. Utterly divergent as these modes of writing appear, their differences are in no single instance due to arbitrary caprice. Everything is to be ascribed to the involuntary corruptions in the forms of the letters by successive copyists, to the changes in the nature of the writing materials, or to the necessity of distinguishing between characters which had come to resemble each other too closely. It is astonishing how infinitesimal a share mere arbitrary invention has had in the development of the art of writing. Even when in the adoption of a foreign alphabet it was necessary to provide expression for a new sound, recourse was never had to what we might suppose to be the natural expedient of inventing an entirely new letter. The nations who have borrowed the alphabet of another language have in general at first contented themselves with rendering their own peculiar sounds by the symbols most nearly corresponding to them, and afterward, when the double phonetic value of a letter was found to be inconvenient, they have effected the necessary distinction by adding a dot or a dash, or otherwise slightly altering the form of the character. Not unfrequently, the alternative forms of the same letter, arising from individual diversities of handwriting, were seized upon as a means of expressing differences of sound. It seems as though the human race had determined, in the framing of phonetic signs, to economize its stock of inventive power to the very uttermost.

Our present concern, however, is with the changes which the Phœnician alphabet underwent in its adoption by the Greeks. The great defect of the Phœnician system of writing was that it provided for the expression of consonant sounds only. This deficiency was of very little consequence so long as the use of the alphabet was confined to the Semitic languages, in which the vowels are so comparatively unimportant that their omission in writing occasions scarcely any inconvenience to a native reader. But for the writing of Greek

words a complete vowel-notation was an absolute necessity. The Phœnician alphabet itself, however, afforded a singularly easy means of supplying this want. The first letter, *aleph*, properly represented an almost inaudible breathing, but it was so frequently followed by the vowel *a* that it was naturally adopted as the expression of that sound. For a similar reason the Semitic *h* was taken to denote the vowel *e*. The vowels *u* and *i* were expressed by the Semitic characters for *w* and *y*, which at the end of a word had probably already in Phœnician come to be pronounced as vowels. There thus remained only the vowel *o*, for which the Greeks chose the Semitic *ayin*, the original sound of which was a soft guttural breathing.

By means of these contrivances, the Greeks were for a time able to content themselves with the original twenty-two letters of the Phœnicians. The primitive Greek alphabet may be approximately represented by taking the modern printed capitals as far as T, and inserting in their proper places three other letters which in later times went out of use. Those lost letters are *wau*, which followed E, and had the form of our English F and the sound of *w*; *san*, shaped nearly like M, and pronounced *s*; and *koppa*, resembling our Q, and sounded as *k*. The two last of these letters were placed between H and P. At an early date the Greeks added a twenty-third letter, *I* or V (*upsilon*), which was originally nothing else than an alternative form of the Phœnician *wau*, but was reserved to express the vowel sound of that letter, the consonantal power of which was denoted by F. The process by which the four concluding letters of the later Greek alphabet were developed is extremely interesting, but its history does not belong to the special subject of this paper.

Some of the letters of the Phœnician alphabet, in their original use, denoted sounds which were unknown in the Greek language. The Semitic *hheth* was a strong guttural aspirate, and when first adopted by the Greeks was used to express the sound of *h*. It afterward became the symbol of the combination *he*, and finally of the long *ē*. The three letters which the Greeks named *theta*,

san, and *koppa* originally denoted peculiarly strong sounds of *t*, *s*, and *k*. *San* and *koppa* were not distinguished in Greek pronunciation from *sigma* and *kappa*, and therefore were dropped in the later alphabet. *Theta* was at first employed to express the sound of *t* when followed by *h* (ΘH), and subsequently was used by itself as the sign of the complex sound *th*. It should be understood that the ancient sound of *theta* was not that of the English *th* in the word "thorn," but that of the same letters in "neatherd." The omission of *wau* from the later alphabet was due to the fact that the sound which it represented had died out in Greek pronunciation.

The most conspicuous of the changes introduced by the Greeks in the Phœnician graphic system was that relating to the direction of the writing. The Phœnicians wrote from right to left; the Greeks of the classical period wrote as we do, from left to right. This change was of course not made suddenly. The oldest Greek inscriptions began at the right hand, but at a very early date the Greeks adopted the practice of writing in the manner known by the ingenious name of *boustrophedon* (ploughing-fashion); that is to say, the first line ran from right to left, and the next line from left to right. When the lines of an inscription were long and not very itraight, this mode of writing had considerable advantages both for the writer and the reader. In course of time the superior convenience of moving the hand across it led to the practice of beginning always from the left. This innovation was adopted independently in several different places, and became universal toward the end of the sixth century B.C.

In what has been said in a preceding paragraph, it is, of course, not intended to be implied that the Greek printed capitals represent the exact forms of the letters as they appear in early inscriptions. Some of the modern characters, in fact, differ very considerably from their ancient types; and each of the various portions of the Greek world had its own characteristic style of writing. The colonies which went out from Greece to the countries bordering on the Mediterranean carried with them

the peculiar alphabets of their respective cities, and imparted the knowledge of them to the "barbarian" populations among whom they dwelt. The source from which the various native peoples of Italy derived their written characters is shown by Mr. Taylor to have been the Chalcidian colony of Cumæ, in Campania. Vases have been found in Italy with the alphabet scratched upon them, apparently intended to serve as lesson-books for the children of the Greek settlers. This alphabet consisted of the 22 original Phœnician letters, with the addition of *upsilon*, and characters expressing the sounds of *x*, *ph*, and *ch*. The addition of *x* (the form of which was a cross, +) seems singular, since the letter *xi* was retained in its regular alphabetic place. The older form of *xi*, however (a cross inside a square), does not occur in any inscription written in the Chalcidian type of characters. It is possible that this earlier form may have retained its Phœnician value of *s*, while the simplified form acquired the power of *x*, and was placed as a separate letter at the end of the alphabet.

In adopting the alphabet of the Campanian Greeks, the several Italian peoples modified it in different ways, so that the alphabets of the Etruscans, the Latins, the Oscans, and the Umbrians were materially divergent. The original Latin alphabet consisted of the following 21 letters, the forms of which are fairly represented by the modern capitals:

A B C D E F Z H I K L M N O P Q
R S T V X.

This alphabet is identical with that of the Greeks of Cumæ, except for slight variations in the form of some of the letters, and the omission of *theta*, *xi*, *san*, *phi*, and *chi*. One or two of the characters, however, underwent a change of pronunciation. The Latin language required a character to denote the sound of *f*, for which the Greek alphabet provided no exact equivalent. We might have supposed that the Latins would for this purpose have adopted the letter *phi*, the early pronunciation of which was that of *p*, followed by *h*, nearly as in our word shepherd. What they actually did was to give the power of *f* to the Greek *wau*. It is possible that the Campanian colonists pro-

nounced this letter as *wh*, a sound which has a tendency to pass into *f*, as in the Aberdeen pronunciation of "fat," "far," for what and where. The letter *V* was taken to express the sound of *w* as well as that of *u*. As the Romans in the early stages of their history came very largely under the influence of their Etruscan neighbors, in whose language the sound of *g* did not exist, the third letter of the alphabet came to be used indifferently for *g* and *k*. Afterward a distinction was made by adding a little stroke to the tail of the *C* when it stood for *g*. When the *Z* fell into disuse, the new character *G* was inserted in the vacant seventh place in the alphabet.

The Roman alphabet ended with *X* down to the first century B.C., when the large importation of Greek words into the Latin language rendered necessary the introduction of two supplementary characters. One of these was *Y*, the contemporary form of the Greek *upsilon*; that letter having undergone a change in pronunciation since the time when it was adopted into the Latin alphabet as *V*. The other was *Z*, which, as we have seen, the Romans had formerly discarded as useless.

In modern times three new letters, *J*, *U*, and *W*, have been added to the classical Latin alphabet. The process by which these letters were evolved (*invented*, in the popular sense of the word, they never were) is very easily traced. The Latin *I*, when preceding a vowel, was pronounced as *y*, and in the middle ages this sound passed into *dy* or *dzh*. The letter, therefore, had two very different sounds according to its position. Now in the manuscripts of the 15th century it became customary to write an initial *I* with a curved flourish. There thus arose two distinct forms of the character. These were adopted by the early printers, but were still employed merely as initial and medial forms respectively; and it was not until long after the invention of printing that the *J* (the "long *I*," as it was called, from being continued below the line) came to be appropriated to the consonant power of the letter. In the same way the Roman *V* retained its original form at the beginning of words, while in other positions the later rounded form *U* was employed. In the printed English books of the

Elizabethan period this rule still continued to be followed. We find, for instance, such spelling as "Vp to heauen." Under the Stuart reigns the printers began to treat the two characters as signs of different phonetic values. It is only in the present century, however, that our English dictionaries have fully recognized *I* and *J*, and *U* and *V*, as distinct letters.

Soon after the Christian era the Roman *V* acquired the pronunciation which it now has in the Romance languages and in English. The *w* sound, which existed in the Teutonic languages, had, therefore, no proper sign in the Roman alphabet. As this sound was regarded as a reduplication of the vowel *u*, it was written either as *uu*, or with two *v*'s or *u*'s interlaced. This complex character is the parent of our English *W*. It is curious to note that the original Semitic *wau* has been differentiated in our English alphabet into five letters, *F*, *U*, *V*, *W*, and *Y*.

In addition to the printed capitals, the derivation of which has now been traced, the English alphabet is familiar to us under seven other forms; namely, the small or "lower case" Roman types, and the large and small forms of the Italic, black-letter, and written characters. Widely as these various scripts have diverged from each other, they have all been developed, by successive slight modifications, from the old Roman capitals. The origin of these secondary varieties of the alphabet goes back to classical times. It is now known that besides the square capitals used in inscriptions and books, the ancient Romans had another set of characters more suitable to rapid writing, and employed for business papers and correspondence. Until the eighth century of the Christian era this "Roman cursive," variously modified, was used throughout Europe for the ordinary purposes of writing, while the "uncials" or rounded capitals were employed for books. It has resulted from the researches of Mr. Taylor that, at some time not later than the fifth century, the cursive character underwent development into a formal book-hand, the outlines being rounded and made regular, so that the writing came to resemble the uncial in its general physiognomy,

though not in the shapes of the individual letters. This new uncial, of which very few continental examples are known to exist, was carried by missionaries to Ireland, where it became the basis of the ornate caligraphy for which the Irish scribes were famous. The Irish missionaries introduced their peculiar form of writing into Northumbria. From Northumbria it passed, through the agency of the famous Englishman, Ealhwin (Alcuin), to the court of Charlemagne, and was transformed into the character known as the Caroline minuscule, which rapidly superseded both the uncials and the various continental forms of current-hand. The new style of writing was at first remarkable for its compactness and legibility, but after the lapse of four or five centuries it began to degenerate into the straggling and intricate black-letter. The scholars of the Italian Renaissance, however, modelled their own handwriting after the more elegant character which they found in the classical manuscripts of the tenth and eleventh centuries. The types used by the early printers of northern Europe were imitated from the contemporary manuscript black-letter, while the printers of Rome and Venice copied the neater writing in use in their own country, which thus became the parent of our modern Roman and italic letters. The modern written characters are derived partly from the manuscript black-letter, and partly from the Italian handwriting of the Renaissance. Into the origin of the individual letters of the various modern minuscule alphabets it is impossible here to enter. It may, however, be mentioned that the dot over the *i* was introduced in mediæval manuscripts for the sake of legibility. Without the aid of some such mark it would have been impossible to distinguish between *iu* and *ui*, when written with the letters joined together. The dot over the *j*, although not necessary for the purpose of distinction, was added in consequence of the original identity of this letter with *i*.

It remains to say a few words respecting the names of the letters. The names *alpha*, *beta*, *gamma*, *delta*, etc., which the Greeks had borrowed from the Semitic nations, seem to have been at first adopted by the Romans. As, however,

these designations were found too cumbersome to be used in the spelling of words, they were discarded, and their place was supplied by the monosyllables *a*, *be*, *ce*, *de*, etc., which have been retained by the modern nations of Europe. These names require little explanation. The apparent anomaly of saying *ef*, *el*, *em*, *en*, *er*, *es*, instead of *fe*, *le*, *me*, etc., is to be accounted for on the "principle of least effort;" the "continuous" consonants being easier to pronounce at the end of a syllable, while the "stopped" consonants naturally prefer an initial position. The name *sed* is the Greek *zeta*, the letter, as has already been shown, having been of late introduction into the Latin alphabet. The only one of the Roman names of letters which presents any difficulty is that of H, which from the Romance forms would seem to have been *acca*. This does not appear at first sight a very natural designation for the sign of the aspirate. But it is probable that the Early Roman pronunciation of H resembled the modern German *ch*. The name of the letter would, therefore, most likely be *ach* or *acha*, which, when the guttural sound disappeared from the language, would naturally become *acca*. Our English alphabetic names (except those of J, W, X, and Y) are borrowed from the French names, with which they coincide in spelling. We have, however, turned *er* (R) into *ar*, in obedience to the same tendency which leads us to pronounce the word sergeant as *sargeant*. The English name of Y is peculiar to this country, and its singularity has often been remarked. The reason "why we call Y *wi*" would seem to be as follows. The original English power of *y* resembled that of the French *u*. As in the case of the other vowels, the sound expressed by the letter was taken as its name. When this sound became obsolete in the language, the nearest possible rendering of the alphabetic name was *ui* (pronounced *oo ee*), which would regularly develop into the modern *wi*.

In reviewing the long and varied history which Mr. Taylor has so skilfully expounded, and a small portion of which we have here attempted to summarize, it is impossible not to be impressed by the completeness with which modern discoveries have established the univer-

sal prevalence of fixed natural law in a domain in which the earlier inquirers saw little but arbitrary caprice. The change in the attitude of scientific investigation of this subject is strictly parallel to the revolution which has been effected in the study of organic nature by the adoption of the principle of evolution. So perfect, indeed is the analogy, that Mr. Taylor, in describing the development of alphabetic symbols, falls naturally into the continual use of

Darwinian language. The science of alphabets, in addition to its intrinsic interest, and the aid which it contributes to the solution of great historical problems, thus possesses a further claim to attention, as furnishing one more confirmation of the principle that the reign of natural law extends to the phenomena of human progress no less than to the changes of the material universe.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

HISTORIC LONDON.

BY FRÉDÉRIC HARRISON.

As I walk about the streets of this most mighty, most wonderful, most unlovely, and yet most memorable of cities, my mind is torn by a tumult of emotions and thoughts. What a record of power and life in those eighteen centuries since the Roman historian spoke of it as "especially famous for the crowd of its merchants and their wares." What a world of associations cling to the very stones, and names, and sites of it still! Can any city show so great an array of buildings and scenes identified with poetry and literature, and with the memories of poets and thinkers of so high an order? In its parks, in its river, in its matchless group of buildings at Westminster, in the peculiar beauty of some sunset effects, it has still, I think, certain elements of charm which no northern city surpasses. And then, with the superbelements of interest and beauty, what endless tracts of ugliness, squalor, and meanness! What a prison-house, or workhouse, is it to some three millions at least of the four millions who dwell here! What a puzzle without hope does it seem, this evergrowing wen, in which we seem to be madly trampling life out of each other as a mob in a panic! And how it maddens one to think that it is within the lifetime of some of us that this extreme monstrosity of bulk has been piled upon our poor city; that but a few years since some of its most memorable and beautiful buildings have been destroyed; that improvements and restoration have wrought their worst under our own eyes. More real

ruin has been done to old London within my own memory than in the two centuries which preceded it. More old spots disappear now every ten years than in any century of an earlier time. The Great Fire itself was hardly more destructive than are the railways; and the "boards" are more terrible to such a city than armies of foreign invaders. At times I could almost wish that if the New Zealander is ever to sit on the broken arches of London Bridge and muse upon the ruins of this city, the ruin might take place before London consists of nothing but American hotels, railway stations, and stucco terraces. In a few years London will be only a grimy Chicago, or stuffy New York. The poet will cry again—"Etiam periere ruinae."

Let us put aside the darker, more discouraging side of this strange city; its monotony, its meanness, its horrors, the huge areas of ugliness, and portentous piles of brick and iron which modern ideas of progress have given it. Within this century about a dozen American cities of the fourth class have been dropped down over a large part of the counties of Middlesex and Surrey; and within the same period the river-side has been covered from Putney to Woolwich with some twenty miles of city of the iron and cotton country type. Within twenty years the river has been crossed and the city pierced by enormous railroads. But all this is not London. Let us think of London as many of us can remember it—a very big city,

but neither a country covered with bricks nor a huge terminus; before avenues, American hotels, and mammoth warehouses were invented.

This London, I make bold to say is of all cities north of the Alps the most rich in local interest. In certain elements of historical interest it surpasses indeed, Rome itself, Athens, Jerusalem, Venice, or Paris. There is no single spot in London so memorable as the Forum and the Acropolis or the Mount of Olives; none so romantic as the Piazza of San Marco; and Paris has a history almost more fascinating than London. But the historic buildings of Paris have suffered even more than those of London from destruction and restoration. Paris has no Tower, no Westminster Hall, no Temple, and no Guildhall. The history of Venice is at most that of some four or five centuries; that of Jerusalem is made up of broken fragments; that of Athens is but the history of some two centuries. Nay, even the majestic memories of Rome are broken by vast gulfs and blanks; it wants any true continuity, and there is no monumental continuity at all.

Now that which gives London its supreme claim as a historic city is made up of many concurrent qualities. In the first place stands the continuity in the local history of London. To put all probabilities and uncertain origins aside, there is a definite record of London as a city for 1823 years. During that period there is a history (not more broken than that of England), and a constant succession of local and visible traces. Though London was never a Roman city of the first order, the general scheme of Roman London can still be traced; there is an adequate body of Roman remains; there are Roman bricks in the fragments of the city walls; and the White Tower stands on the foundation of a Roman bastion. For the thousand years which separate us from the days of Alfred the history of London is complete, and that history can be traced in an almost continuous series of local associations, and for the last eight centuries it exists in an almost regular series of monuments or fragments. Some few of the cities of Europe have an even longer historic record.

Some few of them have a more perfect monumental record. But such cities as Treves, Lyons, Milan or York, obviously belong to the second class of cities, whatever their antiquarian interest. To rank with the four or five great historic cities of the world we must look to mass, unbroken sequence of local association, and dominant place in the history of the world over a long course of centuries. Marseilles, Florence, Venice, Genoa, Rouen, Cordova and Cologne—even Athens, Naples, Moscow and Prague fail before this test. And of European cities alone can be counted—in the first rank of great historic capitals—Rome, Constantinople, Paris, and London.

Now I do not hesitate to say that no one of these surpasses London (I doubt if any one of them equals London) in the degree in which existing buildings, and recognized sites can be identified with history, literature, and the human interest of mankind, in so great a volume and over so vast an unbroken period. Even at Rome all the greater remnants of the ancient world belong to the later Empire and the age of decay. The Colosseum, the vastest of the ruins, tells of no great age or man, of nothing but abomination. No great Roman that we know of can be certainly connected with the arch of Constantine, or the baths of Caracalla, or the walls of Aurelian. The very site of the Capitol, the plan of the forum are disputed. There is hardly a vestige of the city of Coriolanus, of Scipio, and of Julius; hardly any trace of the mediæval church; little anywhere but the monuments of pride, rapacity, tyranny, and luxury. The same is true of Constantinople in a far greater degree—of almost all the historic cities of the world. This want of continuity is pre-eminently true of Paris. What we see there to-day, the spots that we can verify precisely, are not those of their greatest memories, are not exactly identified with great men, and do not form one immense continuous series. Even Paris has not played, until within three or four centuries, that dominant part in French history, which London has played in the history of England for six or seven centuries. Paris has far fewer records of the feudal ages than London; and it is hopelessly Hauss-

mannered. Nor is old Paris identified as old London is with so great a mass of poetic associations.

London has been, since the Conquest, the real centre of government, of the thought, the growth, the culture and the life of the nation. No other city in Europe has kept that prerogative unbroken for eight centuries until our own day. At the very utmost, Paris has possessed it for not more than four centuries, and in an incomplete manner for at least half of these four. The capitals of Prussia, Austria, Russia and Spain are merely the artificial work of recent ages, and the capitals of Italy and Greece are mere antiquarian revivals. England was centralized earlier than any other European nation; and thus the congeries of towns that we now call London, has formed, from the early days of our monarchy, the essential seat of government, the military headquarters, the permanent home of the law, the connecting link between England and the Continent, and one of the great centres of the commerce of Europe. Hence it has come about that the life of England has been concentrated on the banks of the Thames more completely and for a longer period, than the life of any great nation has been concentrated in any single modern city. When we add to that fact the happy circumstance that at least down to the memory of living men, London retained a more complete series of public monuments, a more varied set of local associations, more noble buildings bound up with the memory of more great events and more great men than any single city in Europe (except perhaps Rome itself), we come to the conclusion that London is a city unsurpassed in historic interest.

The true historic spirit I hold, looks on the history, at least of Europe, as a living whole, and as a complete organic life. I know it is the fashion to pick and choose epochs as supreme, to back races as favorites, to find intense beauty here and utter abomination there. But the real historic interest lies in the succession of all the ages, in the variety, the mass, the human vitality of the record. Now the peculiar glory of London is to possess this local monumental record in a more complete and continuous way than any city perhaps in

Europe. We can trace it when the Fort of the Lake, the original Llyn-din, was one of two or three knolls rising out of fens, salt estuaries and tidal swamps. We can make out the plan of the Roman city; we have still the Roman milestone, fragments of Roman walls and of Roman houses, and the line of Roman streets. From thence to the Conquest we can identify the sites of a series of buildings civil and ecclesiastical, and have scores of local names which remain to this day. From the eleventh century downward we have a continuous series of remains in the foundations of the Abbey, in the White Tower, in the Temple Church, St. Bartholomew's, St. Saviour's, and the other city churches; and so all through the Feudal period we have some record in the Tower, the Guildhall, the magnificent group of buildings at Westminster, the remnants of the Savoy, Crosby Hall, and Lambeth Palace. Of the Tudor and Jacobean age, we have seen the tower gateways of St. James's, of Lincoln's Inn, and St. John's, Clerkenwell, the Middle Temple Hall, the banqueting hall at Whitehall, Holland House, many of the halls of city companies and of lawyers, old Northumberland House, Fulham Palace, and many a house and tavern frequented by the poets, wits, and statesmen of the seventeenth century. Thence, from the fire downward, the record is complete and ample, with St. Paul's and the other churches of Wren, Temple Bar and the Monument, and scores of houses and buildings which are identified with the literature, the statesmanship, and the movement of the eighteenth century from Newton and Dryden down to Byron and Lamb.

There is no city in the world (not Rome or Athens itself) which has been inhabited, and loved, and celebrated by so glorious a roll of poets extending over so long a period. Through all the five centuries from the days of Chaucer and Longland to our own time a succession of poets and thinkers have lived in London, have spoken of its aspect, and can be traced to this day in their homes and haunts. We can follow Chaucer, and Piers Ploughman, and Froissart, and Caxton, More, and Bacon, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson and Milton, Raleigh and Cromwell, Pope and Dryden,

Newton and Wren, Addison, Swift, Goldsmith and Johnson, Chatham and Burke; we can look on the houses they dwelt in, on the scenes they frequented, see what they saw, and stand where they trod. The London of Shakespeare alone would fill a volume with the history of the localities where he can be traced, the buildings which he describes, and the local color which warms so many of his dramas. If we gather up in memory all the scenes that he paints in the Tower, in the city, on the river, in the Abbey or the Abbot's House, in the Jerusalem room, in the Temple gardens, in Crosby Hall, in Guildhall, and remember that *Twelfth Night* was performed in the Middle Temple Hall as we have it, we shall get some notion of the stamp which the genius of the greatest of poets has set upon the stones of the greatest of cities.

Next to Shakespeare himself comes Milton, a more thorough Londoner, and whose many homes, birthplace, and burial-place, we have or lately had. So, too, Dryden, Pope, Handel, Addison, Swift, Fielding, Richardson, Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, Garrick, Hogarth, Reynolds, Turner, Byron, Lamb, Dickens, Thackeray, and De Quincey—strike out of our literature, our history, our law, our art, all that is locally associated with definite spots of London, London sights, London life, and London monuments, and the gap would be huge.

The features of London are themselves so vast, their local history is so rich, that they each have a history of their own. No city in Europe possesses a river like the Thames with its leagues of historic buildings along its course, its mighty ports, and bridges, and docks; nor have the Rhine, or the Tiber, a closer association with poetry, literature and art. Our history and our literature abound with memories of the river. Nor has any city of Europe so great an array of parks associated as much with poetry, literature, and art, each with a long history, and endless traditions of its own. The parks of Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg, or New York are modern pleasure grounds of yesterday, without the secular avenues, the ancient names, and the famous sites of ours.

In influence upon art, no one would compare the Seine with the Thames, or in immemorial charm contrast Longchamps with Kensington Gardens. In no capital in the world can we find a fortress such as the Tower, so ancient, so vast, so rich in centuries of historic memories, and so closely allied with splendid poetry. No other city possesses two such cathedrals as the Abbey and St. Paul's, each in the front rank of their respective forms of art, and both consecrated by an immense army of buried worthies and historic scenes.

How comes it that our city which has, in five or six of the elements of a great historic capital, qualities so supreme; which possesses the most venerable cathedral, the most historic castle, the most famous hall which still remains upon the earth; which has most noble remnants of all forms of Gothic art, both civil and religious, of all forms of Tudor art, of the classical Renaissance, and of the modern rococo art; a city whose monuments and localities are enshrined in ten thousand pages of our literature; where we can even yet trace the footsteps of the larger half of all our famous men; a city where in a summer's day you may pass across the record of eighteen centuries in stone, or in name, or in plan—how comes it that this city which has been the stage for so large a part of English history, and the delight of so glorious a roll of English genius—is to some of us a place of weariness and gloom?

It is only, I think, within this nineteenth century that London has ceased to be loved and honored. As I walk about its streets, and try to forget the monotonous range of stucco palaces and dismal streets we see, and recall the look of it when silver Thames flowed between gardens, towers, and spires, the music of a hundred lines is wont to ring in my ears. I fancy I can see the pilgrims setting forth from the "Tabard" in Southwark, or with Shakespeare "Stand in Temple Gardens and behold, London herself on her proud stream afloat," and walk about with old Stow, or visit the tombs with Sir Roger, or so musing I go and see Goldie's grave, and Johnson's house in Gough Square, and the fountain in the Temple, dear to Lamb, to Dickens, and to Thackeray.

London within this century has grown to be four times what it was at the end of the last century ; and perhaps it is this portentous bulk which prevents us from seeing, or knowing, London at all. We cannot be persuaded that our city still possesses works of incomparable beauty and historic interest, and that the mass and sequence of them, and their literary associations have hardly any equal in the world. We undervalue our city when we talk so continually of its smoke, its horrors, and its ugliness. Historic interest is not the same thing as artistic beauty ; and picturesque elements may still manage to survive in a wilderness of grimy brick. London is not one, but ten or twelve great cities ; it is the only city in the world, which is at once the centre of a vast empire, the port of the commerce of the world, the seat of the finance of the world, the home of the oldest monarchy, of the oldest parliament, and some of the oldest foundations, religious, legal, and municipal to be found in Europe. Though it has no palaces to compare with those of Paris, it has fragments of palaces even older, and parks which have even more beauty, and as much historic interest as palaces. As the Thames is a commercial port which has no rival but the Mersey, as London is a larger manufacturing centre than Birmingham or Leeds, as the historic buildings of London are in foundation, at least, older than those of Florence, Venice, or Pisa, as its parks exceed in varied beauty any other open spaces in Europe, London has over and above its huge and melancholy bulk, at least four elements, each one of which would make a city of the first class.

There are in London three great buildings, or groups of buildings, which, in their combination of artistic and historic interest, are absolutely without a rival in Europe. These, of course, are the Tower, the Abbey and its surroundings, and Westminster Hall, and other remnants of the Old Palace. If to these we were to add two other buildings of a very different kind, I mean the Temple and Holland House, we have those buildings, of all others it may be, in Europe of a private, and not a public, kind, where rare beauty is to be found in connection with an immense record of as-

sociation with literature and with history.

Each of the three great monuments is of its kind among the noblest in the world ; each of them has been for centuries an organ of our national life. That life has never been interrupted in any of them. They still survive in all their essential character. They still belong to the dynasty which built them, and they still serve the uses for which they were originally designed. They are all associated with our history and our literature as hardly any buildings now extant are. In their combination in the continuity of their record, and in their own separate interest, they give London a character which no living city in the world retains.

Of the three buildings, the Tower is the oldest, and, in some ways, the most unique. It shares with the castles of Windsor, Avignon, the Palazzo Vecchio, and the Kremlin the rare peculiarity of being a mediæval fortress of the first class which has not become a ruin or a fragment. But the Tower in its central part is far older than them all. The races which built the Kremlin and the minarets on the Bosphorus were wandering robbers and herdsmen when the White Tower was the home of the most powerful kings in Europe. And as to the Vatican, the Escorial, and the Louvre, much in the stirring tale of the Tower was ancient history before the foundations of these palaces were laid. The White Tower has an authentic history of more than 800 years, and there is every reason to believe that beneath and around it are still remains of the Roman fortification of Londinium. But for the eight centuries of its certain history, the White Tower has guarded the symbols of our national power. The descendant of the Conqueror still holds it for the same uses. When the White Tower first rose over the Thames, the nations we now call France, Germany, Austria, Spain, and Russia did not exist as nations at all. And now, when the Bastille of Paris has disappeared for almost a century, and the republics which built the palaces of Florence, and Venice, and Ghent, and Bruges have been extinct for centuries, the Tower of the Normans has continued after them as long as it existed before them. It is

neither a ruin, nor a museum, nor a site. It is still in the nineteenth century what it was in the eleventh—the central fortress of the kingdom which the Normans founded; it still guards the crown of Alfred, the Confessor, the Conqueror: it is still a martial camp, and guard to this day is changed day and night in the name of the descendant of King Wilhelm. And its towers recall more passages in the history and the poetry of our nation than perhaps any other building in the world records those of any other nation.

It may be that the Tower is modernized to the eye by wanton and stupid restoration. It is quite true that in magnificence and pictorial charm it cannot compare with Carcassonne, Loches, the Kremlin, or the Palazzo Vecchio. But the old stones in the Tower behind the wretched rubble facing, and the old bloodstained mould beneath the encaustic tiles of St. Peter's are just as real as ever. The Tower is only modernized skin-deep; and in some ways it is far more truly interesting to the historic eye, because it is not a mere picturesque ruin, a long-abandoned pile. Its very modern air, is, in one sense, its surprising feature. It looks almost a recent work, because it has never ceased to be used for the end for which it was designed. It may be doubted if any civil building in the world has so long a continuous history. There are tombs and churches of twice its age; there are ruined castles and walls of far greater antiquity. Priests say mass in the baths of Diocletian; the tomb of Hadrian is converted into a fortress; the square temple of Nemausus is a picture-gallery; and bulls are baited in the amphitheatre of Arles. But the Tower is the only civil edifice remaining in the world which has stood for eight centuries serving the same dynasty and the same national life, in unbroken continuity of service; and in those eight centuries it has known no period of degradation or decay, but rather has witnessed a splendid series of great men and memorable deeds.

The Tower is by no means the mere collection of armories, dungeons, and torture-chambers that the casual sight-seer thinks it. Its true historical character is that of seat of our early govern-

ment, residence of the kings, and headquarters of their forces. It is palace, fortress, council-hall, and treasure-house, quite as much as prison. Indeed it is only a prison because it is a strong place. For five centuries, from the days of the first Normans to that of the last Tudor, it was from time to time the official residence of our kings, and hence the scene of much of our political history. Plantagenets and Tudors have all inhabited it; for nearly three centuries our kings started from it on their coronation ceremony. Two kings, four queens, and many princes and princesses died there. Many have been born there, and two, as we know, were buried in its walls. Its two churches, the Norman St. John's, and the late-pointed St. Peter's, are both among the most historic and touching of the monuments which the Middle Ages have left us. There is hardly any other building in Europe, and certainly none in England, of which it can be certainly said, as it can of St. John's Church in the White Tower, that it stands to-day (but for some wanton and foolish scraping) much as it was in the days of our Norman and Angevin kings, when there were gathered in it the men who first fashioned the map of Europe. Of St. Peter's-on-the-Green it may be said that the Abbey itself has no such pathos. Beneath that floor and beside those walls, which ecclesiologic childishness has pranked out with trumpery restorations, there moulder the headless bones of men and women whose passion, pride, crimes, or sufferings fill the annals and poetry of our race.

In this matter there is surely one protest to make, one appeal to urge. The Tower is beyond all question the most historic feudal relic now extant in Europe. It contains almost the only chambers of the early Middle Ages to which we can assign any definite history, and point as the actual dwelling-place of historical persons. Some of the most important of these, and the prisons of Elizabeth, and Raleigh, and More, and Lady Jane Grey, are practically closed to the public. The fact that the Tower still contains a considerable population and some scores of families is a great danger to its safety, degrades and vulgarizes it, and excludes the public from

the use of it. The Tower should be entirely cleared of all inhabitants except the necessary force of soldiers, and the warders in their old Tudor uniform. The place should be protected against fire as carefully as the Record Office or the British Museum; mere rubbish and modern carpentry should be cleared away, and the old stones left bare without Brummagem "restorations."

In the Abbey, Englishmen have a building which has become to them the typical shrine of their history and national glory, which fires the imagination and makes their heart throb, as no extant building in Europe affects any other people. To some degree the Kremlin exerts the same spell over the Russian; but the *genius loci* is less concentrated, it is incomparably lower and coarser in its power, and has a far less ancient and splendid record. France has no such monumental centre of its national memory; nor has Italy, nor Germany, nor Spain. But the Abbey is still to Englishmen all that the Temple of Solomon was to the Hebrew, and the tomb of the Prophet to the Arab, and the shrines of Olympia to the Greek, or that of Jupiter on the Capitol to the Roman; and not to Englishmen only, but to some sixty millions of English-speaking people in so many parts of this planet. To all of them the Abbey is grown to be a glorified Kaaba, a splendid and poetic Fetich in stone, which seems to them the emblem of our English spirit, and the resting-place of whatever England has ever held most venerable. It is no longer church, no longer cemetery—the tombs and the throne of kings are but part of its possession; no museum holds things so precious; no historical building has so vast a record of associations. Its very name has passed into our language as the synonym for national honor. St. Denis is to-day a whited sepulchre, where spruce revivalism is still scraping and bedecking in loathsome gaudiness the empty and ruined tombs. Rheims, too, once even more beautiful than the Abbey, is being scraped and trimmed like an American corpse prepared by the embalmers for the undertaker's show. Its historical memories have little power over modern Frenchmen. The magic and the mystery have left Notre Dame;

the Campo Santo of Pisa, and the Duomo of Florence or of Venice are not national at all, but provincial; and the Cathedral of Cologne is an academic product of German Geist and Teutonic Kunst. But the Abbey is a building which has an inimitable power over the imaginations and the sympathies of a great race.

The Abbey is so vast a pile, and its associations are so far-reaching that like London itself we fail to grasp its dignity as a whole. It is not one building, but a great assemblage of buildings, each one of which has a story that would put it in the front of the secular monuments of Europe. With its history that reaches back for eleven centuries, and with remains still visible which go back to the Confessor, it is one of the oldest foundations in England, and one of the most perfect remnants of pure mediæval work. Since the walls that we see rest in part on foundations anterior to the Conquest, and the history of the church has been unbroken since the time of the Confessor, we may properly speak of the Abbey as one and the same monument. In that sense no church in the world can show so long a succession of historical scenes. It is possible, but doubtful, that some other mediæval work has an equal assemblage of various groups of beauty; but none other, assuredly, has such inexhaustible sources of interest and pathos. How they crowd on the memory at once! The tombs of saints which have become shrines and pilgrimages; the long succession of ceremonials of state, coronations, marriages, funerals, and national manifestations of joy and grief; the rows of tombs from the majestic simplicity of that of the first great Edward; the helmet and saddle of Henry; the exquisite art of Henry Tudor's, and the desecrated vault where Cromwell lay; the historic throne, and the legendary stone—

"The base foul stone, made precious by the
foil
Of England's chair."

"The monumental sword that conquer'd France," the shield of state, the banners and helmets over the tombs, the quaint history of the Order of the Bath with its five centuries of fantastic mediævalism, the rare and suggestive

paintings on the walls, the vast city of tombs and monuments—philosophers, artists, statesmen, soldiers—the scenes of Shakespeare which every corner of it recalls, the memorable passages in history, the exquisite prattle of Sir Roger, the talk of Johnson and Goldsmith, the wit of Pope, the verses of Wordsworth and Scott, the prose of Irving and Lamb—the echo of a thousand pages in our literature and our history—all these make up a charm which in mass and in beauty invest no other building in the world.

I am not myself very greatly interested in public ceremonials, as such, be they royal coronations or the burial of celebrities, and I leave it to heralds and courtiers and newsmen to gloat over these things as they please. Nor do I care overmuch about mediæval saints. But the historic spirit cannot forget that the annals of the Abbey have a very different significance. In these various occasions of public ceremonial there took part, we may remember, all the men recorded in our history—the statesmen, the soldiers, the lawyers, the poets, the men of every department of greatness. All of these from time to time for eight centuries have been gathered in that building to open or to close a new reign or a new dynasty, to celebrate some national festival, to bury some national hero, to muse upon the relics of the past, to weep over the body of some inimitable genius as the thrice-sacred dust was piled upon the dust of him they had loved. Yes! there is no building in the world where human sympathy has poured forth in such torrents, in ways so great and various, and over so vast an epoch of time.

The Abbey, as I say, is not one building, but an assemblage of buildings; and each one has a history of itself. The remnants of the old Benedictine Abbey are in themselves extraordinarily beautiful, and charged with memories and associations. The conventual edifices still left in Europe undestroyed and undesecrated are not so many but what these stand in the front rank. The Cloisters, the Abbot's House, and the Refectory, the Muniment Room, the Chapel of the Pyx, the Jewel House, the room called Jerusalem, the remnants of the other abbey build-

ings, and above all the Chapter House, are so rich in associations with our history, our poetry, and our literature, that if they existed alone in any foreign city, we should make special journeys to see them. What a history in the five centuries of "Jerusalem" alone, which is perhaps the most venerable private chamber now extant in Europe. But of all these relics of the past surely the Chapter House is supreme. Built 630 years ago in the zenith of the pointed style, it is one of the most exquisite examples of its class. Here six centuries ago, from the day the House of Commons existed as a separate chamber, it met and continued for the most part to meet for nearly three centuries till the death of Henry VIII. Here was matured the infant strength of the Parliament which now rules 300,000,000 of souls, and which has served as the undoubted model of all the Parliaments of Europe, America, and Australia. This house is in fact the germ and origin of all that is known as the "House" where the English tongue is heard; it is the true cradle of the mother of Parliaments where that mother was nursed into childhood. For two centuries and a half it has been the school of English statesmen, and has witnessed some memorable struggles of our feudal history. I never enter it but I think what were the feelings of a Roman of the age of the Antonines, who, standing on the hill of Romulus, looked down on the Rostra beneath, and thought of the days when Licinius and Valerius, Virginius and Camillus addressed a few hundreds of herdsmen and farmers, and Rome was but a hill fort by the Tiber, and the Republic was but one of the tribes of Italy.

If with this Chapter House by the Abbey we take in with our mind's eye the remnant of St. Stephen's Chapel close by, and are willing to think of that exquisite fragment as standing for the chapel itself, we get, in the two together, the seat of the House of Commons for nearly five centuries and a half, from Edward I. to our own memory. I doubt if any buildings still extant convey to any people in the world so great a suggestion of the course of their whole political history. And of the crimes which architecture has wrought on history, the most unpardonable, I think,

was done when the monotonous heap of bad masonry which they call the New Palace of Westminster disguised Westminster Hall, decked out St. Stephen's crypt like a toy Bambino in a Jesuit church, and swept away the burnt ruins of the Plantagenet Palace—to make Tudor corridors and symmetrical galleries for the comfort of my lords and honorable members.

Of the Hall of Westminster, the third of the matchless remnants of Old London, I can hardly bear to speak. Though it is not, as we see it, the hall of Rufus, still it stands upon and represents the hall of Rufus, and is thus in a sense as ancient almost as the Tower or the Abbey. But call it what it is, the Hall of Richard II., what a history lies wrapt in those five hundred years. It stands still, to my eyes, the grandest hall of its class in Europe. Let us forget the silly statues, and the strange transformation of it, and the carpenter's Gothic restorations, and be insensible to everything but its mass, its dignity, its glorious roof, and its inexhaustible memories. Centuries of court pageants and state trials, speeches, and judgments of famous men, scenes and sayings which are embedded in our literature; let us think of the tragedies, the agonies, the crimes, the passions, the terrific crises in our history; of what glorious words, what gatherings of learning, wit, beauty, ambition, and despair have the old walls witnessed from Oldcastle to Warren Hastings, Sir Thomas More and the Protector Somerset, Strafford and Charles, the Seven Bishops and the great Proconsul. Of all trials in our history, these two of Charles and of Hastings have perhaps most exerted the historic imagination, by the intense passion with which they aroused the interest of the nation, by their concentration of historic characters round one great issue, by the dignity and world-wide importance of the proceedings, and by the place that they hold in our national literature. I ask myself sometimes which I would rather have beheld, the faultless dignity of Charles in presence of the mighty Cromwell, or the molten passion of Burke in the assembly of all that was famous in the nation, and I find it impossible to decide. And when we add to these memories all the other

scenes the Hall has witnessed, the great judges who have sat there and built up the slow growth of English law, unrivalled in the modern world, the illustrious lawyers who have argued, the memorable decisions that it has heard, it is beyond doubt the most historic hall in the world.

We, then, who have in these three incomparable relics the most historic castle, the most venerable church and burial place, the most memorable hall of justice now extant on the earth, are even thereby citizens of no mean city. Neither the pall of smoke, nor the defilement of our noble river, nor the weary wilderness of brick and plaster, nor the hideous abominations of shed, viaduct, and caravanserai which the steam devil has brought with him—nothing but our own folly can destroy the historic grandeur of London. Nor is it wholly in memory that its glories live. There is still something for the eye. As I watch some autumn sunset through the groves of Kensington that the great William of Orange so loved, or across the reaches of Chelsea that Turner so loved; as I watch the Pool from the Tower terrace, and the ducks and the children at play in the park of Charles; as I prowls about the remnants of the old Gothic churches in the city which the Fire has spared, and which the blighting hand of the improver has forgot to destroy; as I sit by the fountain in the Temple, or listen to the rooks in Lincoln's Inn; as I grub up some quaint old fragment of a street, or a tavern, or a house, or a shop, or tomb, or burial-ground, which has still survived in the deluge; as I stray through the multitudinous windings of the city, and out of the old names rebuild again as in a vision the city of the Romans, and of Alfred, and of the Conqueror, of the Fitz-Aylwins, and the Bukerels, and the Poulteneys, the Whittingtons, the Walworths, and the Greshams; as I see the golden cross of Wren rising out of a white October fog into the sunlit blue, I say that there is yet something left for the eye as well as so much for the memory. And what a pang does it give us to think that it is doomed. Bit by bit the old London sinks before our eyes into the gulf of modern improvement, or the monkey-like tricks of the restorer. We who

have lived to see the remnants of St. Stephen's carted away, and a mammoth caravanserai take the place of Northumberland House, the last link of modern Charing Cross with the Charing Cross before the Commonwealth; we who have seen the tavern dear to Shakespeare and Ben Jonson disappear, and the houses of Milton go and leave not a wrack behind; who have seen the "Tabard" and the "George" disappear, and the Savoy and the Watergate swallowed up in the torrent—we must brace ourselves up for the rest. Villas will soon cover the site of Holland House. The Temple will be wanted for a new restaurant. The Underground Railway will pull down the Abbey to make some new "blow-holes," and a limited company will start a new "Hotel de la Tour de Londres" on the site of the Tower. It is melancholy to

think that the stones which eight centuries of national history have raised, that the roofs which have rung with the mirth of Shakespeare and the organ of Milton, on which such beauty has been lavished, and where so much genius has been reared, are to be swept away in a few years.

It is eighty-two years since our great poet of nature cried as he looked from Westminster Bridge in the dawn—

"Earth has not anything to show more fair;
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty."

No poet could say it now; no poet will ever say it again. But they cannot rob us of memory. And let us who care for our national glory at least cherish the story of these sites when the very stones are gone. That will always be "most touching in its majesty."—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

A FRENCH SALON.

IN English it is difficult to find a word that shall adequately connote all those ideas of sociability which a Frenchwoman has in mind when she claims a friend as an *habitué* of her *salon*. We do not frequent the drawing-rooms of our friends in England in the sense in which various persons become the *habitués* of certain *salons* in Paris; and the fact that in English society the *habitué* is such a *rarissima avis* (if not a biped altogether unknown) may be said to mark the wide difference of national character so striking to any one who mixes alternately in the society of the two countries separated by but one score miles of shallow sea. The only place of which the Englishman can be called an *habitué* is his Club. The London man certainly does frequent his pet Club with an assiduity and a faithfulness that is in marked contrast to his erratic movements and uncertain presence at the social entertainments of his friends.

In France *le Club* is socially speaking of little import. It is even now after years of acclimatization but an exotic, fostered by the tender care of those who love to make a display of their Anglomania, and the *cafés* have no cause to complain of any diminution in their

customers since the institution of the *Cercles*. To obtain information, to rest his brain, to find companionship, the Londoner goes to his Club; while with the like purpose, the Parisian takes his hat and cane, and with the same latitude in the matter of dress which is the privilege of Club-life with us, he will betake himself to some private house and form one among the circle of friends, gathered together without special invitation on certain afternoons or evenings, in the drawing-room of some lady who has the art "*de faire salon*." Here he will find, should he want it, the person from whom he may acquire his information; he may discuss the current news; or he may simply listen, for listening is much cultivated even among the most witty of the French. Of French society the elementary unit is without doubt the *habitué*, and, it will be noted, the *habitués* of a *salon*, though they may not become intimate friends, are assuredly not to be placed in the category of mere acquaintances. So and so, it will be said, can hardly be your intimate friend, since you still call him *Monsieur* after having met him regularly at a certain house for the last quarter of a century; but, though you may know nothing of

his private affairs, or of his relatives, you are intimately acquainted with his views and his ideas on men and things ; and although you may in point of fact have but little in common with him, you would miss him from his place were he gone, and sincerely deplore his absence, for his presence has contributed an item to form the very agreeable whole presented by the drawing-room of your friend.

To have a recognized *salon* is the ambition of every Frenchwoman who aims at social success, and dinners across the Channel are not the indispensable rite that they are in society with us. It is still possible to get people to meet and talk in Paris without supplying them with food, and a cup of weak tea is more often than not the sole stimulant of much excellent conversation. To become more intimate with their acquaintances it is customary for French ladies to receive one day in the week during the afternoon, and on this day every one must call, at least once, who wishes to profit by the evening gatherings, and continue the acquaintance made at some chance meeting.

On this point the social law is very strict, and it will be noted that throughout society in France, and on the Continent in general, though there is little ceremony, etiquette is strictly observed, and any breach of its regulations is seldom condoned—even in an (ignorant) foreigner. In English society, until the precincts of the palace be reached, the rules of etiquette are almost unknown, or if known, are more honored in the breach than in the observance. But across the water this is by no means the case, and that English people with difficulty comprehend this, is perhaps one reason for their finding French society somewhat exclusive. Furthermore, as with the rule of the road, customs in England and France generally go by contraries. For instance, the last arrivals call first, and further instances might easily be adduced ; but these are elementary rules that an Englishman does easily learn. It is in the drawing-room, however, that he is most apt to sin through ignorance. For who shall tell him that during an afternoon call he *must* leave his great coat and umbrella in the ante-room, that into the drawing-room, he is

expected to bring his hat, and that at the beginning of the visit, in any case, he should keep on his gloves ? These are matters which we in England hold to be optional or indifferent, but on which French *bienéance* is inflexible. To call on a Parisian lady in an overcoat and carrying an umbrella is deemed almost as insulting as to go into her drawing-room with your hat on ; and were her husband your candid friend he would probably inform you that his wife's rooms were warmed and that the rain did not come through.

But it is in her talent for combining the various elements of her society that the genius of a French hostess shows its highest development. Heine, if we are not mistaken, was wont to say in characterizing the society of London and Paris, that the English were gregarious but not sociable, while the French were sociable but not gregarious. The innumerable balls where the majority do not dance, drums where people will not talk but where there is abundant food and drink for those who have already dined, entertainments, in short, such as we are perpetually "going on to" during a London season, are of rare occurrence in Paris. We give ourselves endless trouble in the lighting up of our houses, the providing of victuals, and the getting together of more people than our rooms will conveniently hold ; but, when the guests are assembled, the part of the hostess too often ends with their reception. She does not regard it as incumbent on her to try to elicit the conversational powers of her friends and make them give of their best by, so to speak, fathoming their minds and drawing up that which is valuable in them. To be introduced is considered a bore, if not an absolute insult. The French hostess on the contrary, is perhaps a little oblivious of the creature-comforts of her guests ; but then she gives herself an infinity of trouble in the management of her *salon* ; and, although she herself may talk but little, she is the prime mover in the conversation, keeping up the ball by an occasional word thrown in adroitly from time to time. Since crowds are, as a rule, avoided, the conversation is kept more general in France than with us, *tête-à-têtes* in a low voice not being encour-

aged; each one talks, but not all at once; for it will be observed that from the earliest age a talent for narration is much cultivated, and that a Frenchman knows how to put his ideas into the compact form fitted for their comprehension by an audience of several persons. On the avoidance of *tête-à-têtes* it may be related how, at certain little dinners of eight or a dozen at most, at a house in the Faubourg St.-Germain, all private conversation with one's neighbor is absolutely prohibited; each guest must address his or her conversation to the whole table in general; and, should any offend the rule, a call to order is immediately made by the tingling of a little bell at the right hand of the hostess's plate. This is, perhaps, carrying matters to an extreme; still it clearly marks the general tendency.

In a *salon* such as we have now in mind we must admit that young ladies are but of little account. In France they neither rule the roast socially, as is the case in America, nor do they monopolize the attention of the less ornamental portion of humanity and throw the dowagers into the shade, as is the case with us. From her education and the early age at which girls in France generally marry (or are married) the conversation of young ladies is but little appreciated by men who are already in the world engaged in the battle of life. And in further explanation of the insignificant position occupied by the Parisian "girl of the period," it must be borne in mind that our British method of courtship by flirtation is little practised over the water, also that what men there seek in the society of women is just that companionship and sympathy which the unmarried woman is least capable of giving. A matter of continual surprise to an Englishman who has the luck to gain admittance to a French *salon* is the truly catholic range of the matters that will come under discussion. There is no subject that a Frenchman will not discuss seriously, and think it is to his profit to do so, with a Frenchwoman. It might almost be said that there is no serious subject that in London a man will discuss thoroughly with a lady; for, as a rule, he does not hold that he will increase his stock of ideas by giving

himself the trouble. In Paris men, whether from vanity or from other reasons, talk their best when ladies are their auditors, and they assuredly seek the society of women far more from sympathy with their minds than from admiration for their outward attractions. *Esprit*, which is not wit, but which has been defined as that "quick perception which seizes the ideas of others easily and returns ready change for them," is in truth what men most prize in women, it being a quality independent of beauty, and, while the mind lasts, not lessened by age. It has been frequently remarked how, in their old age French men and women preserved not only their good-humor, but their gayety to the last. This is of course in part dependent on good health, for with them gout and dyspepsia are not common maladies. But for the cheerfulness of his declining years a Frenchman will look to the *salons* of his friends, and, since it has been the custom for intimate society in France to assemble in the evening, he, after dinner, not being a Club man, will take his hat and cane to go out and pay his visits. In some dimly-lighted *salon au zième* he will find a welcome from the circle gathered round the fireside, where all are *habitués*, and where each, eschewing the weather and the discussion of his personal health, brings forth his remarks on passing events, and contributes some new observation to the common stock.

Paris has still many things in points of material comfort that she might copy with advantage from London; we admit that her hackney carriages are vile, the coachmen demanding *pourboires*, and driving abominably; that her postal service is dear, and uncertain; that her theatres are uncomfortable, tawdry, and, as Mr. Matthew Arnold might say, lubricitous. But society is understood better there than it is with us. Although all human beings are social, women are more so than men, and in their taste for analyzing sentiments, and in the delight they take in seeing into the minds of others, have created, in France especially, the great art of conversation which has long since become the favorite excitement of the French nation.—*Saturday Review*.

A VISIT TO MUDIE'S.

ONE evening Lady Ashburton gave a brilliant reception. Among her guests was Mr. Mudie, whose name was then—1850—just becoming known. During the evening he found himself standing near Carlyle, who at once singled him out, and looking him full in the face, said in his brusquest manner, with his broad Doric accent, "So *you're* the man that divides the sheep from the goats! Ah!" he went on, giving strong emphasis to his words, "it's an *awfu'* thing to judge a man. It's a *more awfu'* thing to judge a book. For a book has a life beyond a life. But it is with books as it is with men. Broad is the road that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat; and narrow is the way that leadeth to life, and few there be that find it." A most admirable saying, well worthy to be written on brazen tablets. Mr. Mudie held his ground boldly enough when thus attacked as the man who had set himself up as a *censor librorum*. "In my business I profess to judge books only from a commercial standpoint, though it is ever my object to circulate good books and not bad ones." This is the story which Mr. Mudie told me a few days ago when he was good enough to allow me to pay him a visit and ask a few questions about the working of his famous library.

I found Mr. Mudie at his desk in the great hall, talking with some emphasis to a young lady. "A lady who wants to publish a novel come to ask my advice about publishing," said he after she had gone. "I have given her good advice, if it is only taken." "I suppose you are often consulted, Mr. Mudie, by these adventurers in the thorny field of literature?" I said. "Yes, indeed; but I endeavor to preserve a strict neutrality. Between publisher and author I am in a delicate position, but come upstairs for a moment to my sanctum, and I will tell you how 'Mudie's' was first started." Mr. Mudie's room bears all the signs of his literary avocations. His table is strewn with papers, and here, overlooking busy Oxford Street, he sits for several hours daily conducting the manifold correspondence and discharging the

many heavy duties incumbent on the head of so vast an establishment. There are books everywhere—books packed tightly on the shelves, books on the floor, books on the tables, books on the chairs. On the walls hang a portrait of himself and a few water-color sketches of Eastern cities and Eastern scenery, most of them places which Mr. Mudie has visited during his travels; for every year he leaves the gloomy skies of London behind him, and sets out in search of the sun. He knows the East well, and is almost as much at home in Damascus as in London. By the side of a stack of papers stand a pair of Indian clubs, which Mr. Mudie pleasantly declares that he keeps to knock out authors' brains. The necessity for such extreme measures has never fortunately arrived.

The history of "Mudie's" is soon told. Mr. Mudie when a lad was an omnivorous reader, his special favorites being works of history, travel, and philosophy. "In 1840 the circulating libraries were doing a flourishing trade. But dingy places they were, and the trash they supplied was well suited to the tastes of the Lydia Languishes and Lady Slattern Loungers of the day. Seldom could I get a book that I wished for, and I was fain to buy what I wanted. The idea suddenly struck me that many other young men were in similar case with myself. I had by this time accumulated a number of books, so I determined to launch out a library on my own lines." He then placed his collection, modest as it was, in the window of a small shop in Bloomsbury-Square now Southampton Row, and called his small establishment "Mudie's Select Library." Mr. Mudie had before this made a few friends who moved in literary circles, and one by one they spread the knowledge of the good work that he was doing. Gradually his library became known, and the shrewdness and sagacity which Mr. Mudie showed in his selection of books were soon appreciated, and the small shop developed itself rapidly. In a few years the business attained such dimensions that its founder had to seek new quarters for his books and himself. He

looked about, and settled on the now famous house in Oxford Street.

In old days the Bludyers and Pendenises of the period ran many a tilt against Mr. Mudie and his "select" library. "Who are you," they cried with Carlyle, "to sift the sheep from the goats?" But these strenuous critics were beaten in the end by the shrewd and acute Mr. Mudie whom long experience and both natural and acquired judgment had taught how to appraise the commercial value of a book to a nicety. "I judge, of course, by the imprint in some measure, and the reputation of the author. It is seldom indeed that a book is sent to me on probation." His influence with author and publisher is great, and it is good news to the author to hear that "Mudie's" have taken a large number of his work. Thackeray, for instance, was greatly delighted when he heard that the library had taken a large number of "Esmond." Indeed, he made a small *mot* when the news reached him: "Mudie has taken all those copies. Oh! 'evans!" To understand this, one must know that Messrs. Bradbury & Evans were his publishers in those days, and Mr. Evans was sometimes not happy in his aspirates.

Livingstone was well known to Mr. Mudie, and consulted him frequently about the publication of his famous volume of travels. "Print thousands," said he, much to Livingstone's astonishment. But the advice was followed, and the large sale of the "Travels in Central Africa," soon proved how accurately its value had been gauged. On another occasion much doubt was felt by Kingsley and his publishers as to the fate of "Alton Locke." It was thought that its socialistic tendencies might prove prejudicial to its success. In spite of this Mudie's bought largely, and at once put a large number into reading. I asked whether the fact of the Poet Laureate being raised to the peerage would cause any run on books by his *clientèle*. "No," said Mr. Mudie; "the fact is 'Tennyson' is generally bought outright. Most people prefer to have copies of their own. In the same way Carlyle is seldom asked for except by the smaller libraries which we feed, and no library would naturally be complete without a

set of his books. You ask me about runs on books. Well, anything about Gordon—(did you ever hear, by the way, that Gordon is the only Christian who is prayed for in the mosques of Mecca?)—is just now read with avidity. But, then, everything has conspired to make him the idol of the moment. The publication of the Queen's book has caused a great demand for the first 'Leaves,' and we have many letters every day asking for both volumes."

Every subscriber has a card upon which are entered all the books issued to him. As each one is filled up it goes to the hidden depths below, there to sleep out its quiet existence. In an iron safe are kept the records of a nation's reading. Since its foundation Mudie's Library has purchased for the use of its subscribers some six million volumes. The number of volumes issued and re-issued during the busy season exceeds a hundred thousand a week. Mr. Mudie, however, kindly gave me a few figures, which may prove interesting. In December, 1855, there were put into circulation 2500 of Macaulay's History—Vols. III. and IV.; over 3000 copies of Livingstone's "Travels in Africa;" a thousand copies of "Idylls of the King;" 3000 of M'Clintock's "Voyage in Search of Sir John Franklin." Of another famous book, "Essays and Reviews," Mr. Mudie took no less than 2000 copies. There was, of course, an enormous demand for George Eliot's novels, and of "Silas Marner" some 3000 copies were taken, and still more of "The Mill on the Floss." There is always a demand for the best novels, such as those of Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray, each of whom is as popular as ever. Kingsley is another popular author, "Westward Ho!" being the work most asked for. Trollope, too, is much in demand, and of his Autobiography 1500 copies were in circulation at one time. Of "Endymion" some 3000 copies were bought, and of "John Inglesant" 1600. Mr. Mudie took 2000 copies of the Queen's last book. Lady Brassey's "Voyage of the Sunbeam" was in great vogue, the numbers at the library reaching 2700.

The great hall, with its handsome Ionic columns, its dome, its polished counters, its walls lined with the bright

colors of countless tomes, is a familiar sight to the Londoner. Ask an assistant for a book, he knows at once where to put his hand upon it, and in a couple of minutes it is in your possession. The principle upon which the books are divided is simple, and proves effective. The novels are kept in the vaults below. Every other book finds a place on the main floor, either in the shelves running around the hall or in neighboring rooms and passages. A gallery runs round the hall, and when the assistants below require a volume beyond a certain height they use the whistle which communicates with the assistant above. Trucks carry the books from one place to another, while a lift is constantly disgorging its contents from the vaults on to the counter. Beneath the great hall and its adjacent rooms are stored hundreds of thousands of volumes—a vast honeycomb, each cell of which is packed with books. In one of these vaults are stacked up in a series of bins some 160,000 volumes of novels alone, all lettered and indexed, and each with a place of its own. When a novel is asked for upstairs the assistant comes down, and finds what he wants in a few seconds. Once a book is misplaced, it is as good as lost. As the novels cease to be asked for, they are gradually weeded out, and every few months the paper-maker comes, and a few tons make fresh grist to his mill. As one walks along these underground passages he notices great stacks of neatly packed parcels here, there and everywhere. These are the works of authors who are likely to publish again some day, when experience teaches that their former works will once more be asked for. Besides those are the magazines, and many works in French, German, Italian, and other languages. The subscriptions vary from one guinea a year—for which three volumes may be taken out at a time—to five hundred guineas. The latter sum, of course, is seldom paid, but many well-known families subscribe largely for themselves and for their servants. Then many institutions, provincial libraries, country villages, take thousands of volumes during the year. Some idea of the quantity of reading which may be had for two hundred guineas may be formed from the fact that one public

office in London takes for this amount over 20,000 volumes. To the country subscribers some 700 boxes of varying sizes are sent out every week, besides a number of parcels, while at the counter some 2000 exchanges are made daily. For the 170 suburban districts there is a service of carts, each one of which gets over a vast expanse of ground, one, perhaps, covering forty miles in a day's work. Three times a day the volumes returned are cleared, sorted, and replaced. The sharp eye and the well-practised touch of the sorting clerks detect in a moment dogs' ears, and woe to the subscribers with "observing thumbs" and a fondness for marginal notes! Destruction, too, is often wrought on valuable books by the children of the family. A fond mother, perhaps, takes her nice book of travels to the nursery, and gives the baby the "pretty pictures" just to look at. The "pretty pictures" are naturally torn out, and the book returned in anything but its pristine state. Then Mr. Mudie comes down for damages.

In one corner is the export department. Colonel H. writes from some outlying station in India, or Mr. B. from the remotest corner of Queensland, for the volumes he wishes for, and they are sent out by the next mail. In fact, Mudie's have subscribers in all quarters of the world, from the lonely bachelors above mentioned to the large libraries in our colonies and wherever the English do congregate. One room is devoted specially to the reception of books fresh from the publisher, and these are constantly coming in. A card is kept for each book, containing a full account of the numbers taken.

In the binding department alone some sixty to seventy pairs of hands are employed, from the skilful and accomplished foreman to the humble little stitcher. I heard the other day a story of a lady who came to the exchange counter at Mudie's one Saturday and asked for a "Sunday book." "A Sunday book, madam? certainly," said the polite official, and after a little cogitation he produced a story by a well-known writer of religious novels. The lady did not know the author, and liking the look of the three bright volumes, carried them off well-satisfied. In about

twenty minutes, however, she returned, and with much feeling handed the three volumes back again to the assistant. "You call this a Sunday book; why it's full of prayers, and every other page is a sermon. Now, please, *do* give me something nice and lively." Well, everybody reads "nice and lively" novels nowadays; but no one can deny that the supply exceeds the demand. Cart-loads of them are turned into the libraries and into the book-shops every week, forming in a few months a vast heap of rubbish, which quickly finds its way to the buttermilk. Of course there is a number of notable exceptions—authors whose novels are extremely popular, and often enough well worth reading. Novels, in spite of the tons he is compelled to take, do not pay Mr. Mudie. They occupy a great space, are bulky and expensive. To use his words, "They are the fuel that drives the engine. They become ashes too

soon." The literature proper—*belles lettres*, history, philosophy, biography, essay, travel—constitute the solid basis of a business that shows a handsome balance. Novels are the gaudy butterflies of the trade, which live but a short day and perish. Mr. Mudie wonders that some ingenious inventor has not devised an instrument on the principle of the sausage-machine for the manufacture of novels. The evil would at least be lessened if the three volumes could be compressed into one, and one ridiculous farce of the day abolished forever. Any one who takes up three volumes of a novel, on looking at its big type, the broad margins, the wide spaces, the thick paper, and the gorgeous cover, will see for himself that it is the paper-maker, the printer, the ink-manufacturer, the binder, and last, but not least, the publisher, who support the system.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

TWO LITERARY BREAKFASTS.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

I FIRST made the acquaintance of the celebrated Samuel Rogers, author of "The Pleasures of Memory," in 1840. He was at that time in his seventy-eighth year—fifty-two years my senior. He was hale and well-preserved, and in full possession of his mental faculties—with a remarkable and well-stored memory—as befitted a man who had sung so well of its pleasures. He had been personally acquainted with all the celebrated men and women in art, in arms, in politics, and in literature, who had flourished in England since his early manhood. He was in possession of ample means, derived from his business as a London banker; was fond of art, of literature, and of cultivated society. He was an excellent conversationalist—had great reputation as a wit—enhanced perhaps, as is common in the world, by the flavor of cynicism. He had, moreover, the reputation of being the ugliest man in England—some of his detractors said, in the world; but was at the same time, in spite of his alleged ugliness, one of the most agreeable men of his day.

He was a great favorite with the ladies, and a devoted admirer of the sex; though he never carried his admiration to the extent of proposing marriage, but once only, when he was in his eighty-fifth year. It was then too late, if either marriage or courtship were concerned, for young ladies or old ones to look upon him with any other personal feelings but those of ridicule or pity, though literary admiration was still open to them.

He was celebrated for the intellectual breakfasts to which, since the beginning of the century, he had been in the habit of inviting at least three, at most five or six, of the celebrities, male or female, of the day. The hour of breakfast was ten; and so agreeable or fascinating was the conversation of the host, as well as of the guests, that the repast seldom ended before noon, and sometimes extended so late as one o'clock. He insisted that breakfast was a much more social meal than dinner; that there was less of ceremony and more of unrestrained intellectual intercourse in the morning than there

could be in the evening; that the faculties were fresher, the memory clearer, the play of fancy more exuberant and spontaneous, than at the later hours of the day, when mental labor, or perhaps care, had more or less dulled or cast a shade over the faculties. He was a veritable "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," and might have been so designated, had my excellent friend Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes lived in London at the time, and been acquainted with the habits and characteristics of Mr. Rogers. Before I had ever seen him, I had formed an image in my mind in accordance with the spiteful epigrams that Lord Byron and others had written upon him, and was agreeably disappointed with the reality of his personal presence and the kindly serenity of his manners. He was certainly not handsome, and never could have been, but just as certainly he was not ugly in the disagreeable sense of the word, while his conversation differed in the pleasantest manner from that of many among his contemporaries, from not assuming the wearisome shape of a monologue. He not only talked, but allowed others to talk. On the first occasion that I enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. Rogers at his favorite meal, the only other guests were Thomas Campbell, the author of "The Pleasures of Hope," and Mr. Thomas Gaspey, the author of "The Lollards," "The Monks of Leadenhall," and nearly a score of other novels. The title of Mr. Campbell's poem had been suggested by that of Mr. Rogers, published some years previously, as that in its turn had been suggested by "The Pleasures of the Imagination," by Mark Akenside, written in the reign of Queen Anne. It was no small gratification to me to meet two such poets as the authors of "The Pleasures of Memory" and "The Pleasures of Hope" at one time, and to interchange ideas with them. I carefully noted down ere the day had passed the points of the conversation that took place on that, to me, memorable morning. The discourse was mainly literary, and turned principally upon the merits of Pope as a poet. They were rated very highly by both of the speakers—to my mind rather too highly—for though I could not but admire the finished grace, the wit and the wisdom, and the exquisite though some-

what monotonous music of his verse, I could not but deplore the want of imagination, even while admitting the abundant fancy of the writer. Rogers admired Pope for the terse epigrammatic form which his wit and his wisdom assumed in the "Essay on Man," the "Essay on Criticism," and in the "Epistles"; as well as the pungent force of his satire in "The Dunciad"; while Campbell admired him more particularly for the beautiful rhythm and melody of his versification, and still more enthusiastically for "The Dying Christian to his Soul," which he declared to be a gem of unrivalled and unsurpassable beauty, which had not its equal in any language, in any era of literature.

Mr. Gaspey, who was no poet, but a most pertinacious rhymers and manufacturer of facetiæ and epigrams in verse, and a punster of all but unrivalled facility and fertility, surpassing in this respect even Mr. Rogers himself, was not quite so enthusiastic in praise of Pope as the real poets of the company were, took exception to the frequent prosaic nature of many of Pope's most admired passages, and to his more than occasional lapses into downright bathos. Among other passages which he cited to prove that he did not take exception unjustly was the couplet in praise of Pope's particular friend Lord Mansfield, the celebrated judge:

Graced as thou art with all the power of words,
So known, so honored in the House of Lords.

"Nothing," said Mr. Gaspey, "could be more 'bathetic.'"

"Bathetic!" interposed Mr. Campbell; "bathetic is an unusual word, like 'mob-led queen'; it is good, very good; did you invent it?"

"No," replied Mr. Gaspey; "I wish I had the honor. It is not to be found in Johnson's dictionary; neither is bathos, which is a singular omission, considering that the word was in common use in his time."

"I think Coleridge uses *bathetic*," said Mr. Rogers. "There was a famous parody made on Pope's lines—I forget by whom—

Persuasion tips his tongue when'er he talks,
And he has chambers in the King's Bench
Walks?

"The parody," I ventured to remark, "was admirable—and a gem compared to the thing parodied. I think with Mr. Gaspey, that with all his beauties Pope, though, like Homer, he sometimes nodded, nodded much more frequently than he ought to have done, if he claimed to be admitted among the real immortals. Can anything be poorer as verse, not to say poetry than when he speaks of Hampton Court Palace as a place—

'Where thou, great Anna, whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take and sometimes tea.'

"It is easy to find flaws in a great writer," said Mr. Rogers, "and it requires no particular sagacity, and only a more than common fund of ill-nature, to be a critic. What I take to be the main fault of Pope is that he wrote too much, and did not take time to polish and to correct."

I may here observe that Mr. Rogers was not guilty of the fault of writing too much—for he wrote very little—and that not always of the best. He was fastidious to a fault, and wrote with great difficulty—correcting and recorrecting with painful elaboration whatever he wrote, either in prose or in verse—sometimes spending a week or more in the composition of a single sentence. He once showed me a note he had written to Lord Melbourne, at that time Prime Minister, suggesting that he should grant a pension on the Civil List to the Reverend Mr. Carey, the translator of Dante. The note consisted of but a dozen lines—perhaps even less—but he assured me that it had occupied his time and care for a full fortnight, and that he hoped he had succeeded in rendering it so compact, and so forcible, as well as so elegant, as to defy ingenuity to omit a word from, or add a word to it, or even to change a single word or phrase for a better one. He read it over to me as an example of what I, and every one else, ought to aim at, in epistolary, or indeed in all literary composition. I remember the concluding paragraph of this painfully produced epistle, which was: "But perhaps your lordship has already granted the pension? If so—I envy you!"

The conversation speedily diverged from the poetry of Pope to that of Byron, whom Mr. Rogers cited as a glaring offender in the sin of writing too much, and too fast. "He died at less than half my age—only thirty-six—while I am seventy-eight; and he wrote ten times as much as I have done."

I ventured, though timidly, to remark that it was a loss to literature that Byron had not lived to write a great deal more; that his genius, so far from being exhausted, was in its fruitful maturity of power and splendor; and that many better things than any he had yet written might have been expected from his pen, had he not been cut off so prematurely. Mr. Rogers, by the expression on his face, did not seem to take my opinion very kindly; but he merely said in reply: "You are young and consequently you incline to be enthusiastic. It is a good fault in youth, but as you grow older I think your opinion of Byron will tone down to a juster and calmer estimate of his genius."

It should be observed, in explanation of the feeling entertained by the elder to the younger poet, that, although, they had once been on terms of intimacy and friendship, a coolness almost amounting to enmity had for some cause or other, never sufficiently explained, sprung up between them. Byron had dedicated to him, in 1813, his beautiful poem of "The Giaour," "in admiration of his genius, in respect for his character, and in gratitude for his friendship;" had written on a blank leaf of "The Pleasures of Memory," and afterward published a short poem, addressed to its author, of which the opening lines were:

Absent or present, still to thee,
My friend, what magic spells belong!
As all can tell who share like me
In turn thy converse or thy song!

Byron had also, in the bitter but clever satire of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," gone out of his way to praise his friend as "melodious Rogers," and to declare that "The Pleasures of Memory" was one "of the most beautiful didactic poems in the English language." But a change had come over the spirit of his dream before the year 1818, and he had libelled even more vigorously than he had formerly

extolled, not only the poetry, but, what was worse and more offensive, the personal appearance and moral character of his former friend and boon companion. Nothing could be in more execrably bad taste or more venomously spiteful than the lines, descriptive of the countenance of Rogers, which he had written and allowed to be circulated in manuscript among his private friends :

Mouth which marks the envious scorner,
With a scorpion in each corner,
Turning its quick tail to sting you
In the place that most may wring you ;
Eyes of lead-like hue and gummy,
Carcass picked out from some mummy ;
Bowels (but they were forgotten,
Save the liver, and that's rotten).

Vampire, ghost, or ghoul, what is it ?
I would walk ten miles to miss it.

Rogers would indeed have been possessed of a temper approaching the angelic if he had been able to entertain his former feelings of personal regard for a man who had been treacherous and changeable enough to write thus of him, without known cause of offence ; the more especially as the injudicious admirers of Byron, after his death in 1824, had given the lines to the world. To have been caricatured by such comparatively small fry as Theodore Hook, Horace Smith, and others of the like calibre, might have been borne with as much equanimity as most people bear the stings of a mosquito ; but the blow of a cudgel wielded by such a literary giant as Lord Byron was certain to cause a wound in a less sensitive organism than that of Samuel Rogers. Once, when I ventured to extol the fire of Lord Byron's poetry, Rogers replied : " Yes, he had fire, no doubt ; but it was hell-fire ! " On this occasion Mr. Campbell, who himself had written but very little, though that little was of the highest merit, agreed with Mr. Rogers that Byron was much too prolix, especially in " Don Juan."

" But ' Don Juan,' " I said, " was of necessity prolix. No one can write a novel in verse in short, epigrammatic sentences. Undue condensity is fatal to the charm of any narrative, unless it be an episode in the main design—such, for instance, as the beautiful description of the two fathers and their sons in the

shipwreck so finely described in ' Don Juan.' "

" Which Moore," said Mr. Rogers, " declares to have been taken almost verbatim from a prose narrative in a small book entitled ' The Shipwreck of the Juno,' and which, in his opinion, was, in its plain grandeur, if not sublimer, far superior to Byron's poetry."

" It was written," I interposed, " by my grand-uncle, William Mackay, the second mate of the ship ; published toward the close of the last century, and read by Lord Byron when he was a school-boy."

None of the company had ever seen the book which has long been out of print. I subjoin the passage, that the admirers of Byron may compare it with the beautiful lines in " Don Juan," and adjudge the palm, if they please to do so, either to the poet or the sailor, as their taste and judgment may dictate. The survivors of the wreck of the Juno off the coast of Africa had, it may be premised, taken refuge on a raft, according to the poet, when the story commences ; but not according to the more authentic statement of the mate of the ship :

" Mr. Wade's boy, a stout and healthy lad, died early, and almost without a groan ; while another of the same age, but of less promising appearance held out much longer. The fate of these unfortunate boys differed also in another respect, highly deserving of notice. Their fathers were both in the foretop when the boys were taken ill. Mr. Wade, hearing of his son's illness, answered with indifference, that ' he could do nothing for him,' and left him to his fate. The other father, when the accounts reached him, hurried down, and, watching for a favorable moment, crawled on all-fours along the weather-gunwale to his son, who was in the mizzen rigging. By that time only three or four planks of the quarter-deck remained, just over the weather-quarter galley ; and to this spot the unhappy man led his son, making him fast to the rail to prevent his being washed away. Whenever the boy was seized with a fit of retching, the father lifted him up and wiped away the foam from his lips ; and if a shower of rain came, he made him open his mouth to receive the drops, or

gently squeezed them into it from a rag. In this affecting situation both remained four or five days, till the boy expired. The unfortunate parent, as if unwilling to believe the fact, raised the body, gazed wistfully at it, and, when he could no longer entertain any doubt, watched it in silence till it was carried off by the sea; then, wrapping himself in a piece of canvas, sunk down and rose no more, though he must have lived two days longer, as we judged from the quivering of his limbs when a wave broke over him. This scene made an impression even on us, whose feeling were in a manner dead to the world and almost to ourselves, and to whom the sight of misery was now become habitual."

A few days after our conversation on the subject, I lent the book to Mr. Rogers, who returned it with a note expressive of his full concurrence in Moore's verdict.

A few words in reference to Mr. Gaspey, whose many novels are now completely forgotten, but which enjoyed a certain celebrity when they first appeared, may not be uninteresting. He is now principally remembered by a punning epitaph on the leg of the Marquis of Anglesey—buried at Waterloo, at which famous battle he lost it. The epigram or epitaph bristled with puns, for the making of which Mr. Gaspey was notorious. I remember but two of them—turning upon the fact that it was not only a leg, but a *calf* that was buried; not only a body but a sole (*soul*). Mr. Gaspey, who was my colleague in the editorial department of the at that time leading journal, the *Morning Chronicle*, often had occasion to write to me, and almost invariably mistook my Christian name. He sometimes addressed me as William, or George, or Robert, or Henry, but never by any chance as Charles. I thought the mistake was not so much the result of carelessness as of design, and to cure him of it, whichever it might be, I played the same game with him, and instead of addressing him as Thomas, his real name, wrote to him as Benjamin, or Peter, or Alexander, and once as Obadiah. But it was all in vain. At last I addressed him as Nebuchadnezzar Gaspey, Esq. The broad hint was taken, and I be-

came "Charles" in all the letters he subsequently addressed to me.

II.

I was removed from Perth to London in my earliest childhood, and never revisited the land of my birth until I was five-and-twenty. The old and dearly beloved country was new to me when I saw it for the first time, as it were, in my young manhood. My mind was fully stored with the incidents of its history, its poetry, and its romance; and the grandeur and beauty of its scenery were enhanced and sublimated in my sight by the legendary lore with which my memory was imbued and my imagination fully laden. The first sight of Edinburgh—one of the most picturesquely beautiful of the cities of Europe—or, indeed, of the world—surpassed all I had dreamed of it in my youthful enthusiasm; every step that I took in the Old Town and the New, especially in the Old, evoked reminiscences either of the great and good who had once trodden its pavements, or of the greatly wicked, whose deeds of guilty ambition had contributed to the eventful and tragic history of the turbulent Middle Ages. I was well provided with letters of introduction to the literary notabilities of the venerable city; but I scarcely needed them, inasmuch as I was already acquainted with Mr. Robert Chambers, of the great publishing firm of W. & R. Chambers. These gentlemen were the earliest pioneers of popular literature in Scotland, and their well-known *Edinburgh Journal* had for years been engaged in the task of educating the youth of that generation in a knowledge and love of letters and of science. Mr. Robert Chambers was the literary partner of the firm, and an author of high and well-deserved repute. On the second morning of my arrival, I found myself engaged to breakfast at the hospitable board of that gentleman, preparatory to spending the day in a ramble through the historical and legendary portions of the city. The guests at breakfast besides myself were the venerable George Thomson, the well-known correspondent of Robert Burns, and Hugh Miller, author of "The Old Red Sandstone," a famous geologist who had raised him-

self from the humble position of a journeyman stonemason to be the equal and the associate of the principal scientific and literary notabilities of the time.

George Thomson, born in 1759, the same year as Robert Burns (possibly a year or two earlier or later), had at the time I met him attained the venerable age of eighty-two or three. He was a hale old gentleman—known by name and reputation to every reader of the immortal poems of the Ayrshire Bard, as the projector and editor of the famous collection of the National Melodies of Scotland, to which Burns contributed many of his best songs. He was also known to a smaller circle as the grandfather of Miss Hogarth, who, a few years previously to the time at which I met him, had married Charles Dickens, the author of "The Pickwick Papers," the forerunner of a score or more of equally popular and infinitely better novels.

The worthy gentleman had a grievance on which he had doubtless expatiated to my two companions at the breakfast table, his fellow-citizens and familiar friends, and which I was told he took all proper occasions to discuss with every new literary acquaintance with whom he might be brought into the contact of conversation. Of course I did not escape all allusions to a subject which had lain near his heart for nearly half a century. Burns and Thomson were in constant correspondence for four years, from September 1792 to June 1796, and between them both had investigated, with most interesting results, the history and genesis of the old songs and pathetic music for which Scotland was then, and is now, famous. Burns in his last fatal illness—only nine days before the close of his career—imagined, it appears erroneously, that a ruthless creditor was threatening him with legal process for the recovery of a debt of five pounds, and in his distress of mind wrote to George Thomson, for whom he had done so much without fee or reward, to advance him that small sum. "After all my boasted independence," wrote the dying man, "curst necessity compels me to implore you for five pounds. A cruel wretch of a haberdasher to whom I owe an account, taking it into his head that I am dying, has com-

menced a process, and will infallibly put me into a jail. Do, for God's sake, send me this sum by return of post. Forgive me this earnestness, but the horrors of a jail have made me half-distracted. I do not ask this gratuitously, for upon returning health, I hereby promise and engage to furnish you with five pounds' worth of the neatest song genius you have seen." Thomson replied immediately to this urgent but modest and touching appeal to his generosity—or rather to his sense of justice—and told the poet that he had often thought of offering him a pecuniary recompense for the work he had done, but was afraid lest he should hurt his proud spirit, as manifested in a previous letter on this very subject. In inclosing the five pounds as requested, he added that it was "*the very sum he had proposed sending*," and wished that he was Chancellor of the Exchequer, if only for one day, for the poet's sake." The passage "*the very sum he had proposed sending*" brought down upon the head of poor George Thomson all the vials of the critical wrath of a succession of editors and commentators, who all united in accusing him of meanness and ingratitude in hinting, though inadvertently, that he valued at exactly five pounds the priceless assistance that the poet had rendered him. "Nothing," said Mr. Thomson to me, "was farther from my intention. In the first letter which I wrote to him in 1792, introducing myself and explaining the object of my proposed work, I offered to pay him any reasonable price that he chose to demand for his assistance. He indignantly rejected the offer, as all the world knows, stating that in the 'honest enthusiasm with which he embarked in the undertaking, he considered that any talk of money, wages, fee, hire, etc., would be downright prostitution of his soul.' Nearly a year afterward, when I ventured to send him what he called a 'pecuniary parcel,' which he accepted, 'lest its refusal should savor of affectation,' he swore that on the least repetition of any such 'traffic' he would indignantly spurn the by-part transaction, and from that moment drop all intercourse with, and become an entire stranger to me! What was I to do? I knew his proud and sensitive nature. I wanted to keep

on the most friendly terms with him. I desired above all things a continuance of his invaluable assistance to my work, and dreaded to offend him. I did not know that he was on his deathbed—neither did he know it himself; for had I known it, I would have hurried from Edinburgh to his side to be of what comfort I could to him, both pecuniarily and otherwise. I might further urge on my own behalf—that with every desire to be liberal and even generous, I was a poor man at the time. I published the *Melodies* at my own risk, and the book was not successful until after the death of the poet whose genius had enriched it. But these considerations had, in reality, no influence on my mind or actions, and had Burns asked me for five times five pounds, I would have procured it for him at any inconvenience to myself, even if I had to pawn my watch to procure the money. I own that, by the light of after occurrences, the phrase the “precise sum” which I employed in my letter was awkward and unfortunate, and I have never ceased to regret that I used it.”

To my mind this explanation was satisfactory, and I said so, with hearty emphasis, to the evident pleasure of Mr. Thomson. I had not thought much on the subject before, and was gratified to find that my hastily formed opinion had been shared long previously by Mr. Hugh Miller and by Mr. Robert Chambers; and that the latter had already given in print the weight of his authority and critical judgment to this effect.

There was at this time in Edinburgh a small association of kindred spirits—lovers of literature and song—who met once or twice a week at each other's houses in the evening, and who called themselves the “Egg and Toddy Club.” The members were strictly forbidden to incur any expense for their convivial gatherings, beyond a frugal supper of eggs and oatcake, moistened by temperate libations of whiskey and hot water, which the Scotch call “toddy.” The next meeting was appointed to be held at the house of Mr. Thomson, and I had the honor of an invitation. I went accordingly, spent a pleasant evening, and made the acquaintance of several agreeable persons; and speedily discovered that the

members were not only lovers of poetry, but most of them aspirants to poetic fame, and authors of books of poems in the Scottish language. The dialect of the Scottish Lowlands lends itself more easily than English does to the exigencies of rhyme and rhythm and poetical expression, in consequence of the great number of affectionate diminutives which it employs and of its copious vocabulary, which not only includes every word in the English, but many hundreds, if not thousands, of expressive and forcible words that have become obsolete in the English of the south, and of London more especially, and which still retain their literary and colloquial beauty in the North. I was not surprised to find so many poets (perhaps poetasters) in the Egg and Toddy Club—not professional authors, but gentleman engaged for the most part in business, or in the exercise of the legal and medical professions. I knew, as I have said elsewhere (“The Book of Scottish Songs”), “that not only the scholar in his study and the professed rhymers and author, but the tradesman behind his counter, the weaver at his mill, the ploughman in the field, and the fisherman in his boat, had written and composed songs, and that even tramps and vagrants, from the days of Allan Ramsay and Burns to our own, had been the authors of no contemptible compositions and emendations of old songs and ballads. These bards, many of them nameless, made no pretence to be refined; yet amid the rudest snatches were often to be found the happiest thoughts expressed in the happiest phraseology.” Three of the gentlemen present on the occasion achieved eminence in literature: Mr. Henry Glassford Bell, Sheriff of Lanarkshire, author of a “Life of Mary Queen of Scots” and several lyrical poems of great beauty; Mr. Alexander Smart, a printer, author of “Rambling Rhymes”; and Mr. William Anderson, author of “Landscape Lyrics,” and of a “Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen.”

After breakfast Mr. Robert Chambers volunteered to act as my guide in a ramble through the ancient city of Edinburgh. On his part, Mr. Hugh Miller undertook to escort me on the morrow to Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags,

and explain as we went the geology of the mountain. Nothing more agreeable could have happened than both of these arrangements. Mr. Chambers was familiar with every stone in the pavement of the old city, and with all the history, tradition, romance, and poetry of every nook and corner of it; and Hugh Miller, though a learned geologist, was not a hard and dry man of mere science, but a poet, who brought to the study of scientific facts a richly stored mind and a fertile imagination.

As the record of the scenes and conversation of a single day, passed in the streets of Edinburgh with Mr. Robert Chambers, would fill an interesting volume, it would be useless to attempt in this place even an epitome of the subject. Mr. Chambers himself has well performed the task in his excellent "Traditions of Edinburgh," work that has gone through several editions with ever-increasing favor. Suffice it to say that in the walk from the Castle to Holyrood, down the long street that assumes the several names of the Cowgate, the High Street, and the Canongate, scarcely a house in the narrow city, or a "wynd" or close, was passed of which Mr. Chambers had not something to say of historical, antiquarian, legendary, or literary interest. Squalid for the most part in their accessories, grimy and ill-favored and ill-odored, teeming with life in its vulgarest and most forbidding aspects, this great historical thoroughfare, seen in the adorning light of memory which Mr. Chambers threw over it like an aureole, became as picturesque as the portrait of a ragged beggar when painted by a great artist, who turns the very squalor of his model into grace and beauty on the canvas.

The conversation of Hugh Miller, though agreeable and instructive, was not equal in charm to that of Robert Chambers. The mind of Hugh Miller was so wedded to the study of geology as to leave him but little inclination to diverge into the wider fields of history, philosophy, romance and poetry, where he might have roamed to his own advantage and that of the world, had time allowed and preoccupation not prevented. The nowise related subjects of geology and the politics of the Free Church of Scotland occupied him fully;

geology, for the love he bore it, and Free Church politics for the discussion and dissemination of which he was dependent for the daily bread of himself and his household. The clerical and other supporters of the movement which ended in the disruption of the venerable Church of Scotland and the establishment of the Free Church, differing from its parent in no point of doctrine, but solely on the question of patronage and the appointment of clergymen by any other than the congregations to whose spiritual instruction and comfort they were to administer, came to the conclusion, while yet the controversy was in progress, that they required a newspaper to support their views before the public. The result was the establishment of the *Witness*, a weekly and afterward bi-weekly journal, published in Edinburgh. The next want of the party was that of an editor, and, fortunately as it appeared at the time for Hugh Miller, the choice of the shareholders fell upon him. He had a great reputation at the time for sound sense, discretion and the possession of a literary style of unusual force and elegance; and he gladly accepted the appointment, which secured him not only bread but the certainty of a rise in the social scale and a chance of fortune. He entered upon the duties of the post with zeal and ability, never admitting to himself, nor allowing the world to suspect, that the task was an uncongenial one, at which he chafed, but which he could not abandon, under the heavy penalty of a too possible penury. Little, and that little precarious and uncertain was to be earned by the literature of geology; much comparatively was to be earned, and that, whether much or little, was certain, by the able advocacy of Free Church principles; so he wisely, as it appeared at the time, stuck to his newspaper. But thereof came in the end despondency and madness. But of the tragic ending of a seemingly bright and promising career there appeared at this time neither trace nor presentiment and when, in pursuance of our previous agreement at the breakfast table, he acted as my guide, geological and poetical, to the picturesque heights of Salisbury Crag and the summit of Arthur's Seat, he was in the enjoyment of robust health, and full of spirit and animation.

Dressed in a suit of hodden gray, with a geological hammer in his hand, he skipped rather than walked up the hill, or it might well be called the mountain side, from St. Anthony's Well to the summit, discoursing as we went

Of mica-schist,
The old red sandstone, and the great fire mist
Of nebulae exploded, and the birth,
Myriads of ages past, of a young earth,
Still new and fresh though venerably old,
And of the wondrous tale in "Cosmos" told.

The geological lessons which I learned on that day from the lips of one so pre-eminently qualified to teach them I have either forgotten or allowed to mingle in the stream of my general knowledge of the subject. But the recollections of his conversation on the natural beauties of the noble panorama of land and sea that spreads before the eyes of the delighted visitor who stands on the summit of Arthur's seat remain as vivid as ever. The scene is one which, once beheld, is never likely to be forgotten. To the east is the Firth of Forth, with the Isle of May and the Bass Rock, and beyond these the great German Ocean; while along the shore stretch the villages and towns of Musselburgh, Preston Pans, North Berwick with the conical hill of Berwick Law, Dunbar, the castled crag of Tantallon, and the plains of Lammer Muir, all renowned in poetry and romance as well as in history. In front, to the north, is the low-lying country, sometimes called by the Edinburgh people the "Kingdom" of Fife, every square mile of which is of historical interest; to the west, the narrowing river, flowing from beyond the picturesque rock and city of Stirling, almost as romantic in situation and in history as

Edinburgh itself; while still farther to the north-west, lies the entrance to the Highlands, dominated by the noble hills of Perthshire and the magnificent range of the Grampians. Among the most conspicuous of these hills is Ben Ledi, or the Mount of God, more properly the Mount with God; a memorable hill in pre-Christian and pre-historic times; sacred to the great annual festival of the Scottish Druids; where every year on May day, the Druidical priests, in their three orders of judges, bards and prophets, followed by the multitude, marched to the top of the hill, and kindled the holy fire, direct from the rays of the sun. The broad pathway, from the base of the hill commencing near Calender, to the summit, is still plainly traceable by the grass that grows all the way on the soil trodden into comparatively fertile earth more than two thousand years ago, by the feet of the annual multitudes, that wore down the rough and rocky way, into the smoothness and pulverization which permitted the growth of the all-pervading grass. Mr. Miller was not particularly acquainted with Druidical history—who is?—but the fact of this annual procession on the morn of Beltain, sacred to the fire of Baal or the sun, was familiar to him. It was not till many years after this visit to Arthur's seat with this eminent philosopher and amiable man that the world heard of his lamentable death by his own hand. Widespread sorrow was felt far beyond the boundaries of Edinburgh by the sad catastrophe, and among the mourners none mourned more sincerely than the writer of these slight remembrances.—*Belgravia*.

A NEW THEORY OF SUN-SPOTS.

BY PROF. RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

OF all the phenomena presented to the contemplation of astronomers, sun-spots are at once the most impressive and the most mysterious. On the face of that resplendent disk they seem, at a first view, mere dark marks of little import or interest. To the astronomers who first observed them, Fabricius, Scheiner,

and Galileo, they were mere stains on the surface of an orb which earlier astronomers, confident in half-knowledge, had regarded as absolutely without spot or blemish. But so soon as their real features are noted, and the real dimensions of the sun's orb considered, their amazing significance is revealed; while,

when their movements are examined, and the strange laws noted according to which they wax and wane in frequency, they are found to present problems as mysterious as they are fascinating.

I am about to advance a theory about sun-spots, or rather about their more salient features, which at least serves, whether right or wrong, to associate together some of the most remarkable facts which have been discovered respecting the sun and his surroundings.

Let us first consider the nature of that surface in which sun-spots make their appearance, and the phenomena which they present.

We are apt to regard the visible surface of the sun as if it were either the actual surface of this globe, or, at least, very near to that surface. On a little consideration, however, of the facts known to us, it will appear that this view is not correct. Strangely enough, the earth under our feet tells us of the nature of the interior constitution of the sun, while the face of the sun himself even veils from view what lies deep down below it. The crust of the earth, studied by geologists, has spoken in the clearest terms of many millions of years of sun work at the sun's present rate of emitting heat and light. We may shorten our estimate of the time by assigning to the sun a greater activity in past times than now, or lengthen it by assuming that of yore he worked less effectively; but the result remains the same so far as our present inquiry is concerned: for it is the totality of sun work, not time, we have to consider. Dr. Croll, of Glasgow, has shown, if not conclusively, yet with such high degree of probability that it would be far less safe to reject than to accept his conclusions, that the earth's crust tells of at least 100,000,000 years of sun's work. Sir Charles Lyell accepted the evidence as to all intents and purposes decisive.

Yet if this is so, a great difficulty immediately presents itself. The sun's energy in emitting light and heat results, so far as can be seen, almost wholly from the action of gravity in drawing in toward the centre the matter which forms the great aggregation we call the sun. That mysterious power which resides in matter adds this other reason to the reasons already strong, which make it

the mystery of mysteries, that in it lies "the promise and potency" of light and heat throughout the universe itself. Dr. Ball has already explained in these pages (*Longman's Magazine* for November) how the contraction of the sun's mass provides, so to speak, for the constant expenditure of energy. But we can ascertain precisely how much energy could have been derived from the contraction of the sun's globe to its present apparent size, supposing its mass strewn with tolerable uniformity through an orb of that size. Of course the larger the original volume of the sun, the greater the amount of energy which might thus have been produced. But let us assign to the original globe of the sun the greatest possible volume—infinity of space. Of course the idea is not admissible as a conception, but it can quite readily be dealt with mathematically, and will manifestly give us a superior limit to the length of time we wish to determine. We find, in using this infinity of space, that the period deduced is but about 20,000,000 years. Taking, instead, an extension all round over half the distance separating the sun from the nearest star, we get very nearly the same result.

Here, then, there is manifestly something wrong. Our earth tells us one story, the sun seems to tell us another, I reject as absolutely inadmissible the suggestion for removing the difficulty by supposing that our sun's globe was formed by the collision of masses which had before been rushing with enormous velocities through space. All such ideas of collision appear simply preposterous to the astronomer who apprehends how enormously the distances separating star from star exceed the dimensions of individual stars. There is only one way of removing the difficulty, viz., by recognizing the fact that the sun's apparent globe differs very much in size from his real globe. If the process of contraction has gone on very much farther than it seems to have done, then we can readily explain the awful vistas of past time of which our earth's crust tells us. We may safely conclude from this one argument alone that the sun's real globe is very much smaller than the orb we see.

But there is other evidence to the same effect. Prof. G. H. Darwin has

shown clearly that unless the central part of the sun were very much more compressed and dense than the parts near (say within fifty or a hundred thousand miles of) the apparent surface, there ought to be measurable flattening of the sun's polar regions. Now it is absolutely certain that there is no such flattening. All the observations made at Greenwich, Paris, Vienna, Washington, and other great observatories, agree in proving this. Therefore the central part of the sun is much denser than the outer parts, and doubtless the real globe of the sun is very much less than the globe we see.

There is also another proof of the same important fact in the behavior of the spots themselves. It will fall presently under our notice.

What, then, is that visible surface which lies as a luminous veil far above the real surface of the solar globe?

The telescope shows the general surface of the sun as formed of multitudinous small round objects, intensely bright on a background which, though really bright, appears by contrast dark. These objects are only small in the sense that they look small as seen even with the most powerful telescopes. In reality, they average two or three hundred miles in length and breadth. Regarding those of nearly circular form as in reality spherical, the surface of one of these clouds (if so we are to regard them), 200 miles in diameter, would be about 125,000 square miles; so that in comparison with all such terrestrial objects as we can actually see and measure, they are of enormous size.

Now we can readily form an opinion as to the nature of these cloud-like masses—the so-called solar *rice-grains*—by considering what the spectroscope has told us about the vaporous atmosphere in which they float. This complex atmosphere indicates its presence alike in telescopic survey of the sun and in photographs of his disk, by the well-marked darkening toward the sun's edge. Analyzed by the spectroscope, it is found to contain the vapors of iron, copper, zinc, aluminium, titanium, sodium, magnesium, and many other terrestrial elements, chiefly metallic. In other words, in the atmosphere of the sun the metals have the same position which the vapors of water

have in our own air; so intense is the heat of the sun that iron, copper, zinc, and so forth (doubtless, in reality, all the metals, though not all in sufficient quantity to indicate their presence) are turned to the form of vapor. The clouds, then, that float in the atmosphere of the sun, are clouds in which drops of metal play the same part which drops of water play in our own clouds. We may describe the solar rice-grains, in fact, as mighty metallic clouds.

But here I would call attention to a consideration which seems to me of great importance in all inquiries into the sun's condition. The laws of gaseous pressure and density, as determined by experiments on the earth, are either modified under the conditions which exist in the sun, or else we cannot possibly regard the region of absorptive vapors certainly existing around the visible surface of the sun as of the nature of an atmosphere. From spectroscopic analysis we know that the pressure at which hydrogen exists just outside the sun's surface is much below the pressure of our atmosphere at the sea-level, yet certainly not so low as the thousandth part of that pressure. And whatever opinion we may form as to the effect of the intense heat prevailing close by the sun, we cannot overlook the influence of the enormous force of gravity at his surface. Under this force, more than twenty-eight times the force of gravity at the earth's surface, an atmosphere constituted like our own would double in pressure for every one eighth of a mile of descent. Suppose that at the sun's surface a vaporous atmosphere such as he seems to have, an atmosphere constituted as the vaporous matter around him undoubtedly is constituted, doubled in pressure only once for every ten miles of descent. Then within the range of about 400 miles through which the sun's vaporous atmosphere has been observed (during total eclipse) to extend, there would be forty doublings, or the pressure, certainly not less than one-thousandth of our air's pressure, would be increased to more than *one thousand million times* the pressure of our air at the sea-level. Under such a pressure it would no longer be vaporous at all. Could it remain so, and obey the laws of gaseous matter, it would be many

thousands of times denser than the densest metals known to us. Most assuredly no such pressure exists either at the sun's surface or thousands of miles below it. We can see to a depth of some 10,000 miles in the case of certain of the larger sun-spots.

We seem forced to the conclusion that the real atmosphere of the sun does not come anywhere near the surface we see, which, according to this view, would be regarded as formed of cloudlike masses each with its surrounding of vapor, kept around it by such attractive energy as must necessarily reside in enormous aggregations of metallic globules such as these clouds must be. I am aware that this view will seem so strange, so unlike any that has heretofore been held, as to appear very daring. Yet it is infinitely more daring to overlook the enormous physical difficulties involved in the assumption that a continuous atmosphere surrounds the sun to a height of many hundreds of miles, while at the highest part of that self-luminous atmosphere the pressure is comparable with that of our own atmosphere at the sea-level.

Be this as it may (for the question has no direct bearing on the theory I am about to present), it is certain that under the action of various forces, the solar rice-grains arrange themselves into groupings of varied form, in such sort that the general surface of the sun, when studied with a telescope not sufficiently powerful to show the separate rice-grains, presents a mottled aspect. Photography, which, as skilfully applied by Dr. Janssen, gives us the best views yet obtained of the details of the sun's surface, shows another reason for the mottled aspect, in the existence of a sort of net-work (varying even in form) of misty streaks where the rice-grains, though visible, were much less clearly defined than elsewhere. These blurred regions will doubtless find their explanation hereafter, as their changes of form come to be more closely studied.

But yet again, the surface of the sun is disturbed by forces producing more marked movements of the solar clouds. These get driven together into closely-packed streaks which, even in telescopes of very moderate power, are visible as exceedingly bright objects. They are

the so-called *faculae* (named thus by Hevelius), from the Latin word for a torch, because of their brilliant aspect.

It is, however, when yet greater disturbances affect the cloud-laden region which forms the visible surface of the sun, that solar spots make their appearance. A region of disturbance, where many *faculae* are seen making the sun's surface look like a froth-streaked sea, shows suddenly in the middle of a dark region, round which the *faculae* appear at first as parts of nearly circular arcs. But they pass farther and farther away from the region of disturbance, the dark centre of which becomes better defined, and is presently seen to be bordered by a well-defined fringe of less darkness. Under close telescopic scrutiny this fringe (called the *penumbra*), which, though less dark than the central part (called the *umbra*), is darker than the general surface of the sun, is seen to be marked by streaks extending radially from the centre of the nearly circular spot. Larger and larger the spot grows, gradually losing its circular form, but still well rounded on all sides. The centre is found to be darker than the rest of the *umbra*, appearing, indeed, absolutely black, but not necessarily so, since the glowing lime-light appears absolutely black when on the sun's disk as on a background. This central darkest region is called the *nucleus*.

After remaining, sometimes for several days, sometimes for weeks or even months, a spot begins to show signs of breaking up, if one can speak of the breaking up of what really indicates the absence, not the presence, of matter. It loses its rounded form, becoming perceptibly pear-shaped. Large portions of the facular regions around break their way in upon the sun, chiefly on the edge, which remains more rounded, forming often bright bridges—usually curved—from side to side of the spot. On either side of the smaller part (the stalk end of the pear) larger but less brilliant masses seem to move in upon the spot as though to cover it over with portions of the cloud-laden surface which had before been outside. These masses, as they move on, usually show widening dark streaks between them; and it is very noteworthy that on either

side of these dark streaks there can be seen bright thread-like objects akin to the radial streaks around the umbra. But in the mean time these streaks, which have been originally radial and tolerably regular, have been tossed hither and thither as if irregular currents swept them in different directions. From the great masses thrown in on the dark background of the spot multitudinous filaments seem to stream in all directions, like fringe upon a storm-tossed banner.

More and more violently—pell-mell, as Secchi used to say—the luminous masses rush in upon the spot region. At last it is completely covered over, though bright facular streaks show where the great opening had been, and where intense disturbance is still going on. Sometimes these streaks break apart and a fresh spot is formed; and it has happened that twice or thrice a spot has been as it were renewed in this way. But usually the facular streaks become less and less marked, until at length the region where the spot has been can be in no way distinguished from the surrounding parts of the sun's surface.

Such is the history of a spot of the larger sort. Occasionally there are peculiarities affecting the progress of some particular spot. For instance, there was the wonderful Cyclone Spot, seen by Secchi in 1857, the whole area of which was swept round as if by some mighty tornado. Again, there have been spots where a double tornado seems to have been in progress, the two whorls moving in opposite directions. In yet other cases there has been a whirling motion affecting the central part of the spot region in one direction, at one part of the spot's career, and in the contrary direction later. Other evidences also of exceedingly violent motion have from time to time been observed.

In smaller spots less marked signs of varying disturbance are noticed. The history of a small spot is comparatively uneventful. The chief interest in these lesser markings resides perhaps in the circumstance that to the unpractised observer they look very much like small planets in transit. For my own part I may express my conviction that every recorded case of intra-mercurial planets seen in transit is to be thus explained,

from the case of Lescarbault's Vulcan down to the case of Vulcan's supposed return as seen in China; though the last-named is the only case in which a photograph of the sun chanced fortunately to have been taken at the right time, proving unmistakably that what had been described as unquestionably a planet, moving like a planet and unlike a sun-spot, was nevertheless a small sun-spot after all.

But there are yet some other circumstances which must be noted before we proceed to consider a theory of sun-spots.

The spots are limited to two zones on the sun's surface, corresponding to the sub-tropical and temperate zones on the surface of the earth. The existence of such zones implies necessarily the occurrence of rational motion, whereby the position of the sun's poles and equator has been determined. It has been, in fact, by observing the spots that the axial position of the sun and his rate of rotation have been ascertained. But the movement of rotation, which seemed a comparatively simple matter when the first rough observations of Galileo and his contemporaries were in question, presents itself now as a complex phenomenon; for spots in high solar latitudes are found to indicate a rotation rate different for that determined by the observation of spots near the equator. The difference is so great as to become most perplexing when its real significance is considered. Judged by spots in the highest latitudes where spots have been seen on his face, the sun seems to rotate in about twenty-eight days. Judged by spots as near the equator as any have been seen, he seems to rotate in about twenty-four days. His real globe cannot well rotate save as a whole and in a single period; yet, judged by what looks like his surface, his equatorial regions seem to rotate seven times, while the mid-zones of his northern and southern hemispheres rotate only six times. Regarding the slower rate for a moment as the true rate of the sun's rotation, it would appear as though the visible equatorial regions gained one entire rotation on the surface beneath them in 168 days. Now the sun's circumference is in round numbers about 2,660,000 miles, so that the mere gain

of the whole equatorial zone takes place at the rate of nearly 16,000 miles per day, or about 650 miles per hour. Thus, viewing the varying rotation rate at the surface, we should have to recognize the existence of the most stupendous and far-ranging hurricane the mind can conceive.

We may fairly find in this amazing mobility another and simpler proof of what we have already seen to be demonstrated by subtler evidence, the vastness of the distance which separates the real surface of the sun from that visible surface which we call the photosphere. One other point remains to be mentioned. The spots, besides being limited in space, are limited also in time. They cannot always be looked for with any probability that they will be seen. At this present time there are many spots on the sun's face. But if he is watched week after week during several coming years, it will be found that the spots grow fewer and fewer till none are seen. Then several weeks, or maybe months, will pass during which no spots and few faculæ will be seen, when the mottling will be scarce discernible, and the darkness near the edge will be much less marked than usual. Then the spots will begin to return, will become more and more numerous till they attain their maximum frequency. Then they will diminish till they disappear, then return, then pass away again, and so on continually, waxing and waning with a sort of rhythmic flow. But the oscillation is not uniform. The average interval between two successive epochs of greatest spot frequency is a little greater than eleven years, but the interval has been as short as eight years and it has been as long as sixteen years.

Such being the most striking peculiarities of the sun-spots, let us see whether they can be associated together, some or all of them, by any theory as to the way in which these great openings in the luminous cloud region are formed.

In the first place, it may be fairly assumed that the real seat of the disturbance seen when a spot appears lies below the visible surface of the sun. There are, indeed, similar circumstances which seem at a first view to suggest that the disturbance has its origin from outside.

If the spot period were of constant length, one might be led to suppose that some as yet undiscovered comet, having a period of about eleven years, and followed by a train of meteoric attendants, travels in an oval orbit intersecting the outlying cloud envelopes of the sun, and periodically with its flight of meteoric followers breaks through the region of luminous clouds. There are also certain peculiarities of sun-spots, noted by the late Mr. Richard Carrington, which have been held to indicate an external origin. But as none doubt that the real energies of the sun reside in that concealed mass which lies within the photosphere, hidden by a veil through which man can never hope to penetrate, and as the spots by their size and movements tell of more energetic disturbing forces, we must, it would seem, look for their origin where alone such forces are at work.

Again, if the origin of the spots is below the photosphere, and at the real surface of the sun, as the distance between this surface and the photosphere is enormous, we can hardly imagine any way in which forces exerted at the surface can affect the photospheric cloud region, unless they are directed with great energy radially from the sun's surface. In other words, it would seem that the forces at work in producing sun-spots are eruptional.

Now if we conceive the outburst of masses of strongly compressed and intensely heated gases from below the sun's real surface, and trace the result of their uprush, we are led to recognize certain phenomena, which certainly correspond well (be this explanation true or not) with what is seen on the sun. Even if the theory is incorrect, it has its value in thus associating together, as will be found, the various facts known about sun-spots, the colored flames, and the solar corona.

Let us suppose that a great eruption begins deep down below the visible surface of the sun, imprisoned gases bursting their way forth, and in their outburst driving masses of solid or liquid matter like missiles through the distant photosphere. As the compressed vapors travelled onward to regions of diminishing pressure, they would expand, cooling in the process, and drive away from all

round the region where they reached the visible surface the clouds which had covered that region. At the beginning there would be a central space, from around which the clouds were thus cleared over a continually widening area. Moreover, regarding the visible surface as part of a cloud stratum of great thickness (certainly not less than 10,000 miles in depth), it is clear that the constantly expanding masses of vapor, in their upward rush, would drive the higher parts of the cloud region farther apart than the lower portions. Thus looking squarely into the opening, from outside, as when we look at a spot near the centre of the sun's face from our terrestrial standpoint, we should obtain slant views of the cloud stratum.

Now the clouds which had before been spread uniformly over the scene of disturbance, being driven away from it upon the surrounding region, would necessarily be packed closely together, and so would form luminous streaks all around the spot—the faculæ, which, as we have seen, surround the disturbed region. The penumbra would show what lies underneath the photosphere, but not in its normal condition; for the mighty uprushing and side-thrusting masses of vapor would displace all parts of the cloud stratum, even as the outer parts are displaced and made to form facular streaks. Still we can form an idea, from the aspect of the penumbral fringe, respecting the normal condition of the inner parts of the solar cloud region. The radiating streaks, which are manifestly slant streaks of luminous matter below the clouds, seem to tell us clearly of streaks which have been vertical before the disturbance. We may compare what we see round the spot to what one would see in looking down upon a field of wheat (from a balloon, suppose) over a part of which a small but violent whirlwind was passing. All round the centre of disturbance the stalks of wheat would be driven aslant and we should see them sloping radially around that centre. The ears of wheat belonging to the storm-bent stalks would be driven closer together than the ears elsewhere over the field, and so would form circular streaks around the region of disturbance, and outside the slant radial streaks. These circular streaks

of compressed wheat-ears would look brighter than the rest of the field if the ears were in their golden prime. So the glowing solar clouds, urged together by the expansive action of the vapors poured into the spot region, form streaks looking brighter than the surrounding surface; while extending from them inward, toward the spot's centre, are seen the streaks of luminous matter which before had been vertical. What these vertical streaks may be is not very easily determined. They may be down-rushing streams of molten metal from the sun's metallic clouds, or they may be uprushing columns of glowing metallic vapors, capped by the clouds (as in our own air uprising streams of aqueous vapor are capped by cumulus clouds), or they may include both forms; however they are to be interpreted, it is certain they exist.

After a while the eruptive forces cease; the ejected vapors for a while continue to extend themselves around the region of disturbance, but not long. All the forces now called into action are such as tend to fill in again, and cover over, the region which has been disturbed. As the surrounding cloud-covered regions strive to rush in, contests arise between the in-rushing masses and the vapors within the spot region. In these conflicts cyclonic action may arise, and usually does. Sometimes a single cyclonic whirl is generated; at other times two or more, which may be in the same or different directions; while at yet other times, changes in the conditions under which the conflicts take place may cause a cyclone in one direction to be replaced by another in the contrary direction. Again, the inclosed vapors would maintain a better resistance and preserve the rounded form of the spot on that side toward which their motion urged them. On the other side, where the resistance would be less effective, cloud-laden masses from the solar photosphere would break in, or rather would be drawn in; and around this part of the disturbed region the photosphere would be more disturbed than elsewhere, and in many parts would be broken up.

The masses thus flung over or projected toward the region of the spot would be agglomerations of the luminous clouds with their vaporous surround-

ings and their filamentous appendages, which, in the more quiescent parts of the sun's surface, are usually (as may be presumed) nearly vertical. A mass of clouds driven onward as by a mighty but irregular hurricane would show its filaments as streamers from a wind-tossed pennon, as these luminous thread-like forms actually appear. Not parallel here, as around the edges of a yet youthful spot, the filaments would present an appearance more nearly resembling that of our cirrus clouds, with their wild mare's-tail streaks tossed seemingly hither and thither by the varying currents in our upper air. Indeed, Professor Langley, to whom we owe decidedly the best views of the various features of the sun's surface yet drawn, finds every form of solar cloud illustrated in the clouds of our own air. But though we may thus find illustrations of solar features, we must not imagine that therefore we have necessarily their true analogues. The vast difference of scale must be carefully kept in recollection. The solar clouds, which seem simple rounded masses of luminous matter, are in reality vast cloud balls, two or three hundred miles in diameter; and doubtless, could we see them more clearly, would show amazing irregularities of structure where our present telescopes show uniformity. The filaments merely look like the thread-like forms which we see in our cirrus clouds; in reality they are forty or fifty miles in breadth, and some of them are fully 10,000 miles in length. Nothing that we know about our clouds enables us to form the merest guess as to the condition of such vast masses, such long streamers as these, or even to say that they are single masses or continuous streamers at all. And apart from all this, the intense heat which pervades the whole material of these seeming clouds and seeming streamers assures us that they are as unlike our clouds and cloud streamers in condition as they are in volume.

All that we can here say is that the sun-spots behave as though they were produced by the uprush of masses of vapor, caused by eruptive action far below the visible surface; for all the phenomena presented by a spot from its first formation to its final disappearance

correspond to what might fairly be expected to result from such a process of formation. In passing, however, it may be noted as strong evidence in favor of the theory that sun-spots are due to the action of forces working below the visible surface, that they are regions of darkness and not of increased brightness. If sun-spots are produced in the way I have suggested, there would result great cooling from the expansive action of vapors which had been enormously compressed. On the other hand if sun-spots had their origin from without, the bringing to rest of matter, meteoric or cometic, which had before been travelling with enormous velocity, would necessarily be accompanied by the generation of heat. Since the spots by their darkness and by the spectroscopic evidence of powerful absorptive action tell us that they are regions of cooling and not of greater heat, we may reasonably and safely infer that they are due to the action of forces working from within expansively, and not from outside with effects of compression.

But now let us see whether we may not find other evidence bearing on this theory of sun-spots, by looking outside the sun's surface for the effects, even as we have looked below for the cause of the disturbance to which they are due.

So soon as the colored prominences had been shown by Lieutenant (now Colonel) Herschel, Janssen, Rayet, and others, to be great masses of glowing gas, it became possible to observe them without waiting for total solar eclipses. Shining with special tints only, their light could, by spectroscopic dispersion, be brought into rivalry with only such light from the surrounding sky, or even from the sun himself, as is one of those tints. The totality of sunlight overwhelmingly surpasses the totality of prominence light; but red light from a prominence is not overwhelmingly surpassed by the red light of the same or very nearly the same tint, either from the sun or from the sunlit sky close by him. Thus, by keeping out all light save that of this special red tint of hydrogen, or if preferred the orange-yellow tint of helium, or either the indigo or the greenish-blue tint of hydrogen, the shapes and movements of the great colored flames can be discerned and watched.

Now the most interesting of all the results which have followed from the application of this fertile method of observation has been the division of the colored prominences into two definite classes. First there are the cloud-like prominences, which in form and movement closely resemble the clouds of a wind-swept sky, or sometimes of a sky comparatively calm. Secondly, there are the jet-like prominences, which by their form (their initial form at any rate) and by all their movements show that they are due to eruptive action.

The cloud-like prominences appear around all parts of the sun's edge, which is equivalent to saying that they occur at all parts of the sun's surface. In this respect they are like the solar clouds and the faculæ. They are apt to be somewhat larger and more numerous opposite the spot zones, which amounts to saying that they occur in greater relative frequency, and attain a greater average size, over the spot-zones. In this respect they resemble the faculæ. It seems likely therefore that if (as is most probable) (there is some connection between the colored prominences and the phenomena of the sun's surface, the faculæ are the features to be specially associated with the colored prominences of cloud-like form. These cloud flames attain sometimes an enormous size and height, reaching sometimes eighty or even a hundred thousand miles above the sun's surface. They are less brilliant than the eruptive prominences, and though their movements (or rather their apparent changes of form) are sometimes amazingly rapid when compared with the movements of terrestrial clouds, yet they show nothing like the rapidity of motion observed in the prominences of jet-like form. The cloud flames may be looked for at all times, whether the sun shows many spots or few, or none; but they are apt to be rather more numerous when there are many spots.

The eruption prominences, on the other hand, are never seen except opposite the spot-zones, or, in other words, they never exist except over these zones of the sun's surface. Moreover, the jet prominences are only seen when there are spots on these zones; and though this has not yet been actually established by observation,

there are strong reasons for believing that an eruption prominence is never to be seen except above a solar spot. Their occurrence only over the spot-zone, and at a time when there are visible spots, suffices of itself, however, to prove that they are intimately connected with the occurrence of that particular kind of disturbance which results in the breaking up of the photosphere and the formation of sun-spots.

This being so, it becomes probable, on *à priori* grounds, that by studying the jet-like prominences we may obtain information about sun-spots, and *vice versa*, that any true theory we may be able to form respecting sun-spots will throw some light on the nature of the eruption prominences.

These jet-like protuberances are generally smaller, brighter, and better defined than their cloud-like brethren. They have usually been regarded as actual eruptions of glowing hydrogen; but this view seems as incorrect as would be the idea that the smoke and products of chemical action flung from the mouth of a cannon are the real missiles ejected. We may, indeed, by noting the behavior of the glowing hydrogen in the eruption prominences, obtain clear and decisive evidence that it is to the smoke from a cannon they are to be compared rather than to the ejected missiles. We see lofty columns of the glowing hydrogen at first as though they had themselves been flung forth as mighty streams of gas from the sun's interior; but a few minutes later the upper parts of these columnar streams spread themselves out into cloud-like forms, much as the smoke which at first rushes straight enough from the mouth of a cannon begins presently to expand into cloud-formed masses. Such, for instance, was the behavior of a mighty spiral column of glowing hydrogen seen by Zöllner as far back as 1870, and pictured in my treatise on the sun. Here was a column 32,000 miles in height, so that four globes like our earth, placed one upon the top of another, would not have reached to the summit of this long column. How unlikely, on the face of things, that a rare gas such as the hydrogen then seen (for, by the spectroscopic method of observation, its density could be determined and was

found to be small) could be ejected through resisting vaporous matter to so enormous a height. But even could this have happened, it is certain that after rushing *thus far*, the hydrogen would continue to ascend in jet-like form, not begin to spread into cloud form just where the jet-like motion would have become possible in consequence of the greatly diminished resistance.

If any doubt could remain after the consideration of such cases, it would be removed by the phenomena presented during the celebrated eruption witnessed by Professor Young in 1871.* On that occasion a long low-lying cloud of glowing hydrogen was torn into shreds by a tremendous outburst which occurred below. Long filaments of hydrogen was seen travelling upward so swiftly that their motion was actually discernible, a circumstance very unusual, and meaning a great deal at the sun's distance. Higher and higher these filaments of hydrogen seemed to rush, until at last they had attained the enormous height of 210,000 miles (at least)† from the sun's visible surface. Even at that enormous height they did not cease to ascend; they simply lost their lustre, and became no longer discernible.

From a calculation based on the observed time in which this enormous distance seemed to be traversed, I determined the velocity with which the matter ejected on that occasion crossed the visible surface of the sun at certainly not less than 300, and probably not less than 500 miles per second. Now the filaments of glowing hydrogen by no means presented the appearance of bodies rushing with enormous velocity through a resisting atmosphere. On the contrary, they were long irregular streaks of luminous gas, pointed in front (with reference to the direction of their motion) as well as in the rear. I do not think they can possibly be re-

garded as the missiles then ejected. Their motion was probably apparent only, not real. I take it that when one of these filaments was seen apparently advancing with enormous velocity upward, what was really happening was this: A solid or liquid mass was rushing upward, tearing its way through whatever hydrogen lay along its track, and thus leaving behind it a trail of glowing hydrogen, growing at the upper end as the missile advanced, and losing length at the rear end as the imparted heat passed away, and so appearing to advance—even as the trail of a meteor seems to advance, though in reality the luminous matter forming that trail has not passed onward; but the meteor passing onward has caused atmospheric regions continually farther and farther forward to become luminous.

It is tolerably obvious that on this occasion there was an ejection of matter solid or liquid (or if vaporous, then of great density) at velocities so great that the ejected matter could never return to the sun. A velocity of about 360 miles per second is the greatest the sun can control in matter at his surface. In this case the ejected matter probably crossed the sun's surface at a velocity far exceeding this, and is now travelling, with velocity constantly diminishing but never to be entirely lost, into the remote depths of interstellar space. It is difficult to see how so enormous a velocity as this could have been acquired or imparted below that mobile surface which we call the photosphere. Professor Young has suggested that the sun is a gigantic bubble, and that beneath the skin (really the inclosing strata) of this bubble the forces of outburst may be restrained until they acquire the energy necessary to expel matter at the observed rate of ejection. But everything in the behavior of the great eruption prominences speaks of an origin much more deep-seated than the inner layers of the photospheric cloud regions. Doubtless it is at and below the real surface of the sun that the eruptions occur by which missiles are ejected through the solar cloud envelopes, to pass in some cases but a few thousand miles higher, in others hundreds of thousands of miles away through the heart of the corona,

* Eruptions of a similar character have been witnessed since, but that was the first that had ever been seen.

† They may have passed much farther away than this, for the distance measured was the apparent distance; and if their course was aslant to the direction of the line of sight, the real distance was certainly greater, and may have been much greater.

and in yet others beyond the very limits of the solar system itself.*

Lastly, in the corona itself we find evidence of the action of eruptive or repulsive forces in the solar spot region, though indirectly rather than directly. There is, indeed, direct evidence of some such action in the greater extension of the corona opposite the spot-zones. But the indirect evidence is stronger. The light of the corona, under spectroscopic analysis, is found to be partly reflected sunlight, partly inherent light due apparently to two sources—first, incandescent solid and liquid matter in the neighborhood of the sun, and secondly glowing gas. The lines of glowing hydrogen show that this gas is present in the corona at times, if not always, though assuredly not as the component of a gaseous atmosphere extending from the sun to the distance of even the inner bright corona. But it is noteworthy that the lines of hydrogen have only been seen or have only been bright at a time

when there have been many spots on the sun's face, and therefore at the season when eruption prominences appear. It seems reasonable to infer that at such times the eruptive or repulsive action of which the jet prominences give evidence leads to the ejection or repulsion of meteoric and cometic matter through the hydrogen present in the corona, and consequently to the heating of the hydrogen in such degree that its bright lines show under spectroscopic scrutiny.

It seems certainly noteworthy that so many phenomena presented by the sun-spots themselves, the colored flames, and the corona, accord so well with a theory originally advanced only as a suggested way of interpreting certain features of the solar spots. Whether the theory is sound or not, it serves conveniently to associate a number of highly interesting facts respecting these phenomena of the sun and of sun-surrounding space.—*Longman's Magazine.*

PRODIGALITY AND ALTRUISM.

THERE are some controversies, most of them moral, but not quite all, upon which men find what we may call their intellectual instinct quite as sure a guide as their reason, and a much quicker one. It takes time to reason out on Christian principles a defence of the duty of wrath, though we all perceive, perhaps too quickly, that under given circumstances such a duty must exist. Men see that the doctrine of non-resistance would not work, and, therefore, cannot be divine, long before they perceive where the chain of argument which has led many thinkers to the Quaker conclusion visibly breaks down. They resist before they have reflected that non-resistance as a dogma must make them

very often accomplices in evil. Of all such questions, however, there is none in which instinct and reasoning are more nearly at variance than the one raised by our correspondents of this week and the last. They argue, one directly and the other, implicitly, that it is impossible for a Christian to be prodigal—that is, to expend large sums in mere pleasure blamelessly. There is misery in the world, they say, and you are bound to relieve it with all the money you have above the expenses of maintenance, or you neglect your duty. That seems, to Christians at all events, at the first blush, a solid proposition, to which there can scarcely be any answer; and yet the world, including Christians, has replied to it for centuries by a negative. It has perceived that there is contained in it a death-warrant for civilization, for refinement, for most forms of enjoyment, and for the culture of beauty, and has said "No!" instinctively, without being able to reason the "No" out, and therefore, after its fashion, has accepted the argument as true, but, nevertheless, only "a

* It is noteworthy that in 1864 Mr. Sorby, of Sheffield, was led by the microscopic study of meteors to the belief, or rather to the conviction, that they had once been either in the interior of our sun, or of a body in the sunlike state; while the late Professor Graham, of London, was led to a precisely similar conclusion respecting the Lenarto iron meteor, by the quantity of hydrogen which he found occluded within its mass.

counsel for perfection." As we are by no means sure that it is even that, we will endeavor to state what seem to us the difficulties in the subject, at some risk of the obloquy which in these days falls upon all who seem to plead the cause of the rich against the poor. The rich, however, are vertebrate animals, and entitled to justice; and if they were not, it would concern us all, as we are all striving for money, to consider whether, in keeping it or spending it on ourselves, we are doing wrong. We contend that we, the average folk, are not, though there may be and are persons to whom a mission has been given which enables them, or rather obliges them, to act on a loftier sense of duty than the world can obey.

In the first place, then, we cannot recognize the limitations with which our correspondents, and, indeed, almost all who maintain the extreme theory of altruism, attempt to hedge in their dogma. If it is true at all, it is true thus far, that it is wrong, while misery capable of relief by expenditure exists in the world, to expend money heedlessly in any way whatever. It is just as wrong to spend spare thousands on a line of electric telegraph, as Mr. Thomasson advises, as to expend them on anything else, for the telegraph probably produces much more misery than it relieves, and is itself, to those who appreciate rapid communication, mainly an enjoyment. We are not quite sure that it is right to distribute flowers to hospitals, as "B. P. L." suggests, for the money would assuage hunger, and even preserve life; and a consumptive patient, like our friend's "weary pleasure-seeker," gets nothing out of the flowers but a little languid enjoyment, to which the fact of sickness gives him no preferential title. Hunger must count before sickness, and we are quite sure that "the social duties of one's position," as Mr. Brameld calls them, are no excuse for spending money which might be given to the poor, for if their claim is absolute, relief is the highest of social duties, and indeed, as far as money is concerned the only one. No other can for an instant be weighed against it. It is ridiculous to plead that the pleasure of living in large rooms, or of buying fine pictures, or of

promoting culture, or even of giving to the public can be put in the balance against a claim so overmastering as that of hunger. Nonsense about encouraging Raphael! You may save ten lives with the price of one picture. Do not speak of buying that book, the money may cure a fever-stricken child who wants only quinine. Sell that horse at once, its value will give five ignorant children education. "Two thousand pounds' worth of flowers!" What right have you or can you have to two thousand pounds' worth of Consols, when scarcely two miles away thousands are suffering all the consequences, moral and physical, of over-crowding? There is no resisting the argument, and no limiting its extent, all that can be dispensed with must be dispensed with, and curtains are as much robberies from the poor as the azaleas which move our friends to such reams of indignation. All must be sold, except the indispensable, and but little will remain. There lived an old lady once, not so long ago, who earned—we are relating an authenticated fact—by very severe exertion some £3200 a year. For twenty years she steadily "gave to the Lord" £3000 a year, reserving the odd £200 for her own and her children's maintenance. A venerable clergyman called one day, and rebuked that old lady roundly in a good set lecture for "keeping back her substance from the Lord." He had breakfasted with her, noticed that she used silver spoons, and in the most perfect sincerity demanded that they also should be sold, and the proceeds used in "furthering the work." Clearly, upon the theory the old clergyman was right; you can eat with horn spoons; the silver was worth some pounds, and those pounds, if the claim was absolute, belonged to the Lord's work. There is no possible pausing in such a road till you have arrived at bare necessities, and all the arts, except perhaps cooking, all the enjoyments which depend upon money, say, for example, riding, and almost all the amenities of life, must be suffered to die out. They involve waste, while the poor suffer, and as the poor are infinitely the majority, and always will be, all wealth must be mortgaged to their relief. The wealth itself, it must be remembered, would, under

the theory, be enormously diminished. Not to speak of the extinction of the great whip, selfishness, commerce in superfluities must perish. France must lose her wine trade, China her tea trade, America her tobacco trade, for none of those things can be considered indispensable. Industry, too, must diminish, for if I hold wealth in trust for the poor, so do I hold my time; and it is as wrong for me to be seeking wealth while my sick brother wants a nurse, as for me to be buying flowers while he wants a more nourishing dinner. There is no personal object in seeking the wealth, for it is all to go away, and no altruistic object can be so pressing as that of insuring the needful tendence. We not only all see that, if the sick be son or wife, but we act on it, and the sick neighbor should be nearly as close. All spare wealth must be devoted to the poor, as Carlo Borromeo devoted it; and all spare time not actually required for the great and intensely wearisome business of keeping alive.

Is it not certain that the instinct of mankind is right in rejecting such a theory, which would crush out all civilization, flatten down all differences of living, extinguish all interests save one, and turn the world into one gigantic poorhouse, with the successful minority doing the work of nurses, and the unsuccessful majority passing life, let us hope with gratitude, in the receipt of alms? It is most certain, as we hold, that the instinct is right; and yet we humbly acknowledge that we cannot suggest the train of reasoning which should completely demonstrate that it is so, and that we have a deep respect for those who can act up to the law of altruism without considering consequences. But then we respect them as we respect those who, from some overmastering obligation personal to themselves, observe the law of celibacy, which if universally accepted would extinguish the world. Our impression—we will not say conviction—is that men are entitled not only to the fruit of their exertions, but to the enjoyment of them; that unwilling giving is sterile of good, whether to giver or receiver; and that the command laid on us is only to share with others freely,

not to divest ourselves of our own, which may, moreover, be necessary to our own highest development. An easy-chair is not surplusage, if the cripple seated in it thereby has the unfretted use of his brain. Complete altruism is, in fact, service, and the obligation to serve is not laid upon all men, at all times, in the same way. It would, however, be difficult to maintain that view in time of actual famine—as difficult as to maintain the converse in cases where the giver, irritated by the perpetual self-sacrifice as by a hair shirt, felt himself slipping, in his very obedience to the law, daily farther from his own ideal, degenerating, in fact, by virtue of self-denial into a querulous self-seeker. All we can do is to plead that the supposed law seems to be at variance with most of the facts of Nature, which, if we could read them aright, must be divine, and most of the instincts of man; and that its result, if literally obeyed, *ab omnibus et ubique*, would be the utter ruin of the majority, upon whom the effect of that other law, "He that will not work, neither shall he eat," would speedily cease to operate. All we are quite clear about, except by a mental instinct, is that, if there is a limit to the law of self-sacrifice other than its producing self-demoralization, if there is any money of our own which we may spend on ourselves, then the mode of the expenditure, provided it is innocent, is not a moral question. One likes flowers, another—by his own avowal, incredible as it may seem—likes telegraphs, and it is as right to spend thousands on flowers or pines as on Raphaels or gigantic organs. We cannot prove absolutely, and on paper that there is no harm in waste, but if any waste is allowable, waste on magnificence is as lawful as waste on the purchase of superfluous bonds to bearer. We cannot see otherwise, and must just bear to be told that we are defenders of the one social habit which by instinct, as well as reason, we unreasonably detest.

How wise the old legislators were, who fixed on an arbitrary proportion—one tenth, a two-shilling Income-tax—as the minimum share to be given to unselfish work!—*Spectator*.

WORDSWORTH AND BYRON.

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

AMONG the more eminent or prominent names of famous men, and perhaps especially of famous poets, some must inevitably be longer than others in finding their ultimate level of comparative account in critical no less than in popular repute. But it is singular enough at first sight that among all the many memorable names of our countrymen which ennoble for the retrospect of all time the first quarter of this century, two alone should still remain objects of so much debate as are those of the two poets who have recently supplied one of their most eminent successors with subject-matter for the exercise of his ability in discussion and the display of his daring in paradox. For although it has ever been my desire, in the expressive words of the Church Catechism, to order myself lowly and reverently to all my betters; and although I hope never to write a word incompatible with deep gratitude and cordial admiration for all the gifts of poetry and prose—to say nothing just now of admonition and castigation—which his too frequently offending countrymen owe to the just and liberal hand of Mr. Matthew Arnold; yet I cannot but feel that in his recent utterances or expositions regarding Wordsworth and Byron he has now and then spread a wider sail before a stronger wind of sheer paradox than ever has any critic of anything like equal or comparable reputation. We might almost imagine, on consideration of the task here undertaken, that his aim had been to show how not gold only, but also the higher criticism, may solder close impossibilities, and make them kiss.

"Wordsworth and Byron," says the most distinguished of Wordsworth's later disciples, "stand out by themselves. When the year 1900 is turned, and our nation comes to recount her poetic glories in the century which has then just ended, the first names with her will be these." I cannot, for my part, pretend to predict the issues of the future, to determine the progress, or the aberration of opinion in days that per-

haps we may not know of. But I must say that, if this prediction be prophecy indeed, the taste of 1901 will in my humble opinion be about on a par with the taste of 1647; when the first names of the Shakespearean generation were Jonson and Fletcher; Shakespeare, compared with these two claimants, being in the opinion of their most eminent disciples as "dull" and "scurrilous" a pretender as Mr. Arnold finds Coleridge and Shelley to be shadowy and inadequate competitors for fame with the laureates of Rydal and Ravenna.

It seems a great thing, and it certainly is something, to have such evidence as this to the fact that appreciation of Wordsworth is no longer incompatible with appreciation of Byron. On the other hand, certain as it is that the assertion of equality, and much more the suggestion of kinship, between these two contending forces of their generation would have exasperated the one into stormy jealousy less deep than the other's serene contempt, it is not less evident that the very fact and the very consciousness of having so far surmounted the difficulties and harmonized the discords of the past may involve the critic in perplexities and lead him into temptations of his own. One of these, it seems to me, is the tendency to make too much at once of the salient points of likeness and of the salient points of contrast between two such men and leaders. Another is the tendency to exaggerate or to ignore or to mistake their relations to their own time and their possible influence on ours. That the direct or indirect influence of one will end only when there is not a man left in the world who understands a word of the dead English language; that the direct and indirect influence of the other, however much wider and more tangible while it lasted, is already in the main spent, exhausted, insignificant henceforward for better and for worse; it would appear an equal stretch of dogmatism to assert with equal confidence: yet it is an opinion for which a good deal might be

said by any one with leisure and inclination to advance and support it by comparison of their respective claims.

Let me repeat, at the risk of appearing impertinently superfluous in protestation, that I have never written and never mean to write an irreverent word of Mr. Arnold's own claims to all due deference and all reasonable regard, whether as poet or as critic; but I must confess, borrowing two favorite terms of his own, that "lucidity" does not appear to me by any means to be the distinguishing "note" of his later criticisms. His first critical confession of faith—the famous and admirable if not exhaustive or conclusive preface of October 1st, 1853—was a model of the quality which now, it should seem, appears to him rather commendable than practicable—a matter of pious opinion or devout imagination. When we are told that the distinguishing merit of such poetry as we find in Keats's "Ode on a Grecian Urn" is that it gives us, of all gifts in the world, the expression of a moral idea comparable with the gravest and the deepest utterances of Shakespeare and of Milton, we begin to perceive, or at all events we begin to suspect, that Mr. Arnold's excursive studies in theology have somewhat infected him with the theologian's habit of using words and phrases in a special and extranatural sense which renders their message impervious, their meaning impenetrable, to all but the esoteric adept. "A criticism of life" becomes such another term or form of speech as "prevenient grace," or "the *réal présence*," or "the double procession of the Holy Ghost;" if, Hamlet-like, we consider too curiously what it may mean, the reverent reader may haply find himself on the high road to distraction, the irreverent will too probably find himself on the verge of laughter. A certain criticism of life, a certain method or scheme of contemplation, a devotion to certain points of view and certain tones of thought, may unquestionably be discerned in the highest work of such poets as Milton, Wordsworth, and Shelley, in the past; in our own days, of such poets as Lord Tennyson, Mr. Browning and Mr. Arnold himself. But how this fact can possibly be shown to imply that it is this

quality which gives them rank as poets; and how the definition of this quality can possibly be strained so as to cover the case of Keats, the most exclusively æsthetic and the most absolutely non-moral of all serious writers on record; these are two questions to which the propounder of such postulates may surely be expected to vouchsafe at least some gleam of a solution, some shadow of a reply. Meantime the apparent discrepancies (not to say, the transparent contradictions) involved in any such theory are thrown into sharp accidental relief by the comparison of Mr. Arnold's estimate of Gautier with his estimate of Keats. "Such a poet as Théophile Gautier" is to him a type of the poet who has no criticism of life to offer, and who comes short of the poet's aim and the poet's crown in consequence of this deficiency; while the place of Keats among English poets is beside Shakespeare. Now Keats, in my opinion as well as in Mr. Arnold's, is a very decidedly greater poet than Gautier; but according to Mr. Arnold's theory, if his terms of definition are to be construed in any sense which may be "understood of the people," I must venture to affirm that Gautier could be proved an incomparably greater poet than Keats. There is not a line extant by the author of "Endymion" which shows even a glimmer of such simple and cordial manliness of sympathy with the homely heroism and humble interest of actual life as informs every line of Gautier's noble little poem on two veteran survivors of the Old Guard, seen hobbling along the streets of contemporary Paris; a poem which combines in no small measure the best qualities of Wordsworth with the highest qualities of Byron.* And if it is not of actual life, its heroism and its interest, its suffering and its action, with their good or evil influences and results in the

* I must be allowed to submit that it is somewhat ungracious if not ungrateful in a professed Wordsworthian to select as a typical example of imperfection and failure the name of the one eminent French poet who has paid cordial and graceful tribute to the charm of Wordsworth, felt as from afar off in a single translated verse of

ce poëte
Dont parle Lord Byron d'un ton si plein de
fiel.

noble or ignoble development of character—if it is not of this that Mr. Arnold means to speak when he defines the test of poetry, as of all other literature, to be its value as a criticism of life, I must confess, as a plain man who can only understand plain speaking,* that I really do not know how to construe his oracles.

Mr. Arnold has at once a passion and a genius for definitions. It is doubtless good to have such a genius, but it is surely dangerous to have such a passion. All sane men must be willing to concede the truth of an assertion which he seems to fling down as a challenge from the ethical critic to the æsthetic—that a school of poetry divorced from any moral idea is a school of poetry divorced from life. Even John Keats himself, except in his most hectic moments of sensuous or spiritual debility, would hardly, I should imagine, have undertaken to deny this. What may reasonably be maintained is a thesis very different from such a denial; namely, that a school of poetry subordinated to any school of doctrine, subjugated and shaped and utilized by any moral idea to the exclusion of native impulse and spiritual instinct, will produce work fit to live when the noblest specimens of humanity are produced by artificial incubation. However, when we come to consider the case of Byron, we must allow it to be wholly undeniable that some sort of claim to some other kind of merit than that of a gift for writing poetry must be discovered or devised for him, if any place among memorable men is to be reserved for him at all. The fact that even his enormous vanity and inordinate egotism did not conceal this truth from him is perhaps the very best proof extant "what a very clever fellow he was"—to borrow the words of the "Letter from John Bull to Lord Byron" which appeared on the publication of the opening cantos of "Don Juan;" a letter so adroitly extravagant in its adulation that an "ill-minded man," af-

ter study of Byron's correspondence and diary, might be tempted to assign it to the hand which penned them. But for that hand the trick would have been too delicate and dexterous—though assuredly not too pitiful and mean.

Before entering on the question, what criticism of life in any intelligible sense of the phrase may be derivable or deducible from the writings of Wordsworth or of Byron, I would venture to put forward, by no means a counter theory or a rival definition to Mr. Arnold's theory or definition of poetry, but a simple postulate, or at least a simple assumption, on which I would rest my argument. If it be not admitted, there is an end of the matter: it would be absolute waste of time, for one who resumes it as indisputable, to enter into controversy with one who regards it as disputable that the two primary and essential qualities of poetry are imagination and harmony: that where these qualities are wanting there can be no poetry, properly so called: and that where these qualities are perceptible in the highest degree, there, even though they should be unaccompanied and unsupported by any other great quality whatever—even though the ethical or the critical faculties should be conspicuous by its absence—there, and only there, is the best and the highest poetry. Now it is obviously impossible to supply any profitable or serviceable definition of these terms. All writers on the subject, from Mr. Arnold himself down to the smallest perceptible Byronite or Wordsworthian that ever wagged a tail or pricked an ear in the "common cry of" critics, are compelled sooner or later to give expression to their views and their conclusions with as much implicit dogmatism as Mr. John Dennis or Dr. Samuel Johnson. If any one chooses to assert that Flatman or Sprat or Byron had the secret of harmony, it would be as profitable an expenditure of time and reason to argue against his proposition as to contend with a musical critic who should maintain that "Orphée aux Enfers" was a more sublime example of sacred music than "Israel in Egypt." Byron is to Coleridge and Shelley as nearly as possible what Offenbach is to Handel and Beethoven. In other matters than those

* It may be that the avowal of this inability will be taken as proof that the level of the writer's intelligence is beneath that of Lord Lumpington and the Rev. Esau Hittall; but, if so, is it too rash to hope that Mr. Arnold may some day be induced for once to write criticism within reach of such understandings as those of his friend Mr. Bottles and myself?

in which Coleridge and Shelley were supreme; on ground where they could not set a trespassing foot without being at once convicted of comparative if not absolute incompetence; Byron was supreme in his turn—a king by truly divine right; but in a province outside the proper domain of absolute poetry. He is undisputed suzerain of the debatable borderland to which Berni has given his name: the style called Bernesque might now be more properly called Byronic, after the greater master who seized and held it by right of the stronger hand. If to be great as a Bernesque writer is to be great as a poet, then was Byron assuredly a great poet: if it be not, then most assuredly he was nothing of the kind. On all other points, in all other capacities, he can only claim to be acknowledged as a poet of the third class who now and then rises into the second, but speedily relapses into the lower element where he was born. Nothing, I repeat, does so much credit to his intelligence as the fact that he should himself have seen this with more or less clearness: nothing does more discredit to his character than the effect produced by this consciousness on his bearing toward others, his contemporary superiors. Too clear-sighted—or his cleverness belies itself—not to know them for such, he was too vain, too envious, and too dishonest to acknowledge that he knew or even to abstain from denying it. And here we may not unprofitably observe the difference between the ever-itching vanity of such a writer as Byron and the candid pride of a great poet. When Dante Alighieri or William Shakespeare, when John Milton or when Victor Hugo may be pleased to speak as one not unconscious of his own greatness, such consciousness will be confounded with vanity by no man who does not bear as a birth-mark the sign of the tribe of Zoilus; it would show a certain degree of weakness and incompetence, if the greatest among men and writers should alone be doomed to share the incapacity of their meanest assailants to perceive or to acknowledge that they are not less than great. Far different from the high and haughty equity of such men's self-knowledge and self-reverence is the malevolent and cowardly self-conceit of a Byron, ever shuffling and swaggering

and cringing and backbiting in a breath. The most remarkable point in his pretentious and restless egotism is that a man capable of writing such bad verse should ever have been capable of seeing, even in part, how very bad it was; how very hollow were its claims; how very ignorant, impudent, and foolish, was the rabble rout of its adorers. That his first admirers in foreign countries were men of a far different order is a curious and significant truth which throws a double light upon the question in hand. The greatest European poet of his day, the greatest European patriot of our own, united in opinion perhaps on this one point only, have left eloquent and enduring testimony to the greatness of their ideal Byron. The enthusiasm of Goethe on the one hand and Mazzini on the other should be ample and final witness to the forcible and genuine impression made by the best work of Byron upon some of the highest minds in Europe. But in the former case we have first of all to consider this: what was the worth of Herr von Goethe's opinion on any question of extra-German literature? Of French he presumably knew at least as much as of English: and his criticism of French literature, if it can hardly be matter of "argument for a week," may certainly afford "laughter for a month, and a good jest forever." He rebuked the French for their injustice to so great a poet as Dubartas; he would doubtless have rebuked the English for their neglect of so great a poet as Quarles. He discerned among the rising Frenchmen of 1830 one genius of pre-eminent promise, one youth in whom he might hail his destined successor in the curule chair of European letters: and this favored son of Apollo was none other—*si Musis placet!*—than M. Prosper Mérimée. He might as rationally have remarked that England, in the age of Hume and Gibbon, Collins and Gray, Fielding and Richardson, Johnson and Goldsmith, had produced one writer of absolutely unparalleled merit—in the person of Mr. Horace Walpole.

Taking these considerations into due account, it is not without amusement as well as regret, it is not without regret as well as amusement, that we find even in our own day two English writers of

such distinction as Mr. Matthew Arnold and Mr. John Nichol debating and discussing as a matter of no small interest and moment to Englishmen, what it was that Goethe really said and what it was that Goethe really meant to say about the proper place of Byron among English poets. "No array of terms," protests Walt Whitman, "can say how much I am at peace about God, and about death;" and consequently he counsels mankind, "Be not curious about God." No array of terms can say how much I am at peace about Goethe's opinions on modern poetry, after examination of such samples as have just been given: and if my voice had weight or authority enough to make itself heard, I would fain take leave to counsel even my elders and my betters. Be not curious to know whether, or in what sense, Goethe meant to say that Byron was the greatest of English poets—whether greater only than Coleridge and Shelley, or greater also than Shakespeare and Milton: for such questions, as St. Paul observes of genealogies, are unprofitable and vain.

The later tribute of Mazzini to Byron claims at our hands a very different degree of consideration. Not merely because, for all who knew and loved him, the name of the man who realized for them the ideal of selfish heroism—of infinite pity, helpfulness, love, zeal, and ardor as divine in the heat of wrath as in the glow of charity—set before us in the records of the life and character of Jesus is never to be lightly spoken, or cited without a sense of inward and infinite reverence; not merely because they feel and acknowledge that in him it was given them to see for once how divine a thing human nature may be when absolutely and finally divorced from all thought or sense of self: made perfect in heroism and devotion, even to the point, not merely unattainable but unimaginable for most men, of disregarding even the imputations of selfishness and cowardice; "gentle, and just, and dreadless" as Shelley's ideal demigod, with the single-hearted tenderness and lovingkindness of a little child: not on any such inadequate and uncritical grounds as these, but simply because it seems to me that Mazzini alone has hit the mark which should be aimed at by

all who undertake the apology or attempt the panegyric of Byron. "That man *never* wrote from his heart," says Thackeray, sweepingly and fiercely: "he got up rapture and enthusiasm with an eye to the public." The only answer to this is that on one single point, but that one a point of unsurpassed importance and significance, the imputation is insupportable and unjust. He wrote from his heart when he wrote of politics—using that sometimes ambiguous term in its widest and most accurate significance. A just and contemptuous hatred of Georgian government, combined with a fitful and theatrical admiration of the first Bonaparte, made him too often write and speak like a vilely bad Englishman—"the friend of every country but his own": but his sympathy with the cause of justice during the blackest years of dynastic reaction on the Continent makes him worthy even yet of a sympathy and respect which no other quality of his character or his work could now by any possibility command from any quarter worth a moment's consideration or regard. On the day when it shall become accepted as a canon of criticism that the political work and the political opinions of a poet are to weigh nothing in the balance which suspends his reputation—on that day the best part of the fame of Byron will fly up and vanish into air. Setting aside mere instances of passionately cynical burlesque, and perhaps one or two exceptional examples of apparently sincere though vehemently demonstrative personal feeling, we find little really living or really praiseworthy work of Byron's which has not in it some direct or indirect touch of political emotion.

But, without wishing to detract from the just honor which has been paid to him on this score, and paid at least in full if not with over-measure, we must not overlook, in common justice, the seamy side of his unique success among readers who did not read him in English. It is something, undoubtedly, to be set down to a man's credit, that his work—if his work be other than poetic—should lose nothing by translation: always assuming that it has anything to lose. But what shall be said of a poet whose work not only does not lose, but gains, by translation into foreign prose?

and gains so greatly and indefinitely by that process as to assume a virtue which it has not? On taking up a fairly good version of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" in French or Italian prose, a reader whose eyes and ears are not hopelessly sealed against all distinction of good from bad in rhythm or in style will infallibly be struck by the vast improvement which the text has undergone in the course of translation. The blundering, floundering, lumbering and stumbling stanzas, transmuted into prose and transfigured into grammar, reveal the real and latent force of rhetorical energy that is in them: the gasping, ranting, wheezing, broken-winded verse has been transformed into really effective and fluent oratory. A ranter, of course, it is whose accents we hear in alternate moan and bellow from the trampled platform of theatrical misanthropy: but he rants no longer out of tune: and we are able to discern in the thick and troubled stream of his natural eloquence whatever of real value may be swept along in company with much drifting rubbish. It is impossible to express how much "Childe Harold" gains by being done out of wretchedly bad metre into decently good prose: the New Testament did not gain more by being translated out of canine Greek into divine English. Not that even under these improved conditions Byron's is comparable to the work of a first rate orator or preacher; but one may perceive how men to whom English poetry was a strange tongue might mistake it for an impressive and effective example of English poetry.

It seems a trivial waste of time to insist repeatedly and in detail upon the rudiments of art: but when a man can hardly ever attempt a picture on even the smallest scale without displaying his absolute ignorance of the veriest elements of painting is hailed as a master of his craft, those who respect as well as understand the conditions of its existence will not think a little time and trouble misspent in the reduction of such a thesis to its natural and demonstrable absurdity. But in writing on so absurd a subject it would be absurd to employ what Mr. Arnold calls the grand style. Let us rather take a handful of samples at random which may give some notion of Byron's; probably the finest example

in all literature of that grandiose meanness which was often the leading note of the author's character and conduct. There are faults of style perceptible, no doubt, in poets of real greatness: Wordsworth's, for instance, are vexatious to the most loyal and thankful student in no small degree: but they are such faults as are possible to a great poet in moments of great perversity; Byron's, most distinctly, are not. His lava kisses and his baby earthquakes; his walls which have scalps, and pinnacle those scalps (was ever such jolter-headed jargon heard before, from Bedlam or Parnassus?) in cloud less thick than the confusion of such a chaos of false images; his stormy nights that are lovely in their strength as is—of all things on earth—the light of a woman's dark eye, or a dark eye in woman; his day that dies like a dolphin; his "grocer's shop kept by one Nightingale"—as Landor ingeniously expounded the long insoluble conundrum with which the "Bride of Abydos" confronts all comers on the threshold: these and other such hideous absurdities as these oblige us to reconsider the question, whether the generation of our fathers may not have been right after all in deciding—as we know from so illustrious a spokesman as Thackeray that his young contemporaries, in the freshness of their enthusiasm for Wordsworth, Keats, and the rising star of Tennyson, did most unhesitatingly and vehemently decide—that this idol of our grandfathers or grandmothers could maintain no higher title to fame than one which is the apanage of every successful pressman or improvisatore—the title of a very clever man. One thing is very certain: no man with a touch of true spiritual instinct could have perpetrated such monstrous stupidities. The perpetrator had fancy, wit, fire natural and artificial, with very remarkable energy and versatility: but in all the composition of his highly composite nature there was neither a note of real music nor a gleam of real imagination. If these certainly rather considerable defects are held sufficient to deprive a man of all claim to the title of poet, then undoubtedly Byron is no more a poet than any one of the tribe of dunces decimated by Pope. But the same may be said of Pope himself; and

the present writer at least is not Wordsworthian enough to insist, in the name of critical accuracy, that the title of poet—"with a difference"—may not be granted to the authors of "Don Juan" and the "Rape of the Lock."

This conjunction of names would be unjust to either poet if we should overlook the points in which either excelled the other. Pope could not have put such fiery fancy, such a force of impulse and emotion, into the "Vision of Judgment" or the successful parts of "Don Juan," any more than he could have been guilty of such unspeakable abominations, such debauched excesses of bad taste run mad and foaming at the mouth, as the examples lately cited from "Childe Harold;" or than he could, in his critical aspect—however captious his temper, and however limited his view—have been capable of such grotesque impertinence as theirs (if any such critics there be) who would defend such examples of poetic style by reminding objectors of the undisputed and indisputable facts that a dying dolphin does really exhibit a superb succession of colors, and that to a young lover the light of a dark eye in woman, or a woman's dark eye, is an object of equal and superior impressiveness and importance to the sight of a thunderstorm at midnight. Who in the name of Momus ever questioned it? Neither is it less unquestionable to any one who knows good work from bad that the fashion in which these facts have been expressed in verse and utilized for illustration by the author of "Childe Harold" is such as would have been simply impossible to a writer born with even an average allowance of imaginative perception or of instinctive taste. And this is the author placed almost at the head of modern poets by the eminent poet and critic who has so long, so loudly, and so justly preached to the world of letters the supreme necessity of "distinction" as the note of genuine style which alone enables any sort of literary work to survive! Shakespeare and Hugo are not good enough for him: in *Macbeth* and in *Hernani* he finds damning faults of style, and a plentiful lack of distinction: the text of the latter he garbles and falsifies as Voltaire garbled and falsified the text of

Shakespeare, and apparently for the same purpose—as unworthy of the one philosopher as of the other. But in Byron—of all remembered poets the most wanting in distinction of any kind, the most dependent for his effects on the most vulgar and violent resources of rant and cant and glare and splash and splutter—in Byron the apostle of culture, and the author of such nobly beautiful and blameless work as "Thyrsis" and the songs of Callicles, finds a seed of immortality more promising than in Coleridge or Shelley, the two coequal kings of English lyric poetry. All Mr. Arnold's readers will remember the effect produced on him by the case of "that poor girl Wragg": a remembrance which emboldens me to quote from a later newspaper report a singular example of critical coincidence or sympathy with his tastes on the part of "the Sunderland murderer Fury." Of that inarticulate poet, who "beat his music out," if I remember, in a very "grim and earnest," not to say Titanic and rather lurid-spectral, though not undivine fashion—if the Calvinistic or Carlylesque idea of the divine nature be in any degree consonant with Fact—the journals of his day have placed on record the following memoranda, here cited from the *Pall Mall Gazette*: "He has great taste for poetry, can recite long passages from popular poets, Byron's denunciation of the pleasures of the world having for him great attraction, as a description of his own experiences. Wordsworth is his favorite poet. He confesses himself a villain." (This logical association of ideas somehow recalls to my mind the rapturous reflection of rewarded virtue in that memorable utterance of the chaste Pamela: "My Mr. B. is the best of men. He has offered marriage.")

In the year 1865, when the reputation of Byron among lovers of poetry was perhaps not far from its lowest ebb, and the reputation of the illustrious poet who in early youth had been placed by the verdict of his admirers in the seat once occupied by the author of "Don Juan" was perhaps not far from its highest point of well-deserved popularity, a writer who stood up to speak a modest word in praise of Byron was not ungratified by the assurance, though con-

veyed at second-hand, that his championship of a "discredited" name had given great satisfaction to Byron's oldest surviving friend, the comrade of his early travels and the commentator of his once most admired poem. Since then a far more thorough vindication has been at once more boldly and more ably undertaken by Professor Nichol, in the most brilliant and searching estimate ever given of Byron's character, his work, and his career. A more competent or a more dexterous counsel for the defence could by no possibility have been retained. The previous and comparatively half-hearted spokesman on the same side, impeached at the time as an anti-Wordsworthian, has found himself, since the appearance of this more cordial and elaborate apology, denounced as an anti-Byronite. What he now would wish to say might easily be expressed in a turn of phrase borrowed from Thackeray. "Be not a Pigeon," said the great novelist, at the close of one of his miscellaneous papers: "but it is better to be a Pigeon than a Rook." Be not a Wordsworthian, I would advise, in any narrow or exclusive or sectarian sense of the term: but it is better to be a Wordsworthian than a Byronite.

Great as was Milton's influence on Wordsworth, it could no more affect the indomitable independence of his genius than the study of classic poets could affect that of Milton's own. When the impression of Milton's rhythmic majesty is most perceptible in the sublimest and most splendid verse of Wordsworth, it is always nevertheless the note of Wordsworth's own voice, not of Milton's as repeated and enfeebled by a dwindling echo, that we hear. Let us see how far the direct mimicry of a great poet's metrical inspiration could avail to give strength or sweetness to the naturally flaccid and untunable verse of Byron. This is the sort of stuff he has to offer in imitation of Coleridge's metre in "Christabel"—or rather in imitation of Scott's imitation of Coleridge's metre.

Mount ye, spur ye, skirr the plain,
That the fugitive may flee in vain, (*ric*)
When he breaks from the town; and none
escape,
Aged or young, in the Christian shape.

This is a sample of Byron's choicer

verse, as selected for our admiring notice by Mr. Arnold, in a volume designed to bear witness of his superiority as a poet to Coleridge and Shelley. The editor in his preface has done me the honor to cite, in a tone of courteous and generous cordiality which I am anxious to acknowledge, the phrase in which I have claimed for Byron at his best "the excellence of sincerity and strength." But surely he would not differ from me in thinking that this is not the broken gallop of rough vigor; it is the sickly stumble of drivelling debility. "Harold the Dauntless"—a poem not on the whole to be classed, any more than the "Doom of Devorgoil," among the more justifiable claims of Scott to poetic immortality—has nothing in it of such pitiful incompetence. And I agree with Mr. Arnold that the passage in which it occurs is no unfair sample of one of the most animated and spirited among the serious poems of Byron. Let us try again—still following in the wake of the same distinguished critic. Here is another taste from the same platter, as served up on the select and studiously arranged board at which he invites us to sit down, and partake of the chosen viands over which he has just said grace.

Though her eye shone out, yet the lids were
fix'd,

And the glance that it gave was wild and un-
mix'd

With aught of change, as the eyes may seem
Of the restless who walk in a troubled dream;
Like the figures on arras, that gloomily glare,
Stirr'd by the breath of the wintry air,

So seen by the dying lamp's fitful light, (!)

Lifeless, but life-like, and awful to sight;

As they seem, through the dimness, about to
come down

From the shadowy wall where their images
frown;

Fearfully flitting to and fro,

As the gusts on the tapestry come and go.

Now this, we feel, is the sort of thing

That is easy for any boy to bring

Up to any extent who has once

Read Coleridge or Scott, and is not quite a
dunce,

Though he have but a blue-eyed cat's pretence
To an ear—as needs no sort of evidence.

It could hardly be easier even to spout

Volumes of English hexameters out

(With as much notion of music in rhythms

As men seek in a column of logarithms)

Than thus to perpetuate the simper and snivel

Of those various Medoras, that dreadfully
drivel;

And, from all who have any conception what verse is,
To provoke remarks that might sound like curses.*

A very few years ago, it would have been no more necessary to offer such remarks as these than to suggest that Sir William Davenant was not equal to Milton as an epic poet, nor Sir Robert Stapylton superior to Shakespeare as a dramatist. And I really should almost as soon have expected to see Lord Tennyson take up the cudgels for "Gondibert," or Sir Henry Taylor for the "Slighted Maid," as to find Mr. Arnold throwing the shield of his authority over the deformed and impotent nakedness of such utterly unutterable rubbish. He has complained elsewhere, with perfect justice, that Byron is "so empty of matter." Is it then the charm of execution, the grace of language, the perfection of form, which attracts him in the author of the "Siege of Corinth?" Is it "the fount of fiery life," "the thunder's roll," perceptible in such productions as these? Byron *ὄψιβρεμέτης* is a thunderer whose bolt was forged assuredly on no diviner anvil than that with which Dennis or Cibber is represented in the text or notes of the "Dunciad" as shaking the souls of his audience. Is it his dramatic or lyrical gift? There is certainly some very effective rhetoric in one or two of his shorter pieces: but "the lyrical cry" which his panegyrist so properly requires—the pure note which can be breathed only from the pure element of lyric verse—is wanting alike in

his earliest and his latest effusions, noble and impressive in sentiment and in style as a few—a very few of them—indisputably are. As to his dramatic faculty, it was grossly overpraised by Macaulay in the following sentence: "It is hardly too much to say, that Lord Byron could exhibit only one man and only one woman." On the contrary, I would venture to submit, but in a very different sense, it is greatly too much to say. He could exhibit only two squeaking and disjointed puppets: there is, as far as I can remember, just one passage in the whole range of his writings which shows any power of painting any phase of any kind of character at all: and this is no doubt a really admirable (if not wholly original) instance of the very broadest comedy—the harangue addressed by Donna Julia to her intruding husband. The famous letter addressed to her boy-lover on his departure by that lineal descendant of Wycherley's Olivia in the "Plain Dealer" is an admirably eloquent and exceptionally finished piece of writing, but certainly, with its elaborate poise of rhetoric about the needle and the pole, is not an exceptional instance either of power to paint character and passion from the naked life, or of ability to clothe and crown them with the color and the light of genuine imagination. A poet with any real insight into the depth of either comic or tragic nature could have desired no finer occasion for the display of his gift, though assuredly he could have chosen none more difficult and dangerous, than such a subject as is presented by history in the figure of Catherine the Great. Terror and humor would have been the twin key-notes of his work; as effective in their grotesque and lurid union as the harmony of terror and pity in the severer art of the ancient stage. Landor, in half a dozen pages or less, has shown what a wealth of possibility was here open to a poet of serious aim as well as satiric insight. What has Byron made of the great, generous, fearless, shameless and pitiless woman of genius whom a far mightier artist was six years later to place before us in her habit as she lived, breathing lust and blood, craving fame and power, consumed and unsubdued by the higher and the lower ardors of

* I must observe moreover that it was

As

Extravagant a piece of criticism

To

Compare—as some unwary critics do—

Such verse as Byron's (bristling

With every sort and kind of barbarism

And solecism—

Not to speak of the tune,

Which suggests the love-strains of a baboon)

With any verse by Shelley

As to compare a jaded wagoner's whistling

To a lark's tune, or a star to a jelly,

Or the glare of the footlights to

A rainbow's prism

In the cloud at the edge of the sky's blue,

Or

Aught to aught that it is unfit for,

And not let such vile verse—why should

it not?—

Rot.

Cl. Heaven and Earth, passim.

a nature capable of the noblest and ignoblest ambition and desire? The Russian episode in "Don Juan" is a greater discredit to literature by its nerveless and stagnant stupidity than even by the effete vulgarity of its flat and stale uncleanness. Haideé and Dudù are a lovely pair of lay-figures: but the one has only to be kissed, and to break a blood-vessel: the other—has even less to do. Lady Adeline promises better than any other study from the same hand, and Aurora Raby is a graceful sketch in sentimental mezzotint; what might have been made of them in time we can but guess: it is only certain that nothing very much worth making had been made of them, when the one poem in which Byron showed even a gleam of power to draw characters from life was dropped or cut short at a point of somewhat cynical promise. Further evidence would hardly have been requisite to display the author's incapacity for dramatic no less than for lyric poetry, even had his injudicious activity not impelled him to write plays beside which even Voltaire's look somewhat less wretchedly forlorn. For indeed nothing quite so villainously bad as Byron's tragedies is known to me as the work of any once eminent hand which ever gave proof of any poetic vigor or energy at all. As a dramatist, Voltaire stands nearer to Corneille—nay, Dryden stands nearer to Shakespeare—than Byron to Voltaire or to Dryden. In one only of all his dramatic miscreations is there the dimmest glimpse of interest discoverable, even as regards the mere conduct of the story: and this play is the most impudent instance of barefaced theft to be found in the records of our literature. The single original thing in it, and the most original thing in its companion dramas, is of course the rhythm; and on this it would assuredly have seemed needless to waste a word or a smile, had not the author of some of the stateliest and purest blank verse ever written appeared as the most recent champion of Byron's claim to a place among the great representative poets of a language in which the metre of Marlowe and of Milton affords a crowning test of poetic power.

The only way to criticise it is
To write a sentence (which is easy to

Do, and has been done once or twice before
Now) in the metre of *Cain*, or of *The Two Foscari*, or *Heaven and Earth*, or *The Deformed Transformed*, *Sardanapalus*, or *Werner*—nay, *Faliero* (such is the way the name is elongated in his Play—which is not agreeable to an Ear which has any sense of sound left). It is hardly harder (as the bard might have Said) to write pages upon pages in This style—base beyond parody—than to Write as ill in Scott's usual metre: but All will allow that in both cases it Is an excruciating process for Persons accustomed to read or write verse.*

Imitation of Byron's "mighty line"—parody of it, I repeat, is impossible—would not long since have been a weary, stale, flat and unprofitable jest: but it is a flatter and a staler jest yet to reclaim precedence for his drawling draggle-tailed drab of a Muse over Polymnia when she speaks through Coleridge, Euterpe when she speaks through Keats, Urania when she speaks through Shelley. Iynx it was—the screaming wry-neck—that inspired the verse of Byron with its grace of movement and its charm of melody. And all the world knows what became of that songstress and her tuneful sisters when they challenged the Muses to a contest less unequal than would be the contest of the long since plume-plucked, Byron with the least of the three poets just named.

The instinct of Byron himself on this subject was truer than that of his latest and rashest advocate. From Chaucer to Wordsworth, the greatest names on record of English poetry were the objects of his lifelong insult. Of Shakespeare he always wrote and spoke as the author of the vilest and most pretentious dramatic abortions ever misbegotten by dullness upon vanity, or by egotism upon envy, might naturally have been expected to speak. Some honest souls in his own day expressed surprise at this graceful feature of their noble poet's intelligence. Had they been such "very clever fellows" as he was, they would have understood as distinctly as himself that he was not of the same kind as the objects of his insolence; that each of these must first be dethroned if ever he was to be enthroned as a poet of the first or even of the second class.

* The metre here is Byron's, "every line:
For God's sake, reader! take it not for
mine."

It would have been as wonderful, as inconsistent, as preposterous, if the authors of "Zaire" and "Faliero" had paid due tribute to Shakespeare, as if the authors of the "Cenci" and "Le Roi s'amuse" had not. Envy is keen of scent, and incompetence may be quick of eye: the impotent malignity of Byron was seldom personally mistaken in the object of its rabid but innocuous attack. Rogers, whom he flattered in public and lampooned in secret, did work perhaps bad enough at its worst to deserve the dishonor of such praises, and certainly good enough at its best to deserve the honor of such insults, as were showered on his name by his honest and high-minded admirer. Campbell, too, wrote much that prevents us from wondering at Byron's professions of reverence for the author of such lucubrations as the "Pleasures of Hope;" yet it is inexplicable that the author of two out of the three great lyric poems in the language inspired by love of England should not also have been honored by a stab in the back from the alternate worshipper and reviler of Napoleon: hatred of his country in one mood, and envy of his rival in the other, might have been expected to instigate his easily excitable insolence to some characteristic form of outrage. Possibly the sense of Campbell's popularity may have made him cautious: he did not, except in early youth, venture openly to attack any but unpopular figures in the world of letters. These, however, are not the names to be properly set against Byron's; though very decidedly less improper for such comparison than those three which Mr. Arnold has chosen for sacrifice at the shrine of paradox. Of the three which may with somewhat more show of reason be bracketed with the name of Byron, two must be rated above it as representative of qualities which according to Mr. Arnold's favorite canon would advance them to a higher rank in poetry than I should have been disposed to assign either to Crabbe, to Scott, or to Southey. The tragic power of Crabbe is as much above the reach of Byron as his singularly vivid though curiously limited insight into certain shades of character. All the ramping renegades and clattering corsairs that strut and fret

their hour on the boards of a facile and theatrical invention vanish into their natural nothingness if confronted with the homely horror of an indisputable personality such as that of the suspected parricide, alone in his fisher's boat at noon among the salt marshes: it would take many a high-stepping generation of Laras to match the terrible humility of Peter Grimes.* And though, as Mr. Leslie Stephen has observed, the highest note of imagination may be wanting to the noble and forcible verses which reproduce in such distinctness of detail the delirious visions of a mind unhinged by passionate self-indulgence, yet the short-winged and short-winded fancy of Byron never rose near the height of actual and vivid perception attained by the author of "Sir Eustace Grey." His dry catalogue of unimpressive horrors in the poem called "Darkness" is as far below the level of Crabbe in his tragic mood as the terrors of Crabbe are below the level of Dante's. If Wordsworth, as Shelley said in his haste, "had as much imagination as a pint-pot," I know not what fractional subdivision of a gill would not be more than adequate to represent the exact measure of Byron's. All his serious poetry put together is hardly worth—or, to say the very least, it can show nothing to be set aside—"that incomparable passage in Crabbe's "Borough," which" (according to Macaulay) "has made many a rough and cynical reader cry like a child;" and indeed, though I am not myself so rough and cynical as ever to have experienced that particular effect from its perusal, it does seem to me impossible for any man at all capable of being touched through poetry by the emotions of terror and pity to read the

* Two lines put into the dying ruffian's mouth have a might of tragic truth for which if a writer of the order of Byron "would give all the substance of his house, it would utterly be condemned." Shakespeare could not have bettered, and hardly any one lesser than Shakespeare could have matched, such a stroke of dreadful nature as this (the words being spoken of a dead father by a dying son):

He cried for mercy, which I kindly gave,
But he has no compassion in his grave.

The deepest or the highest note ever struck by the hand of Byron would sound after that like a penny whistle after the trumpet of doomsday.

record of that dream in the condemned cell, with its exquisite realistic touches of sea-side nature and tender innocent gladness, and not feel himself under the spell of a master tenfold more potent than Byron.

Culture, it should seem, cannot condescend to take any account of such humble claims as those of the simple old provincial clergyman whose homespun habit of obsolete and conventional style is the covering of a rarer pathos and a ripper humor than have often been devoted to the service of mere straightforward accuracy in study from the life which lay nearest to the student. But a writer whom even the culture which finds poetic satisfaction nowhere outside the range of Byron or of Wordsworth cannot pretend wholly to ignore, though it may dismiss as with a passing shrug his claims to be considered as a competitor with these—a writer for whom even Byron would seem to have been capable at times of something like manly respect and honest admiration—never failed to pay tribute alike to the tragic force and to the humorous simplicity of a poet reared under auspices the most opposite to those which had so happily fostered his own genius. Sir Walter Scott was neither a profound nor a pretentious critic—neither a refined nor an eccentric theorist; but his judgments have always the now more than ever invaluable qualities of clearness and consistency. To me, as to Mr. Arnold, his praise of Byron seems singularly ill-judged and ridiculously ill-worded: yet it is at least more intelligible than that which would couple him with Wordsworth as a moral force or help toward a lucid and stimulating criticism of life. But in speaking of Crabbe the great northern master was speaking of one more within his own high range of practical sympathy—more allied in temper and in gifts to his own wider and more beneficent genius. And even while that genius was still in the main misdirected into verse, it showed almost as clearly as was later to be shown in prose its vast superiority to Byron's in grasp of human character and in command of noble sympathies. His English was often as slovenly as even Byron's; though never so vile in taste as the worst examples of this latter. On the

other hand, the language of Byron's metrical tales has undeniably far more point and force, far more terseness and pliancy combined, than the diffuse and awkward style of Scott's, full of lazy padding and clumsy makeshifts. But set almost any figure drawn by Scott beside almost any figure of Byron's drawing, and the very dullest eye will hardly fail to see the difference between a barber's dummy and a living man fresh from the hand of Velasquez or of God. Lambro is admirably described and introduced: Bertram Risingham is described in phrase rather conventional than choice, and introduced with no circumstance of any special originality or distinction: but when Lambro appears in person on the stage of action, he is as utter a nullity as any of his brother or sister puppets: Bertram, however roughly sketched, is a figure alive to the very finger-tips. The difference, of course, has been often enough pointed out before now, and with memorable effect, especially, by a critic on whom Mr. Arnold is never weary of emptying the vials of his Attic scorn: but on this matter I must confess that I would rather be right with Lord Macaulay than wrong with Mr. Arnold. Of men, to judge from his writings, Byron knew nothing: of women he knew that it was not difficult to wheedle those who were not unwilling to be wheedled. He also knew that excess of any kind entails a more or less violent and a more or less permanent reaction: and here his philosophy of life subsided into tittering or snivelling silence. On all these points Scott is as far ahead of him as Shakespeare is ahead of Scott. A commonplace sermon does not cease to be commonplace because its doctrine is unorthodox, and cynical twaddle is none the less twaddle because of its cynicism. Scott is doubtless, as his French critics used to deplore, deficient in depth and intensity of passion; yet his passion too has more life and reality than Byron's. It is not enough for a writer to protest that his characters are bursting and burning with passion: they must do something to second him—to make us feel and see that they are. And this is exactly what no Gulnare or Gulbeyaz of them all can do. The puppet begins to squeak, and we perceive at once the in-

competence of the showman ; in place of a dramatist we have a scene-painter. It follows that with all his blustering profession of experience and preparation for display Byron, when it comes to the point, proves to be really not a poet of passion at all. There is plenty of rant in his work, there is plenty of wantonness, and there is plenty of wit : but Lord Tennyson has put more passion into the six little stanzas of a poem published at the age of twenty-four than could be distilled by compression out of all that Lord Byron ever wrote. In those six short stanzas, without effort, without pretence, without parade—in other words, without any of the component qualities of Byron's serious poetry—there is simple and sufficient expression for the combined and contending passions of womanly pride and rage, physical attraction and spiritual abhorrence, all the outer and inner bitterness and sweetness of hatred and desire, resolution and fruition and revenge. And as surely and as greatly as the author of this poem had almost at his starting distanced and defeated Byron as a painter of feminine passion, had Scott defeated and distanced him long before as a painter of masculine action. And for this among other reasons, Scott, with all his many shortcomings in execution, with all his gaps and flaws and deficiencies and defects, must surely always retain the privilege assigned by Thackeray to Goldsmith—high as are doubtless Goldsmith's claims to that privilege—of being "the most beloved of English writers." Two names far higher than his will be more beloved as well as more honored by those who find their deepest delight in the greatest achievements of dramatic and lyric poetry : but the lovers of this last will always be fewer, if more ardent, than the lovers of other and humbler, less absolute and essential forms of art ; and though dramatic poetry, even at its highest pitch of imagination, appeals to a far wider and more complex audience, yet even Shakespeare, though less than Shelley, demands of the student who would know and love him something more than is common to all simple and healthy natures. But Sir Walter demands nothing of his reader beyond a fair average allowance of kindness and

manhood : the man must be a very Carlyle who does not love and honor him. His popularity may fluctuate now and then with elder readers—so much the worse for them : it is sure always to right itself again in a little time : but when it wanes among English boys and girls a doomsday will be dawning of which as yet there are most assuredly no signs or presages perceptible. Love of Scott, if a child has not the ill fortune to miss by some mischance the benefit of his generous influence, is certain to outlast all changes of interest and inclination, from the age when he divides a heart of six or seven with the owner's first pony to the age when affectionate gratitude has rooted in the adult heart a hundred names and associations of his engrafting, only less deep and dear than those implanted there by Shakespeare's very self. Almost any fault may well seem pardonable in such a benefactor as this : his genius has the privilege of beauty such as Cleopatra's : for vilest things become themselves in him ; so that the sternest republicans may bless him when he is most a royalist—yes, even a Georgian royalist—and men of the most scrupulous honor in questions of literary as well as other society may forgivingly overlook even his public association with libellers of private life and character, with conductors of such tainted publications as the *Beacon* and the *Blackguard's Magazine*—such "dogs and swine" as excite, in Mr. Browning's poem, the loathing and indignation of the very Ghetto : though then as now the writer and circulator of privately printed attacks on the personal reputation of any honorable man must have been considered by all men of honor as a person of character too degraded to be damaged even by the unanswerable charges of cowardice and lying—a rascal whose back would dishonor the hangman's lash, as his society would disgrace the keeper of a brothel ; and though then as now the highest eminence in letters could neither have protected nor redeemed from the stain of an indelible ignominy, the plague-spot of an incurable disgrace, a name polluted by conscious and voluntary association with the name of so infamous a wretch. To such intercourse as this we need not imagine that Scott could

ever have descended : but the weapons of license and scurrility plied by some at least of his associates were so poisonously foul and cowardly that the one thing wanting to the perfection of their dishonor was the precaution of an abject and furtive semi-privacy. Something of indignation as well as regret we cannot choose but feel at the recollection that the hand which has bequeathed us such countless and priceless treasures should ever have pressed hands which had penned such villainies as defile the columns of the ruffianly political publications of his day : yet the most intoler-

ant of moralists cannot feel toward him as all honest and loyal men must feel toward the writer of such a note as Byron addressed, in attempted self-exculpation, to the Consul-General at Venice in the spring of 1821—toward the coward who deliberately suppressed the evidence which would have proved him a traitor to friendship more dastardly and disloyal than ever selfishness has made of a man perhaps not originally or at all points ungenerous or malignant.—*Nineteenth Century*.

(To be concluded.)

LITERARY NOTICES.

OUR CHANCELLOR. SKETCHES FOR A HISTORICAL PICTURE. By Moritz Busch. Translated from the German by William Beatty Kingston, author of "William I., Emperor of Germany," etc. Two volumes in one. New York : Charles Scribner's Sons.

Among the picturesque and remarkable figures of the century probably the consensus of opinion will place Prince Bismarck the great founder and conservator of German unity as one of the chief. From the time when he began his career as a deputy in the German Reichstag, he began to display those great qualities of audacity, mastery over men, readiness of resource and combination of flexibility and firmness which afterward led to such colossal results. The career of Prince Bismarck is too well known to make it desirable for us to sketch it even in outline. He has been such a part of the history of the age, he has been such an agent in the changes which have revolutionized the political and international relations of Europe, that it would be an insult to the intelligence of our readers to rehearse the story of his life. What concerns us chiefly now is to get some insight into the hidden machinery of his character by the light of the sketches and studies of Herr Moritz Busch, who seems to have been admitted in an humble way to the confidence of the great Chancellor, much as Samuel Johnson admitted Boswell to his. It goes without saying that the biographer or eulogist, as he may more properly be called, sees no possible flaw in his hero's character. Even those things which in others would be faults are metamorphosed into

virtues by these correlations. Herr Busch says that from 1870 to the present time he has had the best opportunities of studying his subject, and assuredly he reverses the proverb that the hero is no hero to his *valet de chambre*. In the first chapter he strikes the key-note of his book in thus describing the intellectual characteristics of Bismarck, in much of which, even those who dissent from them in their view of Bismarck's mission will agree : "One of those mighty historical figures which make their appearance among us now and anon to guide the world into new paths, and to transform floating ideas and aspirations theretofore inanimate into living realities by absolute original procedures of their own. . . . We saw before us a perfectly correct calculation upon distinctly laid down premises, uninfluenced by party dogmas or prejudices ; a sober process of addition and subtraction by no means devoid, moreover, of captivating warmth and poetical lustre in the expression of its results and in the actions consequent thereon. . . . A consistency which kept in view firmly and sternly. . . . A hand extremely light and steady in the manipulation of persons ; the gift of knowing exactly when to act and when to postpone action ; an almost unexampled dexterity in luring an antagonist into such a position that he is compelled to put himself in the wrong before the whole world. . . . A prodigious energy of will recoiling at nothing combined with a moderation and fairness. . . . A cool head controlling a warm heart, the maximum of ingenuity and audacity, "Ulysses and Achilles in one," etc., etc.—such are some of the phrases and strokes with which an au-

thor describes his hero. That Bismarck is much if not all of this no one will dispute, but it is on the moral side of the portrait, which is painted in no less alluring colors that one looks with doubt. In sketching the German Chancellor's life, Herr Busch always accredits him with the most lofty religious and patriotic motives. Some of the chapter headings give a good notion of the contents of the book as, for example, "The Chancellor's Profession of Faith and Moral Code of Statesmanship;" "His Religious Views;" "Diplomatic Indiscretions;" "Bismarck and Austria;" "Bismarck and the French;" "Bismarck and the Press;" "The Chancellor and State Socialism;" "Bismarck as Orator and Humorist;" and "Bismarck in Private Life." The author writes in a lively but incisive way and certainly gives a very vivid presentment of his subject, though of course one will feel continually that the portrait is overdrawn, and very much too highly colored, when the matter touches the great subject of political ethics, in which scale the final measure and weight of the statesman must be settled by posterity no matter how brilliant his qualities and achievements.

MY REMINISCENCES. By Lord Ronald Gower, F.S.A. In two volumes. Vol. II. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Lord Ronald Gower, who has given us this bright and agreeable body of reminiscences is the son of the late Duchess of Sutherland, one of the most eminent and famous of England's noblewomen. Connected by family ties with the foremost people of Great Britain (he is the brother-in-law of the Duke of Westminster and of the Duke of Argyle, thereby being uncle of the Marquis of Lorne) though still a young man in the prime of life, it goes without saying that his career has brought him in contact with nearly everybody worth seeing or knowing in Great Britain and on the Continent. Lord Ronald was placed in exceptionally favorable position to enjoy the best side of life, and it is evident that he brought to these facilities of enjoyment a large and varied if not profound mental equipment, fine artistic taste and culture (he is a successful and talented sculptor), a most genial nature, and a singular susceptibility for the bright side of things. Sweetness of temper seems one of his most prominent qualities, and we do not recall a single instance when he has a bitter or cynical word for anybody or anything. Life is *couleur de rose* and he gives us the benefit of his optimism in a very entertaining way. Charming

glimpses are given us of life among the *crème de la crème* of the English aristocracy; of life among literary and artistic circles (for Lord Ronald seems to be much more proud of his Bohemian proclivities than of his "blue blood," of which indeed from time to time he speaks rather contemptuously); of experiences in foreign capitals and with foreign celebrities; of travels through all civilized and uncivilized lands. Americans will be specially pleased with his cordial even enthusiastic appreciation of the United States and her institutions. Rarely has an Englishman shown a warmer friendship and liking for his "cousins beyond the sea." The book is full of quotable passages, though written without any pretence even in literary form. Many of the entries are made in the abbreviated form in which they were entered in the diary. But the matter is so far from being desiccated food that it is full of interest, liveliness, and freshness. All bright gossip about celebrated people is interesting, and Lord Ronald Gower gives us just this. It is a work to make a spare hour pass very pleasantly and to attract a large circle of readers. One finishes it with the wish that there were more such sensible and warm-hearted Englishmen as Lord Ronald Gower.

BRAIN EXHAUSTION. WITH SOME PRELIMINARY CONSIDERATIONS ON CEREBRAL DYNAMICS. By J. Leonard Corning, M.D., formerly Resident Surgeon to the Hudson River State Hospital for the Insane, Fellow of the N. Y. Academy of Medicine, etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Never before in the history of the race did the world live so fast as now. Railways, telegraphs, telephones, fast ocean steamers, and the almost innumerable appliances of machinery to every purpose of life except the most fundamental functions, find a corresponding acceleration in all the social habits of civilized man. The tremendous activity to which the brain is impelled by present conditions, carrying with it a corresponding amount of fret and worry, which wear out the human ant as he rushes to and fro even more than work, offers a very serious problem. The increase of "dementia" as a disease is a recognized fact by physicians and other students of vital statistics. The field of physiological research undertaken by the author of the present volume "transcends, as he very justly claims, all others in importance * * * the economical questions involved in normal and morbid intellection." He goes on to say: "The demands

upon the thinking apparatus have never been greater than at present ; but at the same time the factors which exert a prejudicial influence on the cerebral mechanism have never been more numerous."

The author begins by laying a broad foundation for his deductions in considering the law of the convertibility of forces to the dynamics of the brain. The doctrine of the "conservation of force" is now a well-established principle in physics, and its application to the flow and ebb of brain energy can be indicated with almost as much accuracy as the flow of the tides. This parallelism between inanimate physics and cerebral action is closely followed by our author and with excellent results. If it can be shown that a foot-pound of force is the exact sum of the factors which enter into it, so it can be shown that the capacity of the brain for work is also so proximately estimated as to be trustworthy for all practical purposes. Dr. Corning proceeds to classify his facts which appear to be drawn from wide experience and study, and to marshal them with the skill of a trained scientist. He first considers the various existing causes which conduce to brain exhaustion in the physical sense, such as alcohol drinking, tobacco, excessive sexualism, irregular hours, etc., in the mental sense, over-work whether in study and business, fret and worry, false educational methods, etc. These chapters make up a large part of the body of the book. He concludes with a summary of the principles of brain-hygienics, and indicates very clearly how brain exhaustion may be remedied before the final and inevitable result comes. In these latter chapters the author discusses the relation of blood to muscle and brain, the relation of food to mental phenomena, rest, special medication, etc. The book is admirably written. The style is simple, direct, lucid, with as much avoidance as possible of technical terms and purely professional logic. It is a timely work, which every thinking man can read with interest without being a physician. Brain-workers everywhere, and in these days every man must be a brain-worker if he would rise above the condition of the day-laborer or mere mechanic, can study this able digest with both profit and pleasure.

MEMOIR AND CORRESPONDENCE OF ELIZA P. GURNEY. Edited by Richard F. Mott. Philadelphia : J. B. Lippincott & Co.

This record of Mrs. Gurney's life, accompanied with extracts from her letters will be received with pleasure by those who knew

this distinguished and devoted Christian woman in her long career of usefulness and benevolence. Mrs. Gurney was a leading member of the Society of Friends, and was a model of all those virtues so often exemplified in the lives of Quaker families. In her public capacity as a preacher and exhorter, in her private life so full of benefactions, which she was enabled to bestow so freely on account of her large wealth, her biography is full of interest. Eliza Kirkbride was the daughter of a leading family of Philadelphia Quakers, and from early life was exceptionally noted for piety and gentleness of nature, as well as for those physical graces, which so often blossom nobly under the plain cap and coil of her sect. When she was about eighteen she met Joseph J. Gurney, a worthy English Quaker, who had come to America on a mission of benevolence, and the acquaintance was then formed, which ripened afterward into the marriage relation, when Miss Kirkbride went to England a few years afterward and met Mr. Gurney, who had then become a widower. Though much her senior, and with a family of sons and daughters nearly grown up, the connection proved a very happy one. Mr. Gurney's large wealth enabled the couple to pursue their schemes of benevolence and Christian teaching without being in the least harrassed by the servile toils of life. From England to the Continent, from Europe to America they passed again and again preaching and exhorting, helping the needy, comforting the afflicted from the royal family to the peasant hut (one of the most interesting episodes is the visit to the palace of Louis Philippe, on a mission of condolence and sympathy on the death of one of the royal children), and assisting to build up all kinds of worthy benevolent enterprises. They met in their peregrinations many of the most distinguished people of Europe, and seem to have been everywhere received with the greatest kindness and respect. These journeys at first sight appear rather strange, but when we read them in the light of Mrs. Gurney's correspondence, the simple devotion to Christian duty, delicacy, and gentleness which characterized all their visitations, give them a quaintly delightful flavor of the Apostolic times. When Joseph Gurney died, his widow after a year or two of residence in England came to America for the rest of her life where she divided her time between Philadelphia and Atlantic City, at the latter of which she had a spacious cottage which she made the centre of a large Christian hospitality.

During the great Civil War Mrs. Gurney gave largely to the Christian Commission and other charities growing out of the war, and had several interviews with Mr. Lincoln, between whom and herself a number of letters passed. This correspondence is of great interest, and shows how deeply Mr. Lincoln was touched by Mrs. Gurney's Christian sympathy and interest. She died in 1881, and a life full of ripe usefulness and meek virtue came to an end. The story is very simply told, and the reader will probably be more interested in the letters than in the biography proper, though both are touching and attractive.

BALLADES AND VERSES VAIN. By Andrew Lang, author of "Helen of Troy." New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mr. Andrew Lang is one of the best known of England's younger poets, and among that school of word artists, who have carried poetic technique to such a degree of dainty perfection he stands unrivalled, except by Austin Dobson. But Mr. Lang has genius for something more than delicate filigree work and gem-carving, adept as he is in this exquisite craft. We get glimpses from time to time, of command over more large and robust methods, of a more virile grasp of the great questions which must haunt the true poetic imagination, of a bigger sweep of sympathy than is necessary for the graceful and decorative domain of the poet's art. Accordingly amid the many society-verses and idly beautiful rhymes, we find poems of a stronger texture, though all of them are marked by that chaste symmetry of form, which is the natural outcome of a mind saturated with Hellenic studies, and with Hellenic enthusiasm. Many of the better poems are immediately inspired by Greek literature and myth. As a good specimen of the poet's work, we may cite the sonnet on "The Odyssey:"

"As one that for a weary space has lain
Lulled by the Song of Circe and her wine
In gardens near the pale of Proserpine,
When that Ægean isle forgets the main,
And only the low lutes of love complain,
And only shadows of wan lovers pine,
As such a one were glad to know the brine
Salt on his lips and the large air again—
So gladly from the songs of modern speech
Men turn and see the stars and feel the free
Shrill wind beyond the close of heavy flowers,
And through the music of the languid hours,
They hear like ocean on a western beach
The surge and thunder of the Odyssey."

This sonnet is as perfect in shape and color as a sea-shell, and as full of music. Mr. Lang

has more than a little of the gift—the highest power of the poet's faculty—that of making the imagination grasp meanings far more than the words carry. This *onomatopoeia* or quality of form by which words in themselves, their collocation, and their cadence become to us like the mysterious Orphic songs of wind-swept trees, of ocean waves, of the twittering of birds, of the hum of bees, and to which the more literal meaning is like the body without the soul, is the final essence of the art of the *poietes* or "maker." We find so much of it in Mr. Lang's more ambitious verse that it is almost a pity his skilful handicraft has turned out so many jewelled trifles as to associate himself largely in the popular mind with verse of this order. It is not very long since Mr. Lang, co-operating with another distinguished scholar, gave the world the best translation of the *Odyssey* ever made. He displays in various ways his command over the higher resources of the poet's art. The world has a right to look for work from him, which will set a star on his face, the lustre of which will shine brightly amid his greatest brother bards.

STRATFORD BY THE SEA. (American Novel Series.) A novel. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

A GRAVEYARD FLOWER. By Wilhelmine Von Hillern. Translated by Clara Bell. New York: William S. Gottsberger.

TRAFALGAR. A TALE. By B. Perez Galdós, author of "Gloria." From the Spanish by Clara Bell. New York: William S. Gottsberger.

The "American Novel Series" continues to show the publisher's purpose of making this series distinguished for a special flavor of its own. Certainly, so far they have been marked by no little individuality, though that individuality has not been altogether inoffensive. To smite all Philistine notions and conventionalities hip and thigh, though by no means with the jaw-bone of an ass, seems to have been the ambition of each of the authors. The art of the storyteller, however, is to please and interest, and as long as he does not offend against the fundamental principles of right and wrong, novel-readers, who are very liberal in these days, are willing that he should cut very close to the edge.

"Stratford by the Sea" opens its story in a quaint New England fishing town, and the heroine has been brought up in the simple,

old-fashioned notions of a community which knows nothing of the habits and ways of cities. Her beauty and simplicity win the regard of a nice young Bostonian, and she marries him against the wishes of her family. Oswald Craig, her husband, is depicted as a bright, keen, capricious man of intellect and culture, with larger capacity of passion than of affection. The country flower which he had plucked withers for him and loses its fragrance, and then he turns from her as from one who has been tried and found wanting, wanting in all that ripeness of physical and mental resource which he believes his larger nature needs. He at last finds a woman of his full measure in a brilliant and beautiful actress, who loves him passionately, believing him free. It is only at the last that she discovers her lover's deceit, and we are still left in doubt as to whether or not she will consent to elope with him, when a providential railway train cuts short the career of this gay Lothario by running over him. The fortunate widow, after recovering from the shock, marries a good man, who is far better suited for her than the man who had first won her virgin heart. The interest of the story is really in the relations between Oswald Craig and Victoria Landor, the actress. She, after discovering that her lover was a married man, is carried away by his ardor and protestations that his wife's neglect and indifference had made his home wretched. She will surrender to him, but she must first see his home life for herself. She discovers that her lover's story is a lie, but it is still left uncertain what she will ultimately do when the problem is solved for her by fate.

The novel has a good deal of dramatic vigor, clever analysis of motive, considerable freshness of individualization, and some very charming descriptions of New England provincial life. The latter occur in the first part of the book, which is indeed the best part of the story. The style is bright, crisp and effective, and on the whole "Stratford by the Sea" may be pronounced a book of more than average merit.

The translation from the German, "A Graveyard Flower," is a good example of the highly-wrought sentimental fiction in which Germans take delight. The scenes and characters are all too highly colored, and there is that atmosphere of Wertherism in it which the active peoples of the civilized world long since ceased to find entertaining in fiction.

The translation from the Spanish, "Traf-

algar," on the other hand, is a simple but capital story. It is the narrative of the servant of a Spanish naval officer, who witnesses and takes part in the great battle of Trafalgar, in which Lord Nelson was killed, but not before he had struck a fatal blow at the naval power of France and Spain. The description of the battle, which is the most interesting episode of the book, is as vivid and striking as any battle-scene in word painting can be, though all who have ever "smelt gunpowder" on a large scale know that words utterly fail to give any fully adequate expression of the facts. Galdós, the author, is among the most brilliant Spanish novelists of the day, and in this little book he sustains the reputation which he has won in his other novels.



FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

"We regret to announce," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "the death of Mr. Charles Reade, D.C.L., which took place on the 11th inst. at his residence at Shepherd's Bush. More than a fortnight ago Mr. Reade, who was seventy years of age, returned from Cannes, where he had been staying for the benefit of his health, and, on his way back, he was seized with bronchitis and congestion of the lungs. Mr. Reade was born in 1814, and was educated at Magdalen College, Oxford, of which he was successively a demy and a fellow. He graduated B.A. in 1835, and was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1843. One of his first literary works, 'Peg Woffington,' was published in 1852; and this was followed by 'Christie Johnstone' in 1853. 'It is Never Too Late to Mend,' one of his most successful works, was published in 1857; 'Love me Little, Love me Long' in 1859, 'White Lies' and 'Cloister and the Hearth' in 1861, 'Hard Cash' in 1863, 'Griffith Gaunt' in 1866, 'Put Yourself in His Place' (first published in the *Cornhill Magazine*) in 1870, and 'A Terrible Temptation' in 1871. Mr. Reade also wrote several plays, and put on the stage dramatized adaptations of some of his works, including 'Put Yourself in His Place,' and 'Foul Play,' in which he had Mr. Boucicault for a collaborator. In 1867 he dramatized Tennyson's 'Dora,' and one of his latest dramatic productions was *Drink*, founded on Zola's 'L'Assommoir.' Mr. Reade has at various times contributed to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and the unauthorized publication of a series of sketches written for its columns in 1876 on the Glasgow hero,

James Lambert, led to a suit which at the time created some stir. More recently Mr. Reade contributed to the *Pall Mall Gazette* a series of articles on 'The Cremona Violin.' Mr. Reade was frequently engaged in hot controversies, in which his treatment of his opponents was not of the mildest character; but, as the *Times* observes in concluding its memoir, 'he was, in truth, so warm-hearted and had such a rich imagination to contrive schemes which his benevolence suggested, that most of his faults, literary or personal—and these were venial ones at the worst—came from wishing to do too much good and struggling to do that much too quickly.'

LORD TENNYSON, it is reported by Mr. Labouchere, does not appreciate his new honors, and has replied in a testy manner to many of the congratulations which have been addressed to him.

AN English novelist declares that the evil of novel-writing at the present day is the competition of educated, rich but incompetent amateurs with the writer who has neither the name of a Wilkie Collins nor the check-book of the incompetent amateur.

ANOTHER writer complains that the circulating library system, which has grown to enormous proportions in England, has so far affected the minds of the people that they never think of buying a book.

AN editorial writer in the *London Daily News* is not disposed to "take a back seat" in comparing the great men of Great Britain with those of America. "We," he says, "can set Mr. Ruskin against Mr. Richard Grant White, Mr. Matthew Arnold against Mr. Stedman, Mr. George Meredith to pair off with Mr. Howells, while Mr. Browning and the Laureate correspond to Dr. Holmes and Mr. Lowell. Comparisons are odious, but the company would have many pleasant elements in which all these gentlemen met."

It falls to M. Victor Cherbuliez, as directeur of the Académie française at the time of the death of Henri Martin de Laprade, to receive their successors, MM. de Lesseps and François Coppée. All the forty fauteuils are now full.

THE Municipal Council of Paris has voted 10,000 frs. (£400) to the committee formed to celebrate the centenary of Diderot, being the same amount as was voted in the cases of Voltaire and Rousseau, on the condition that

it be spent in erecting a statue of Diderot in Paris. There is also to be a local celebration at Langres, Diderot's birthplace, on July 30th.

A STATUE of George Sand, by M. Millet, is to be unveiled at La Châtre on July 15th.

THE scheme for placing a public library in every municipal quarter of Paris is progressing, though slowly. Thirty-eight such libraries are now in existence with a total of about 100,000 volumes. Last year the number of additions was 12,000 volumes, and the number of readers was 514,000, being an increase of 151,000 on the previous year.

MISCELLANY.

ART AND UTILITY.—Let us consider the original utility of a few artistic things. Blue ware was originally made blue probably because blue was simple and cheap; but it is now prized and imitated for more fanciful reasons. Statuary was at first an essential part (a figured column) of architecture, and the most elaborate architecture was the outcome of the simple need of a building. Climate, too, has been a more active designer than man. It decreed flat roofs where people wanted to sleep in the open; narrow streets where people needed shade, as in Italy; and angular roofs where snow and rain had to be manœuvred. Small dim-religious-light windows were once made small because larger ones could not so well be made, and were, in fact, then more ideal than real; but windows are now made small for artistic sympathies so sensitive that even the green bull's-eye is centred in the pane—not on economical grounds as heretofore, when every inch of glass was a luxury, but for decorative purposes in an age when we can let in daylight by the square yard. The niceties of jewelry that we now show as art-curiosities in museums were made for very practical daily use. The coins we copy and reiterate in brooches, bracelets, and solitaires were as utilitarian as our coins are now. The common alphabet, out of which we in the name of art elaborate so many varieties of form in public petitions and addresses, no doubt received the first variety of form through the uncompromising necessity that there should be distinctions between one letter and another. Monks decorated their books, not for decoration and as decoration only, but as a beautiful offering to their faith; but it was an offering and prayer first; it was truly a devotion, not to art as art,

but through art to the deity. The statues devoted to Greek temples had the utilitarian character of offerings or expressions of worship. The marble figures we so much admire as figures in the church of Santa Croce at Florence were not executed and erected as to-be-admired figures only, but primarily for the very utilitarian purpose of commemorating the worth—and, after all, the moral worth—of Dante, Michelangelo, and others. Monks, poets, musicians, and actors, have kept clean-shaven faces—as an indication of a certain religious order with the monk, necessity with the actor, and personal comfort or an innate sense of the fittest with the poet and musician; and yet clear-cut clean-shaven faces are oftenest depicted by artists in their portraits of ideal or conceived characters. Men of rapid and passionate thought, in the necessity of expression, evolve a form of handwriting which other people with no very rapid or passionate thought try to imitate; they are attracted by the aggregate beauty of form which this perfectly utilitarian writing presents. Finally, as a matter of honor, some American Indians retained a long lock of hair on the top of their skulls to aid the process of scalping should they fall victims to opposing tribes; and fashion not long ago decreed something very similar, either direct from this or through the Chinese pig-tail, to ornament the humanity of civilization.—*Magazine of Art.*

THE FACE OF AN EAST INDIAN CYCLONE.—Some part of the difference in the impression created by gales and hurricanes is due, no doubt, to terror. An English gale does not frighten men unless, as sometimes happens, it rocks an upper story till the beds shake, as a tropical hurricane does. It is not, to begin with, accompanied by so much electrical disturbance. In a cyclone in Bengal, the rush of the wind is accompanied by what seem, and usually are, discharges of thunder-bolts, visible balls of fire, rushing downward with a sharp, cracking roar—very unlike, we may remark in passing, the roar of artillery, to which it is compared, resembling rather the clang of iron upon iron, or the *breaking* of something in the heavens—which strike the buildings, often fatally, within sight. The chance of the bolt, which is by no means a remote one, does not soothe the nerves; and if the discharges have continued, as often happens, for five or six hours, the watcher, perhaps with a shivering household round him, is in no condition to observe scientifically, or indeed, to do anything except wait

with a certain doggedness, and that rising of the temper which a true hurricane often provokes. The noise is so exasperating, and the wind does seem so devilish in its malice. It does not blow and then leave off, leave off and then blow again, as it does here; but keeps on blowing with a steady, persistent, maddening rush, which is more like the sway of the tide against you when you are half-drowned, than the action of anything which in Europe we call wind. We suppose the rush is not quite continuous, for the distinct and shattering blows on the walls which seem to accompany it must really be part of it, and indicate gusts; but there never is a moment while the hurricane lasts when the opening of a shutter or a door would not be followed by the entrance of what seems not wind, but an invisible battering-ram. The writer once saw a shutter incautiously loosened while a hurricane was high, and pressing outside like a hydraulic press. In an instant, not only were the shutters blown in and himself flung down as by a heavy weight, but the open door of a large wardrobe standing against the wall was blown off its hinges as if struck by a machine. It had not six inches to recede, and the hinges must have been literally crushed out. The struggle with the continuous impact of a blind force of this kind, pressing inward for hours, is very terrifying, for no experience will make you believe in the resisting power of the walls. It seems as if they must come down, and if they do, you may be dead in five seconds, or worse still, stand suddenly alone in the world. The imprisonment, too, is nearly perfect. A hurricane will last sometimes twenty hours, and during that time there is no five minutes during which you can walk ten yards. If you face the wind, it strangles you, literally and actually rendering respiration impossible; and as you turn round, you are thrown sharply down. There is nothing for it but crawling, and that is difficult, for whatever the scientific explanation may be, it is quite certain that the vertical edge of a tropical hurricane comes, in its full strength, much lower down, nearer the earth, than that of an English gale. All the while, moreover, we repeat for the third time—for after all, it is in this that the special horror of a hurricane consists—the watcher retains, ever rising higher and more resistless, that notion of the deliberate malice of the elements, of being attacked by them, of suffering from the spite and anger of some sentient will, which is at once hostile and perverse. You are fighting, while it lasts, not enduring.—*The Spectator.*

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

THE COURT OF APPEALS CHAMBERS, ALBANY.

WHEN Lord Coleridge was shown through the Capitol of the Empire State he was so impressed with the richness of the materials and the grandeur of the design as to exclaim, "If our public offices and halls of justice in England were as sumptuous as these, the common people would rise up in a revolution." That the woolsack has no such elegant surroundings as now pertain to the highest court in New York, is not only a matter of congratulation to Americans, but also a source of pride, because the average citizen may find therein such forms of beauty, carved in wood and stone, as he may not see elsewhere. The hall of justice thus becomes an educator in one of the highest departments of art.

ENGLAND'S LIQUOR BILL.—Mr. W. Hoyle, in a letter to the *Times*, points out that the nation's expenditure upon intoxicating liquors during 1883 amounted to £125,477,275, a decrease of £774,084 as compared with 1882. In 1882 there was a decrease from 1881 of £823,101. In 1860, with a population of 28,778,000, the expenditure of the United Kingdom upon intoxicating liquors was £85,276,870. Year by year the expenditure rose until in 1876 it reached the enormous sum of £147,288,759. Thus, while our population had only grown 15 per cent, our drink bill had grown 72 per cent. Between 1876 and 1880 the drink bill receded from £147,000,000 to £122,000,000. This was largely owing to the great depression in trade, and to some extent it was also due to the vigorous efforts of temperance reformers. In 1881 the drink bill rose again to £127,000,000, since which year, as we have seen, it has fallen to the extent of about three quarters of a million sterling per annum.

NUMBERS OF THE ECLECTIC WANTED.—We are in need of the following numbers of the *ECLECTIC*: February and March, 1844; January and December, 1845; February, March, April, June, July, and November, 1846; December, 1847, and May, 1848; November, 1854; February and March, 1855; May, 1856; and January, 1869.

A NEW USE FOR THE TELEPHONE.—A police inspector at Odessa, whose name, Dobrjinsky, deserves in spite of its dissonance to be mentioned on account of his cleverness, has discovered a new use for the telephone. One day last week a policeman brought to the station a Jew, having in his possession a quantity of silver believed to be stolen. The silver was in a semi-molten condition, and had none of its original features remaining to assist in its identification. Hence, as the Jew stoutly declared the metal to be his own property, the police inspector was put in a fix, from which all his cross-examination of the presumed thief failed to extricate him. At last a bright idea struck him. He went to the telephone in the adjoining room, and, mentioning to the officials at the police-master's office what had happened, instructed them to utter in solemn tones, on a signal being given, the words—"Itso Smeliansky, it will be better for thee to confess that thou hast robbed somebody, otherwise thy punishment will inevitably be more severe." Afterward, summoning the Jew into the room, he pointed to the instrument on the wall, and told him that it really did not matter whether he divulged his crime or not, as the "machine" would do it for him. At this the Jew laughed outright, while the inspector placed a sheet of paper on the table and prepared to take down the confession. When everything was ready, he told the Jew to put the tube to his ear, and decide whether he would confess himself, or allow the "machine" to do it for him. Then, giving the signal, he returned to the table, when a second or two later he had the satisfaction of seeing the Jew's face turn deadly pale, at hearing the solemn advice mysteriously conveyed to him by the "machine," and of noting down directly afterward a penitent confession from the thief's own lips.

THE CHURCHES OF BERLIN.—No capital of Europe is probably so badly off as Berlin as regards both the number and beauty of its churches. In 1875 there were only sixty-four places of worship for nearly a million of people; but, as only seventeen per cent of the population appear ever to attend, the want is not severely felt. The attendance on religious ser-

vices on an average Sunday is, according to Dr. Schwabe, only two per cent of the population. The oldest church in Berlin is St. Nicholas's, some portions of the building dating from the thirteenth century; but the whole has been restored, and, in addition, has been furnished with two lofty towers. The interior is very picturesque, and exhibits the artistic styles of several periods. Here is the tomb of the noted Baron Puffendorf, Privy Councillor, and Judge of the Court of the Great Elector Frederick William. The Domkirche, or cathedral, on the east of the Lustgarten, is an insignificant edifice, erected in 1747, and restored in 1817, in which eighty ancestors of the royal family are buried, and the virtues of some of them recorded on monuments. Frederick William IV. intended to erect a new cathedral more worthy of his great capital, and to this end the foundations were completed, and a part of a burial-ground prepared—the Campo Santo, for which Cornelius designed cartoons; but the work was never brought to completion, and the unfinished Campo Santo is now a kind of museum, with casts of the Greek statues and reliefs excavated at Olympia at the cost of the German Government. The two churches in the Gensdarmenmarkt—the Französische Kirche and the Neue Kirche—were built in imitation of the twin churches on the Piazza del Popolo at Rome. Each has a domed tower 230 feet in height. The Roman Catholic church of St. Hedwig, behind the Opera House, was erected by Frederick the Great, in imitation of the Pantheon at Rome. The Gothic Klosterkirche, erected by the Franciscans toward the close of the thirteenth century, is the finest and best-preserved mediæval building in Berlin; the oldest portions extant are the choir and stalls, and several tombs, all of the fourteenth century; an incongruous belfry, towers, and vestibule were added at a recent restoration. Of the modern churches no particular account is needed, although it may be noted, in passing, that the slender spire of St. Peter's, 315 feet in height, is the loftiest in Berlin.

OLD BOUND VOLUMES OF THE ECLECTIC.—We still have on hand a few old bound volumes of ECLECTIC of the years 1849, '51, '52, which we will continue to supply until they are exhausted at prices given before. These volumes contain much valuable reading matter and early impressions of some of our finest

engravings. They are strongly bound in half morocco, and only a little worn by age. We will furnish them by mail, or express paid, three volumes each year, on receipt of \$2 per year.

Parties wishing these volumes will do well to send their orders at once, as we cannot supply them when the present stock is disposed of.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The publishers will send any book reviewed in the ECLECTIC, or any other new publication, postage paid, on receipt of the price.]

Memoir and Correspondence of Eliza P. Gurney. By RICHARD F. MOTT. 12mo, 377 pp. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Price, \$1.50.

Ballades and Verses Vain. By ANDREW LANG. 12mo, 165 pp. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.50.

Our Chancellor. By MORITZ BUSCH. 8vo, 303 pp. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$2.50.

Life of Frederick Denison Maurice. Edited by his son, FREDERICK MAURICE. 2 vols., 8vo, 712 and 552 pp. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$5.

Brain Exhaustion. By J. L. CORNING, M.D. 12mo, 234 pp. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, \$2.

The Parlor Muse. A Vers de Soci  t  , from Modern Poets. Parchment Paper Series. 96 pp. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, 30 cents.

My Reminiscences. By LORD RONALD GOWER. 12mo, cloth, 323 pp. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Price, \$2.

Stratford-by-the-Sea. A novel. 16mo, cloth, 316 pp. New York: Henry Holt & Co. Price, \$1.

Trafalgar. By B. P. GALDOS. Paper, 255 pp. New York: Wm. S. Gottsberger. Price, 50 cents.

A Graveyard Flower. By WILHELMINE VON HILLERN. Paper, 160 pp. New York: Wm. S. Gottsberger. Price, 40 cents.

National Academy. Notes and complete catalogue. By CHARLES M. KURTZ. Paper, 196 pp. New York: Cassell & Co. Price, 50 cents.

CROSBY'S VITALIZED PHOS-PHITES

Is a standard remedy with all Physicians who treat Mental or Nervous Disorders. Its careful chemical composition is superintended by a Professor of Materia Medica, and its correct analysis vouched for by a Professor of Chemistry. The formula is on every label.

It amplifies bodily and mental power to the present generation, and proves "the survival of the fittest" to the next. It develops good teeth, glossy hair, clear skin, handsome nails in the young, so that they may be an inheritance in latter years. It aids the bodily, and wonderfully the mental growth of children. It enlarges all the capabilities for enjoyment.

For sale by Druggists, or by mail, \$1. Send for Circular.

F. CROSBY CO., 56 West 25th Street, New York.

BRAIN WORKERS NEED BRAIN FOOD.

25 YEARS
RECORD.



"An Invaluable Medicine for Woman, invented by a Suffering Woman."

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND,

IS A POSITIVE CURE
for all those Painful
Complaints and Weak-
nesses so common
among LADIES.

IT WILL CURE ENTIRELY THE WORST FORM OF FEMALE COMPLAINTS, ALL OVARIAN TROUBLES, INFLAMMATION AND ULCERATION. FALLING AND DISPLACEMENTS, AND THE CONSEQUENT SPINAL WEAKNESS, AND IS PARTICULARLY ADAPTED TO THE CHANGE OF LIFE. MONTHLY PERIODS PASSED WITHOUT PAIN.

IT WILL DISSOLVE AND EXPEL TUMORS FROM THE UTERUS IN AN EARLY STAGE OF DEVELOPMENT. CANCEROUS HUMORS THERE ARE CHECKED SPEEDILY BY ITS USE. IT REMOVES FAINTNESS, FLATULENCY, DESTROYS ALL CRAVING FOR STIMULANTS, AND BELIEVES WEAKNESS OF THE STOMACH. IT CURES BLOATING, HEADACHE, NERVOUS PROSTRATION, GENERAL DEBILITY, DEPRESSION AND INDIGESTION.

THAT FEELING OF BEARING DOWN, CAUSING PAIN, WEIGHT AND BACKACHE, IS ALWAYS PERMANENTLY CURED BY ITS USE. IT WILL UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES ACT IN HARMONY WITH THE LAWS THAT GOVERN THE FEMALE SYSTEM.

ITS PURPOSE IS SOLELY FOR THE LEGITIMATE HEALING OF DISEASE AND THE RELIEF OF PAIN, AND THAT IT DOES ALL IT CLAIMS TO DO, THOUSANDS OF LADIES CAN GLADLY TESTIFY.

FOR KIDNEY COMPLAINTS IN EITHER SEX THIS REMEDY IS UNSURPASSED.

It is prepared only at Lynn, Mass. Price \$1. Six bottles for \$5. At druggists. Mailed postage paid, in form of Pills or Lozenges on receipt of price. Mrs. Pinkham's "Guide to Health" mailed on receipt of stamp. Letters confidentially answered.

MRS. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS cure Constipation, Bloating, and Indigestion. Send for circular to the post box.

JAMES PYLE'S



PEARLINE

THE BEST THING KNOWN FOR

WASHING AND BLEACHING

IN HARD OR SOFT, HOT OR COLD WATER.

SAVES LABOR, TIME and SOAP AMAZINGLY, and gives universal satisfaction. No family, rich or poor should be without it.

Sold by all Grocers. BEWARE of imitations well designed to mislead. PEARLINE is the ONLY SAFE labor-saving compound, and always bears the above symbol, and name of JAMES PYLE, NEW YORK.

GOLD PENS.



PENCILS, HOLDERS, CASES, ETC.

THE CALLI-GRAPHIC PEN,

A GOLD PEN AND RUBBER HOLDER, containing ink for several days' writing. Can be carried in the pocket. Always ready for use. A luxury to persons who care to preserve their individuality in writing.

MABIE, TODD & BARD,

BRYANT BUILDING,

Cor. Nassau and Liberty Sts., New York.

Send for Price-List. Our Goods are sold by first-class dealers.

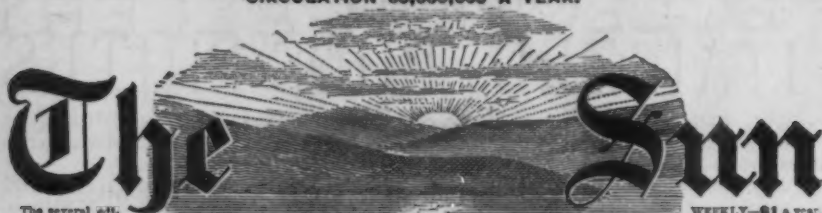
PARQUET FLOORING

NATIONAL WOOD MFG. CO.
16 EAST 18th STREET NEW YORK

"NO HOUSE IS ARTISTICALLY COMPLETE
WITHOUT POLISHED INLAID FLOORS"

WOOD CARPETING - LESS EXPENSIVE - OFFICES & PATTERNS & PRICES ON APPLICATION

CIRCULATION 80,000,000 A YEAR.



The several editions of THE SUN are sent by mail, postpaid as follows: DAILY—\$50 cts.

a month; \$50 a year; with Sunday edition, \$7.

SUNDAYS—Eight pages. This edition furnishes the current news of the world, special articles of exceptional interest to everybody, and literary reviews of new books of the highest merit.

\$3 a year.

WEEKLY—\$3 a year.

Eight pages of the best matter of the daily issue;

an Agricultural Department of unequalled value, special

ment of unequalled value, special

ment of unequalled value, special

ment of unequalled value, special

ment of unequalled value, special

LEADING HOTELS IN THE SOUTH.

GEORGIA.

SCREVEN HOUSE,

SAVANNAH,

GEORGE W. SERGENT, *Proprietor.*

BROWN,
BLACKSHEAR.

PARK,
WAYCROSS.

STUART'S HOTEL,

VALDOSTA,

C. T. STUART, *Proprietor.*

COMMERCIAL,
QUITMAN.

WAVERLY,
THOMASVILLE.

BLOOD'S,
BOSTON.

ARTESIAN HOUSE,

ALBANY,

CRUSE BARNES, *Proprietor.*

HURST,
CAMILLA.

MRS. ALLEN'S,
DAWSON.

MC A FEE,
SMITHVILLE.

MINOR'S HOTEL,

MONTEZUMA,

M. HEIMER, *Proprietor.*

COMMERCIAL,
AMERICUS.

KEEN'S,
OGLETHORPE.

MARSHALL,
FORT VALLEY.

FLORIDA.

THE "DUVAL,"

JACKSONVILLE,

McIVER & BAKER, *Proprietors.*

BORUM,
LAKE CITY.

FRALEIGH,
MADISON.

PARTRIDGE,
MONTICELLO.

ECLECTIC GALLERY

OF

Fine Steel Engravings.

For the Portfolio, Scrap-Book, Framing, or for Illustration.

Beautifully engraved on Steel, having appeared in the ECLECTIC Magazine during past years, and embracing portraits of nearly every distinguished man of the past and present century. Our list includes portraits of

**Historians, Poets, Artists, Warriors,
Philosophers, Emperors, Kings, Statesmen,
Historic and Ideal Pictures, etc., etc.**

COMPRISING

325 Different Subjects,

of which the following, selected from our list, will give some idea of their scope and variety.

PORTRAITS.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
HORACE GREELEY.
WILLIAM C. BRYANT.
WILLIAM M. EVARTS.
H. W. LONGFELLOW.
BAYARD TAYLOR.
J. G. WHITTIER.
PETER COOPER.
CHAS. O'CONOR.
CHAS. DICKENS.
JOHN BRIGHT.
RICHARD CORDEN.
ALFRED TENNYSON.
MATTHEW ARNOLD.
THOMAS CARLYLE.
HERBERT SPENCER.

HISTORIC PICTURES.

CONGRESS OF VIENNA.
BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.
NAPOLEON IN PRISON.
SIR WALTER SCOTT AND FRIENDS.
WASHINGTON IRVING AND FRIENDS.
LITERARY PARTY AT SIR J. REYNOLDS.
VAN DYKE PARTING FROM RUBENS.

IDEAL PICTURES.

FLORENTINE POETS.
WOODLAND VOWS.
FAR FROM HOME.
BEATRICE DE CENCI.
BURIAL OF THE BIRD.
FLOWER-GATHERERS.
HOME TREASURES.

The engravings are numbered on the Catalogue to aid in selection, so that persons giving orders need only indicate the figures opposite the engraving selected.

They are printed on fine paper, 10x12 inches, and are sent by mail or express, prepaid, on receipt of price. We furnish neat cloth cases or portfolios, holding from ten to fifty engravings.

PRICES.

Engravings 10 cents each, or \$7.50 per 100.	Portfolio and 15 Engravings, . . . \$1 50
5 Engravings, \$0 50	" " 25 " 2 25
12 Engravings, 1 00	" " 50 " 4 00
Portfolios, each 50	

We will make selections of the Engravings to be sent whenever required, or the purchaser can select for himself.

Send postage stamp for Catalogue, and make selection for portfolio, scrap-book, or handsomely bound volume for centre-table.

CATALOGUES SENT TO ANY ADDRESS.

E. R. PELTON, Publisher, 25 Bond Street, New York.

The New Departure

OR,

A Natural System of Learning Writing,
Spelling, English Grammar, and
Punctuation at the same time.

By J. D. SLOCUM.

"The New Departure" is a new application of an old idea, namely—that the way to learn to do a thing is to do it.

It is called a Natural system, because the most essential things of a practically valuable education are learned, as a child learns to walk and talk.

It consists of 24 cards and a small chart, the whole done up in a neat and portable case.

By means of the matter contained thereon, and its arrangement, any person, with pen and ink or pencil may in a very small portion of the time usually spent in acquiring such knowledge, learn to write well, or become a GOOD PENMAN; TO SPELL ACCURATELY a vocabulary of several hundred of the most commonly used words; to write the language correctly, or ENGLISH GRAMMAR, and to point properly the breaks or joints of a sentence, which is PUNCTUATION. Each card is complete in itself, and has arranged on one side of it a portion of a vocabulary or list of several hundred such words as a person in every-day life will be most likely to use. On the other side of the cards are arranged certain absolute facts concerning Grammar, Spelling, and Punctuation; sometimes of all three together.

These cards are to be copied, for the purpose of learning at the same time to write and to spell correctly. This is the only useful way of learning to spell, and the knowledge of Grammar and Punctuation acquired in this way will be much more permanent than by the ordinary methods of the text-books.

Many of our best educators now insist that this is the only practical and proper way to teach Grammar, Spelling, and Punctuation.

The application of the principle of learning by doing to our primary education as we do to all other affairs of life, has been indorsed by the highest authorities and by our most intelligent educators.

Price, \$1.

Sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of price.

PUBLISHED BY

E. R. PELTON & CO., :

25 Bond Street, New York.

THE Family Medical Guide.

A COMPLETE POPULAR DICTIONARY

OF

MEDICINE AND HYGIENE.

EDITED BY

EDWIN LANKESTER, M.D., F.R.S.,

And written by Distinguished Members of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, London.

AMERICAN EDITION, REVISED AND ENLARGED.

All who have examined this book pronounce it **the best book on Domestic Medicine** that has yet appeared. Never before have such eminent Physicians as Dr. Lankester and his assistants consented to prepare and enorse a work of this kind. Doctors can use it with advantage; yet it is designed primarily for Family Use, and its descriptions of **Symptoms** and directions for **Treatment** are so clear and simple that **every one can understand and apply them**. Besides articles on every **DISEASE** or **AILMENT** that flesh is heir to, it contains articles on all those **ACCIDENTS** that are liable to occur at any moment, and also on all **Medicines, Drugs, Plants, and Preparations** used in Medical Practice. Its Index comprises **over two thousand Titles**.

BUY IT AS AN INVESTMENT.

It will save ten times its cost in Doctors' bills.

Large 8vo, 500 pages. Price, in cloth, \$4; in sheep, \$5; in half Russia, \$5.50.

Sold only by subscription, but where there is no agent a copy will be sent, postage prepaid, on receipt of price.

E. R. PELTON & CO., Publishers,

25 Bond Street, New York.

A TRIAL OF THREE MONTHS (13 Issues), \$1.

SCIENCE:

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL

\$5 Per Year.

A TRIAL OF THREE MONTHS, \$1.

THE FOLLOWING ARTICLES REPRESENT AN AVERAGE TABLE OF CONTENTS:

CONTENTS OF No. 66.

Comment and Criticism.—The Researches of the German Cholera Commission.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Inertia...*S. T. Moreland*; *W.*; *C. S. Hastings*; *T. C. Mendenhall*; *A. P. Gage*; *E. H. Hall*.

Silk Culture in the Colonies.....*C. V. Riley*.

Thermometer Exposure.....*A. Woeikof*.

Dalmanites in the Lower Carboniferous Rocks.....*E. W. Claypole*.

A Curious Optical Phenomenon.....*J. E. Oliver*.

A Half-Starved Pig.....*E. W. Claypole*.

The Scientific Method in Historical Study.

Wintering in the Arctic.—*Frederick Schwatka*.

Bestowal of the Grand Honorary Walker Prize on Professor James Hall.

The Cantilever Bridge at Niagara Falls.—*Charles E. Green*.

The Cholera Bacillus.—*Sixth Report of Dr. Koch*.

The Exploring Voyage of the Challenger : First Notice.—*G. Brown Goode*.

Rain in Belgium.

A New Astronomical Journal.

Intelligence from Scientific Stations : U. S. Geological Survey. *Reports of Society Meetings*, Chemical Society, Washington; Natural Science Association, Staten Island; Society of Arts Boston.

PUBLISHER OF SCIENCE,

4 Bond Street, New York.

IMPROVED METHOD OF STRINGING.
MASON & HAMLIN
 IMPROVED
UPRIGHT PIANOS.

THE MOST IMPORTANT IMPROVEMENT EFFECTED IN HALF A CENTURY IS EMBODIED IN THESE PIANOS. The strings, instead of being fastened to pins set in wood, which changes with every variation of temperature and climate, are secured by metal fastening directly to the metal plate, which is made strong enough to bear every possible strain upon it, without support of wood.

Greatest purity, refinement, and excellence of musical tone are thus secured, and much greater durability and freedom from liability to get out of order. One of these pianos will not require tuning, on the average, one quarter as often as a piano of the old mode of construction.

The Mason & Hamlin Co. pledge themselves that every piano of their make shall illustrate that very highest excellence which has always characterized their organs, and won for them highest awards at every one of the great International Industrial Exhibitions for seventeen years.

Send for circular with illustrations, more full particulars, and prices, free.

One Hundred Styles of Organs, \$22 to \$900.
CATALOGUES FREE.

MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN AND PIANO CO., 154 Tremont St., Boston; 46 East 14th Street (Union Square), New York; 149 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.



J. & R. LAMB, 59 Carmine St., N. Y.

CHURCH FURNITURE.

MEMORIALS A SPECIALTY.

STERLING SILVER COMMUNION SETS, ETC.

BANNERS IN SILK AND GOLD, \$5 EACH.

Send for Circular.

**INVALID RECLINING
 ROLLING CHAIRS.**



**THE
 BEST
 MADE**



FOLDING CHAIR CO., NEW HAVEN, CT.



**ESTABLISHED 1840.
 IMPROVED FIELD, MARINE, OPERA
 AND TOURIST'S GLASSES.**

Spectacles and Eye-Glasses, Artificial Human Eyes. **H. WALDSTEIN, Optician, 41 Union Square, N. Y.** Catalogues mailed by enclosing stamp. Highest awards from all the World's Exhibitions.

STAINED GLASS SUBSTITUTE

Produces all the effects of genuine stained glass, at comparatively small cost. It is to be applied to ordinary window-glass, and will withstand the action of the sun, water, steam, heat, and frost; proven by a test of over five years' actual use. The substitute heretofore sold by J. Linn Smith can be had only from us or our authorized agents. **Samples by mail, 25c. Circulars free. Agents Wanted.**

YOUNG & FULMER, 731 Arch St., Phila.

MEDICAL BOOKS.

We have on hand a full line of all the latest publications on **MEDICINE and SURGERY**, and are prepared to fill orders, by mail or otherwise, for books in this department, whether published in this country or abroad.

Catalogues of all the leading medical publishers can be had on application, and any information in regard to medical works will be given.

We have also issued a classified Catalogue of Medical and Surgical works, giving publishers' names, authors, and prices, which we send by mail on receipt of 15 cts., or free to our customers.

Address,

E. R. PELTON, Publisher,

25 Bond Street, New York.

TWO FINE AIR PLANTS by mail, \$1.25; are a great curiosity; require no soil. Bundle of Florida Moss, 50 cts.

L. D. SNOOK, De Land, Fla.

Pears' Soap

"Matchless for the Complexion."

Adeline Patti



THE REAL SECRET OF THE WHITE ELEPHANT.

S. Schmitt

JUDGE FLANDERS, OF NEW YORK.

The Hon. Joseph R. Flanders enjoys the eminent distinction of being one of the most prominent lawyers in New York. Born and brought up in Malone, Franklin County, on the edge of the Adirondack region, he early devoted himself to the practice of law, and took an active part in the politics of the State. He was for years Judge in Franklin County, and he served with distinguished ability several terms in the Legislature of New York. He was for a long time in partnership, in the practice of law, with the Hon. W. A. Wheeler, who was Vice President of the United States during the Presidency of Mr. Hayes. Judge Flanders was a member of the famous Committee appointed about thirty years ago to revise the Constitution of the State of New York. He always has been a staunch and fearless advocate of temperance reform and of purity in political affairs. During the controversy which led to the war he was conspicuous for his consistent and forcible advocacy of "State rights," always taking the ground of the statesman and jurist, and not affiliating with the demagogues or noisy political charlatans on either side.

In his present appearance Judge Flanders' countenance gives no indication of the remarkable physical experience through which he has passed. No one would suppose, from seeing him busily at work in his law office, a cheerful, hearty, and well preserved elderly gentleman, that he was for many years a great sufferer, and that his emancipation from slavery to severe disease was a matter of only recent date. But even so it is. Visiting him a few days ago in his well-appointed law offices in "Temple Court," says a reporter for the press, which is one of the new twelve-story office buildings of the Metropolis, we found him disposed to engage in conversation regarding his illness and his complete restoration to health. The information which he communicated in regard to this extraordinary case was substantially as follows:

"For many years I suffered from weak digestion and the dyspepsia consequent upon it. My health was not at any time since I was twenty-one years of age vigorous, although by persistent and close application I have been able in most of the years to perform a large amount of work in my profession. Gradually I declined into a state of physical and nervous prostration, in which work became almost an impossibility. In 1879 I was all run down in strength and spirits. Energy and ambition had entirely departed. That summer I went to Saratoga, and took a variety of the waters, under the direction of one of the resident physicians. But instead of receiving any benefit I grew weaker and more miserable all the time I was there.

"In September I returned to New York in a very reduced state. I was incapable of work and hardly able to leave the house. Soon after my return I suffered a violent chill, which prostrated me to the last degree. But under medical treatment I gradually rallied, so that in the course of the winter and spring I managed to do a little work at my office in my profession. During this time, however, I was subject to frequent fits of prostration, which kept me, for days and weeks at a time, in the house.

"So I kept on until the summer of 1882. I tried a variety of medicaments which kind friends recommended, and was under the care of several physicians from time to time. In the latter part of the summer I went to Thousand Islands, where I stayed several weeks with friends. But I found the atmosphere did not agree with me. Soon I had a chill; not a severe one, yet in my state it added to my weakness and discomfort. Several days after this I had another chill, which totally prostrated me.

"As soon after this as I was able to travel, I went to Malone, my old Franklin County home, intending to stay for awhile among my relations and friends and to consult my old family physician. But I found that he was away in the White Mountains with Vice-President Wheeler, my old friend and former law partner. They did not return to Malone until three days before I left there. Of course, I consulted the physician. He neither said nor did much for me. I came away, feeling that the battle of life was nearly ended. The next time I saw Mr. Wheeler in New York he told me that the Doctor had said to him that he never expected again to see me alive. When I arrived at home in September, it was in a state of such exhaustion that I was un-

able to leave home except on mild days, and then only to walk slowly a block or two.

"Meanwhile my son, who had been in Massachusetts, made the acquaintance of a country postmaster in that State, an elderly gentleman, whose prostration seemed to have been as great as my own, or nearly so. This gentleman had been taking the Compound Oxygen Treatment, and had received from it the most surprising advantage. My son wrote frequently, and urged that I should try this Treatment. But I had lost all faith in remedies. I had tried many things, and had no energy to try any more. But in September my son came to New York, and persuaded me to visit Dr. Turner, who is in charge of Drs. Starkey & Palen's office in New York for the Compound Oxygen Treatment. My going there was not because I had any faith in this Treatment, but to gratify my son's kind importunity. When Dr. Turner examined my case he thought I was so far gone that he hardly dared to express the faintest hope.

"On the seventh of October I commenced taking the Treatment. To my great surprise I began to feel better within a week. In a month I improved so greatly that I was able to come to my office and do some legal work. I then came to the office regularly except in bad weather. On the nineteenth of December a law matter came into my hands. It was a complicated case, promising to give much trouble and to require very close attention. I had no ambition to take it, for I had no confidence in my ability to attend to it. I consented, however, to advise concerning it and to do a little work. One complication after another arose. I kept working at it all winter and into the spring. For three months this case required as continuous thought and labor as I had ever bestowed on any case in all my legal experience. Yet under the constant pressure and anxiety I grew stronger, taking Compound Oxygen all the time. In the spring, to my astonishment and to that of my friends, I was as fit as ever for hard work and close application.

"My present health is such that I can without hardship or undue exertion attend to the business of my profession, as of old. I am regularly at my office in all kinds of weather, except the exceedingly stormy, and even then it is seldom that I am housed. My digestion is good, my sleep is as natural and easy as it ever was, and my appetite is as hearty as I could desire.

"A remarkable feature of my case is the hopelessness with which Dr. Starkey viewed it at the outset. It was not brought to his personal attention until after, in Dr. Turner's care, I had begun the Treatment. Then my son wrote to him, setting forth my condition, and asking him to interest himself individually in endeavors for my benefit. Dr. Starkey replied that he had carefully examined the case as set before him, and that there was evidently nothing that could be done. He saw no possible chance of my being made better, and doubted if I could even be made more comfortable. 'I am very sorry,' he wrote, 'to give such a hopeless prognosis, but conscientiously I can give no other.' What would Dr. Starkey have said had he then been assured that in less than a year from the time of his writing I should be thoroughly restored to as good health as ever, and be able to attend regularly to the arduous duties of my profession?

"Do I still continue to take the Treatment? No; not regularly, for my system is in such condition that I do not need it. Once in awhile, if I happen to take cold, I resort to the Treatment for a few days and with certain and beneficial effect.

"My confidence in the restorative power of Compound Oxygen is complete, as also it is in the ability and integrity of Drs. Starkey & Palen, otherwise I should not allow my name to be used in this connection. I have thus freely made mention of the history of my case as a duty I owe of rendering possible service to some who may be as greatly in need of physical recuperation as I was."

From the above it would seem that even the most despondent invalids and those whose condition has been supposed to be beyond remedy, may take courage and be of good cheer. For the most ample details in regard to Compound Oxygen, reference should be made to the pamphlet issued by Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia. On application by mail, this pamphlet will be sent to any address.

KNABE PIANOS

FIFTY YEARS BEFORE THE PUBLIC upon their excellence alone have obtained an UNRIVALLED PRE-EMINENCE, which establishes them as unequalled in TONE, TOUCH, WORKMANSHIP, AND DURABILITY.
Warerooms: 112 Fifth Avenue, New York; 204 & 206 Baltimore St., Baltimore.

STANCH AND RELIABLE

COLUMBIA

BICYCLES AND TRICYCLES

FOR ROAD USE



THE POPE MFG. CO

580 Washington St. Boston - Mass.

"If I could not get another bicycle I would not give mine the like weight in solid gold. For fifteen years I look from three to eight days every month with stubborn sick headache. Since I have been riding the bicycle I have lost only two days from that cause, and I haven't spent a dollar for a doctor." Rev. GEO. F. FENTRESS

FINEST MATERIALS & SKILLFUL WORKMANSHIP

STRONG, GRACEFUL, EVERY-PART INTERCHANGEABLE

THE POPULAR STEEDS FOR BUSINESS & PLEASURE

THE WATERBURY.



I WILL NOT CARRY ANY OTHER,

THE
"WATERBURY" WATCH.

EVERY WATCH WARRANTED.

In Nickel-Silver Case, £48 per dozen.
Discount to the Trade.

ASK YOUR JEWELLER FOR IT.

We fill no orders for less than One Dozen.

Send for Circular to
GEORGE MERRITT, General Selling Agent.

EUROPEAN TRAVEL.

THE UNITED STATES MUTUAL ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION,

320 AND 322 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.



Whether on business or on pleasure bent,
You go from home, or stay there well content;
Whether the season be from Arctic regions sent,
Or Summer gaily spreads her flower-walled tent.
The bravest, wisest, best may suffer accident.
'Tis wisdom, then, while fate doth yet relent,
To pluck the flower safely ere fate such grace repent.

CHARLES H. PEET,
Of ROGERS, PEET & Co., President.

THE BEST IN THE WORLD. THOUSANDS OF CLAIMS PAID. NO CONTESTED OR UNPAID CLAIMS. NO EXTRA CHARGE FOR EUROPEAN PERMITS GRANTING FULL BENEFITS WHEN ABROAD.

\$5000 INSURANCE WITH \$25 A WEEK INDEMNITY COSTS MEMBERS ABOUT \$13 A YEAR, WHICH MAY BE PAID AT ONE TIME IF PREFERRED. \$10,000 INSURANCE, WITH \$50 WEEKLY INDEMNITY, AT PROPORTIONATE RATES. MEMBERSHIP FEE, \$5 FOR EACH \$5000 INSURANCE, PAYABLE BUT ONCE.

WRITE FOR CIRCULAR AND APPLICATION BLANK, WHICH YOU MAY FILL, SIGN, AND FORWARD TO THE HOME OFFICE, AND RECEIVE YOUR POLICY IN RETURN. NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION IS REQUIRED TO BECOME A MEMBER. THOUSANDS OF THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN REJECTED BY LIFE COMPANIES CAN OBTAIN ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

JAMES H. FITCHER,
Secretary.

The microfilm contents of this roll

Imperfections such as missing issues

pagination have been verified with

all were recorded as available.

issues, missing pages, errors in

with the bound volume after filming.